

Collier's

MAY 3, 1947

TEN CENTS



MAN AND THE ATOM

An Introduction to A Golden Age

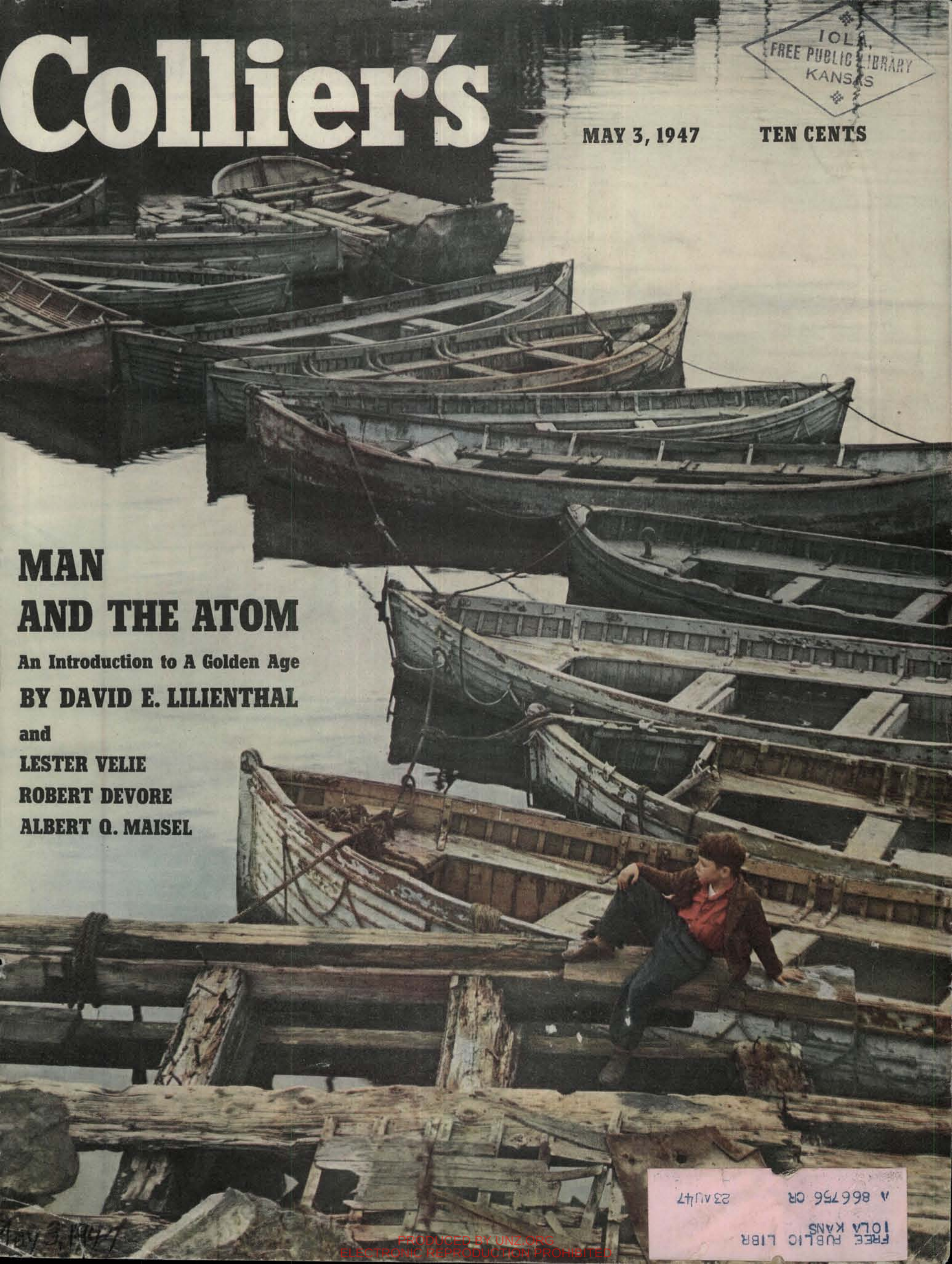
BY DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

and

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ALBERT Q. MAISEL



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BULL DECORATED FOR THE "BUTCHER PARADE," SECOND STREET MARKET, PHILADELPHIA, 1788*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER



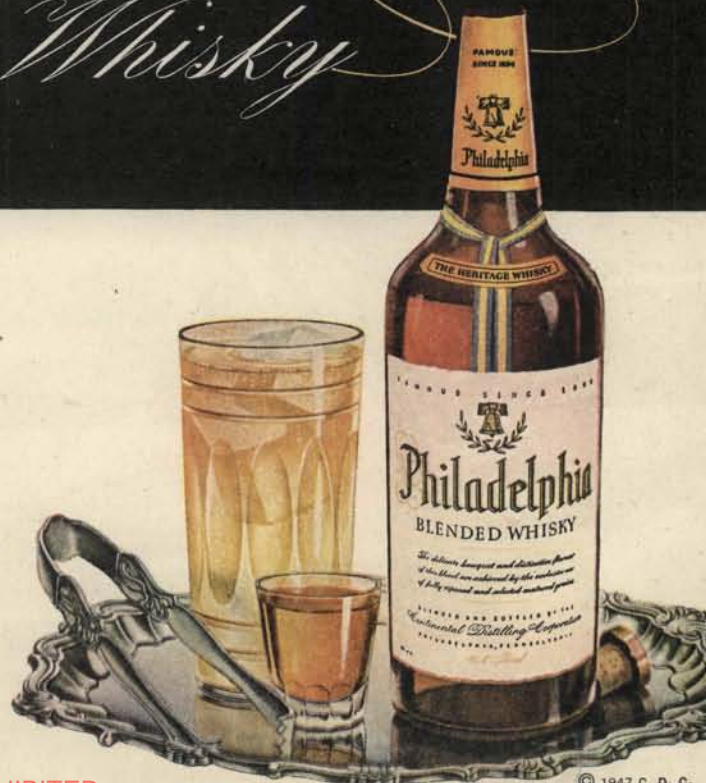
*"The Oxen paraded by the Victuallers . . .
will be slaughtered . . . and the beef . .
distributed to the poor . . ."*

PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE, JULY 9, 1788

With joyous appreciation of life's good mellow qualities of Philadelphia, The things Colonial Philadelphia celebrated Heritage Whisky. Here's a whisky you market day as a gay and hearty festi- might reserve for very special occa- val with pageantry and music. Such sions. Yet you can afford to enjoy friendly traditions exist today in the Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

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LOVE GOT ON AT BUFFALO

by Gordon Kay

THE MOMENT she sank into the seat beside him in the crowded Club car Jackson's heart skipped a beat.

As the miles flew by, jeweled bits of information fell from her lips . . . she was an artist . . . she had been visiting her father in Buffalo. Yes, she was on her way back to her home in New York.

"One girl in a million," thought Jackson, remembering Manhattan's vastness. He hoped she wasn't married. When she confessed she wasn't, he sighed with relief.

"Not even engaged!" she laughed. "Not even 'going steady' with anyone."

As the train sped Eastward, Jackson found himself completely fascinated. He had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight, but that was exactly what was happening to him! He felt that into his life had surged a new and wonderful force that he must cling to forever.

As he babbled on about himself, she drew back sharply now and then, with an air of annoyance as though she were bored. Perhaps he was too eager or was talking too much. Nevertheless, when he suggested dinner, she accepted and excused herself to freshen up.

"Over two hours with her before we reach New York," he thought happily as the train began to pull into Albany.

But a telegram poured ice-water on that little dream. The message read:

"Peterson flying Rio tomorrow. Stop off Albany today and contact him."

Stewart.

He silently cursed his luck. There was no way out; Peterson was too im-

portant. Crumpling the telegram in his hand, he scrambled for his things. There were only seconds to act.

Suddenly it flashed on him that he had learned neither the name nor address of this lovely girl who had swept him off his feet. Desperately he hurried through the aisles looking for her . . . in vain.

At last, as he raced along the platform, he had a glimpse of her thru the window, headed for the observation car. And there he caught up with her.

"Darling!" he blurted . . . then checked himself. "Your name! Your address! Your telephone number! You can't go out of my life like this!"

As the train started to move, she hastily plucked a card from her handbag, scribbled upon it, and, smiling quizzically, handed it to him. His eyes followed her figure in the twilight as long as they could, then looked down at the card. It read:

Mary Jones
New York City

* * *

Jackson never knew why she banished him so adroitly—and so completely—from her life. One could scarcely blame her. After all, there are few things more offensive than halitosis (unpleasant breath). Regardless of your other good points, it can stamp you as a person to be avoided.

Isn't it foolish to run such risks when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution? Almost instantly Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath much fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never, omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.



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"Bracer"
 SUPPORTER BELT



BRACE UP WITH A "BRACER" . . . the comfortable 2-way stretch Bauer & Black supporter belt that induces proper posture, makes your clothes fit smoother, and helps reduce fatigue by its gentle yet firm support.

SPECIAL FEATURES of "Bracer": newly designed all-elastic, seamless waist-band snugs to you without rolling—special tubular, elastic legband won't crease, curl or roll—roomy fly-front elastic pouch is self-adjusting!

FOR ALL-DAY WEAR, "Bracer" is comfortable, convenient. Ask for it soon . . . \$3.50.

"BRACER ROYAL*" has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action . . . \$5.00.



At department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores.
 *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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COLLIER'S

May 3, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

BALLET-HOO!

DEAR SIR: I read your account (Mar. 22d) of the Ballet Russe visiting Oxford, Mississippi, with a deep feeling of nostalgia. The article was voted by the family as good reading and full of authentic facts with one exception, that being the assumption that the people of Oxford don't cotton much to strangers. The whole town won us over completely, so much so that after Captain Jones was given overseas duty, we decided to wait there for his return. We were there for three years and never once regretted our decision.

SARAH A. JONES, Alexandria, Va.

. . . The visit of the dancers to Oxford, Mississippi, was refreshingly different. Articles written so kindly tend to disclose to those who are ill-informed about the South that here, indeed, is a section of our land where friendly hospitality is extended to one and all in full measure and pressed down.

There is one little point that you may be interested in clearing up. The waitress was quoted as saying that she had gathered quite an "article" of autographs. The correct word, I believe, is "passel." CLYDE W. ENNIS, Editor, Trussville News, Trussville, Ala.

SNAKES ALIVE!

DEAR SIR: In his illustration for 'Gator Boy (Apr. 5th), Artist John Pike shows a snake in a tree. Who ever heard of a snake climbing a tree? That Pike certainly must have been taking a few too many and the reptiles themselves got high. . . .

HARRY PETRILSON, Hoboken, N. J.

The snake, Artist Pike says, is a species of Coluber or chicken snake, instantly recognizable to experts as Coluber Obsoletus. The late Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars said: "The snake is quite arboreal in habits . . . considered rare . . . being in trees where they are not observed." Colubers are called chicken snakes because of their fondness for eggs, which they eat whole. All of which, says Pike, should prove that he didn't lay one.

UNCIVIL SERVICE

DEAR SIR: The "economy boys" in Washington are yelling for our scalps; it has become a popular pastime to poke fun at the "laziness and greed of the perpetual parasites on the taxpayer's pocket." Margot Grubb gets in an unjust whack at our bruised bodies by listing the \$860-odd millions now being paid to retired civil service employees as part of Here's Where Your Money Goes (Mar. 22d). Mrs. Grubb (Continued on page 46)

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 Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



"MAGIC TOWN"

GET READY for action. Movie camera peeks over shoulder of lovely JANE WYMAN. Cameraman and wardrobe mistress make last minute check. Then, JAMES STEWART will step in for a sly flirtatious scene in *Magic Town*, independent ROBERT RISKIN Production.



"THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER"

COURTSHIP in session. CARY GRANT, bachelor-about-town, and MYRNA LOY, glamorous judge, find each other in this closeup from RKO's *The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer*. SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S crush on Cary complicates matters, makes film year's biggest laugh riot.



"SO WELL REMEMBERED"

HIGH TIME between scenes. Great Britain's PATRICIA ROC and Hollywood's RICHARD CARLSON take time out, during filming in England of James Hilton's *So Well Remembered*, RKO-Rank Production. Cast includes JOHN MILLS, MARTHA SCOTT, TREVOR HOWARD.

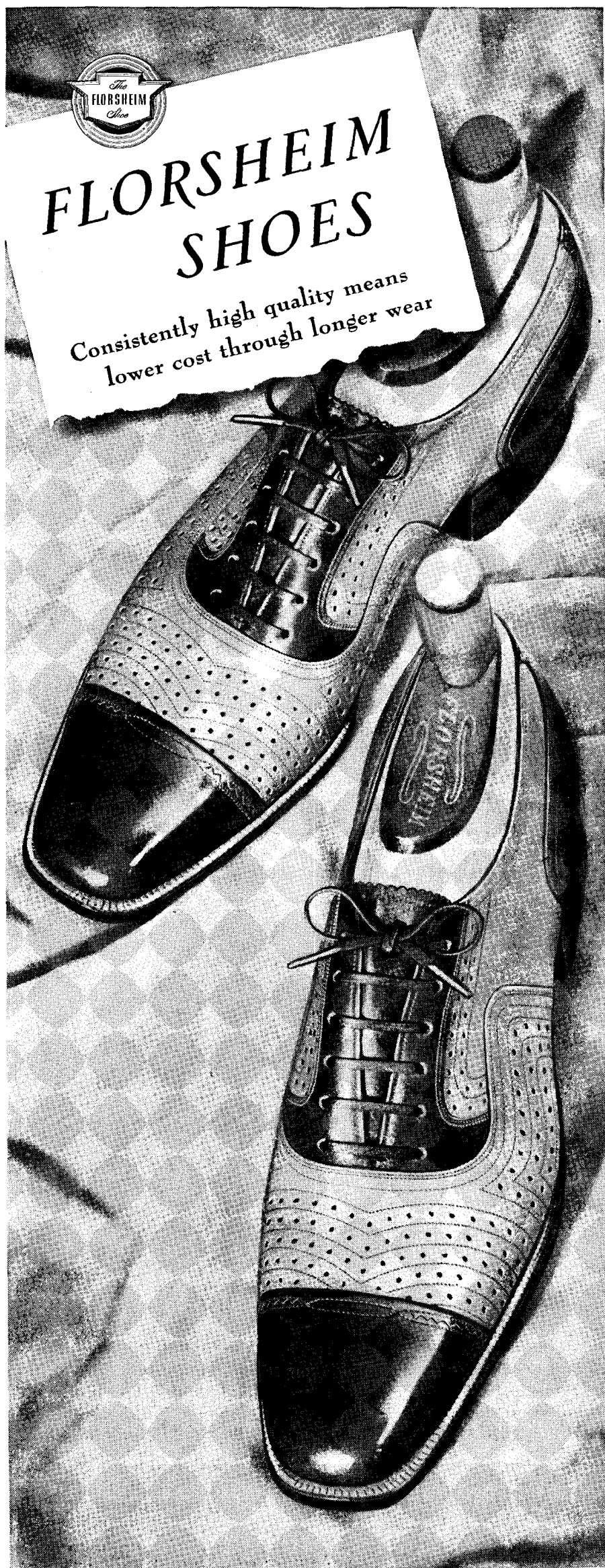


"FUN AND FANCY FREE"

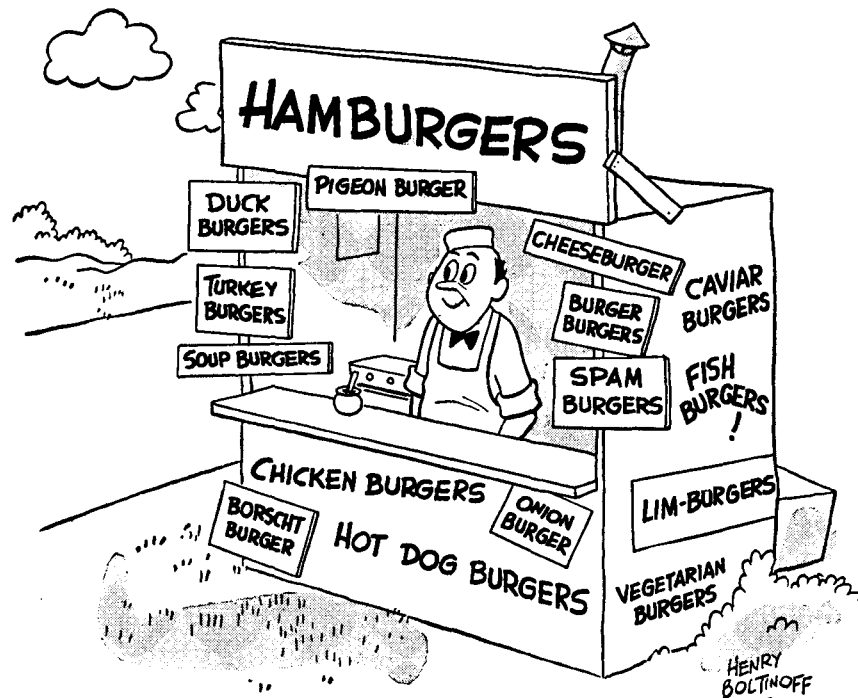
HEAD MAN, effervescent Jiminy Cricket (center), mite-sized master of ceremonies in *Fun and Fancy Free*, new WALT DISNEY Technicolor musical, is seen here singing to Donald Duck, Mortimer Snerd, Charlie McCarthy, EDGAR BERGEN, LUANA PATTEN, Mickey Mouse.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL
SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE





THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Since 1884, when the hamburger was introduced into the United States from Hamburg, Germany, we have created 33 other varieties, among them being the chickenburger, the rabbit-burger and the turtleburger.

The family record for having polydactylism, the possession of an abnormal number of fingers and toes, is believed to be held by the Johnsons, a Negro family living today in Colquitt County, Georgia. Inheriting the condition from her father, the mother transmitted it to seven of her ten children, and the eight together have 18 additional normal digits, ranging from one extra toe on a son to two extra toes and three extra fingers on a daughter.

Despite the reputed popularity of audience-participation programs, the four national networks together had only ten that were sponsored during all 52 weeks of 1946. However, the money spent on gifts totaled \$22,663 a week, \$11,500 of it having come from one advertiser. This was the sponsor of five weekday programs, on each of which a couple, married beforehand, were interviewed and given presents costing \$2,300.

Although Japan made tattooing a penal offense in 1880, it has today more elaborately tattooed persons than any other civilized country. Not long ago, a "human art" exhibit was held in Tokyo in which a number of these men and women displayed the works of art that adorned their bodies from head to foot and the most beautiful was awarded a prize.

The largest stringed musical instrument ever played by one individual was a pantaleon which a George Noel used on a concert tour in England in 1767. Played with two small hammers like a xylophone, this instrument had 276 strings stretched over a horizontal soundboard which was 11 feet long by five feet wide, or virtually the same dimensions as a billiard table.

Of the 500-odd tricks of magic invented by Richard Himber, orchestra leader, the best is his latest. Producing a drinking glass whose side and bottom are both one eighth of an inch thick, he shows that it is empty and transparent and then sets it on some thin object held in space or on the open hand of a volunteer from the audience. Within a few seconds, the glass fills up with milk which anyone may taste to prove it is real.

Large commercial laundries, unlike small ones, do virtually no ironing with flatirons, having as many as a dozen different steam-heated machines to press various kinds of work. For example, three are used to iron a man's shirt, one pressing the sleeves, one the back and fronts and the other, in a single operation, the cuffs and attached collar.

A blind person, when accompanied by either a dog or a sighted attendant, is not charged for his companion when traveling on 144 railroads and 165 bus lines in this country today. His ticket, however, must have with it an identifying coupon from a coupon book issued to him by the American Foundation for the Blind.—By Dave J. Tetter, Elkins, W. Va.

Several leaks that developed in the cofferdam of the Grand Coulee Dam in 1937 were sealed with bentonite, a soft porous volcanic ash that, when moistened, rapidly swells into hard compact clay 15 times its original mass.

Since the Panama Canal was opened in 1915, the cargo tonnage carried by toll-paying ships going from the Pacific to the Atlantic has been 94 per cent greater than that carried the other way.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for May 3, 1947

Get a Frozen Food Chest..

Here's the refrigerator for the brides of the year!
A wonderful new Kelvinator with a big, built-in Frozen Food Chest. Open the doors—you'll see room for a two weeks' supply of tempting frozen foods—enough for a family of four. Space for frozen meats, poultry, vegetables, ice cream, ice cubes galore! Saves you shopping time, saves you money—lets you eat "out-of-season" foods the year 'round, economically. So convenient, too—right inside your Kelvinator!

Get a Moist-Master Refrigerator...

Here, too, is today's most modern refrigeration... dew-freshens greens with *super-moist* cold... keeps uncovered left-overs fresh for days—perishable fruits wholesome and juicy. The Cold-Mist Freshener, enclosed in gleaming glass and chilled by a separate set of cooling coils hidden within the refrigerator walls, makes this wonderful moist-cold possible. And in addition, there's a roomy zone of balanced cold with just the right temperature for milk, butter, eggs, soft drinks!

Get Both Combined in Kelvinator!

Of course you want a real Frozen Food Chest. Of course you want genuine Moist-Master refrigeration. You get *both combined in one*... in *one* strikingly beautiful cabinet... powered by the famous money-saving Polarsphere unit... *when you choose Kelvinator.* See this super-combination now at your Kelvinator dealer's. He has five other great new Kelvinator models, too—packed with exclusive Kelvinator features, and priced to fit every budget.

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT



Get the Best things First... Get *Kelvinator*



Kelvinator's Hi-Speed Trays with handy new automatic cube release lever make 64 ice cubes at a clip! Easy to use... easy to get at... they're located at eye-level!

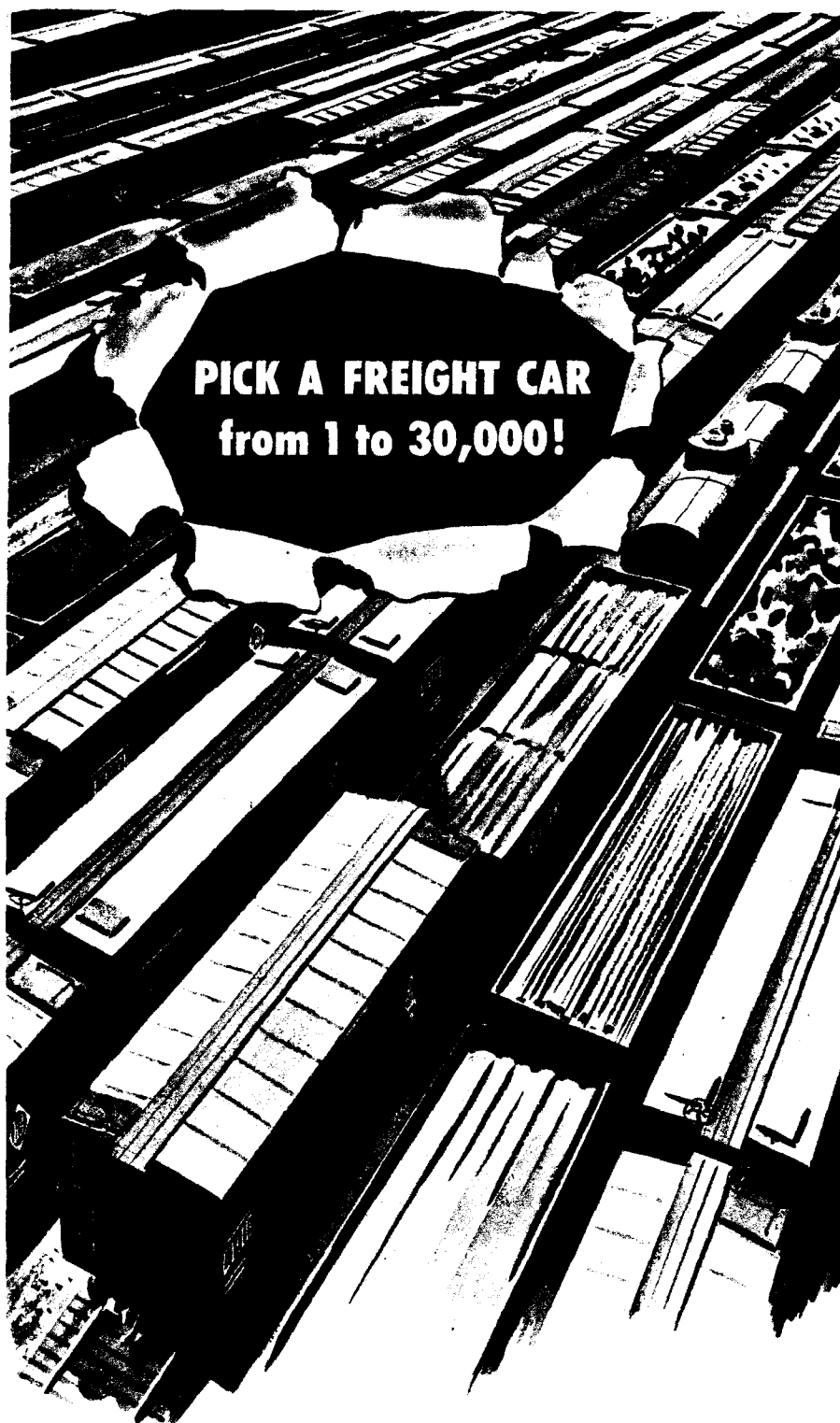
Storage space galore for tall bottles, bulky items, all those special foods! Kelvinator's shelf construction is designed to make everything easier to reach... easier to see!

Compare! The cold-cuts at top were kept uncovered 3 days in ordinary cold. Those at bottom kept uncovered in Kelvinator's Cold-Mist Freshener are still fresh and delicious!

Kelvinator's big tip-out storage bin—up to 50% roomier than most! 1½ bushel capacity! You'll say it's an ideal place to store root vegetables, cereals and canned goods!

The Polarsphere—Kelvinator's trouble-free cold-making unit. Under normal conditions, uses current only 12 minutes per hour! Sealed in steel, never needs attention!

Big 6 cubic foot Kelvinator Home Freezer! You shop once, then eat for months! Stores and freezes more than 210 lbs., yet easily fits your kitchen. It is amazingly low-priced!

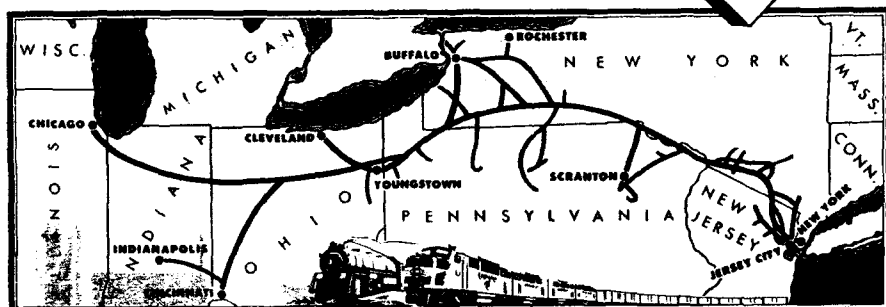


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from 1 to 30,000!**

Look at the map below of the Erie System—over 2000 miles of railroad. Picture as many as 30,000 freight cars moving back and forth over these tracks at any one time. Every day, about 4000 cars are delivered to consignees and to connecting railroads; every day about 4000 more cars are received by the Erie from connecting railroads and on-line shippers.

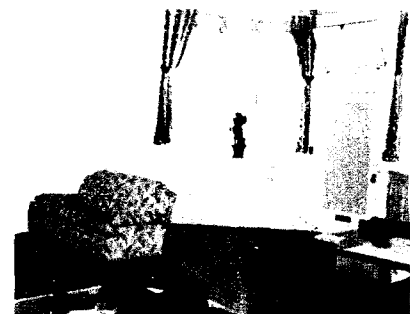
Yet with all those constantly moving cars, the Erie can tell a shipper promptly *where* his car is, and *when* it is due to arrive at destination! This service is made possible by a unique and modern teletype system . . . typical of *progressive, precision* railroading . . . the kind of railroading which in this and many, many other ways means *better service* for Erie shippers.

Erie Railroad
SERVING THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA



Jim Marshall, Virginia Mayo and friend

THE WORDS
WORK



A busy day in Mr. Marshall's office

THREE thousand miles west of headquarters sits Mr. Jim Marshall, general in charge of the Crowell-Collier Hollywood office. Known for his abhorrence of energy and for his richly scented pipes, occasionally Mr. Marshall bestirs himself and produces such items as Honey from the B's (p. 22). Follows a silence during which we can only imagine that Mr. Marshall has either eloped with Hedy Lemarr or is grappling with the problem of how he will deal with atomic energy, if he feels like it. It was only natural that we queried Mr. Marshall during a recent visit here on what went on in the West Coast office.

"We operate on time-tried principles," answered Mr. Marshall easily, "which are inscribed on our walls: 'Why be difficult, when by taking a little trouble, you can be impossible?' and 'Take it easy, you'll last longer.' All complaints, especially those from the New York office, are thrown into the wastebasket; crises are dealt with by means of a Crisis-Solver operated by a small colored attendant."

The first thing Monday morning, one of Mr. Marshall's glamor-laden secretaries shuffles a stack of cards, of which 92 per cent bear the word No; the rest the word Yes. The cards are then given to the small colored attendant, who, as crises arise, clips cards to them. "Thus if a lunch invitation comes in from Betty Hutton or Joan Crawford," explains Mr. Marshall, "it gets a Yes card. If a lady author wants to see the editor about doing a piece on the Repercussions of the Atom on Lithuanian Politics, that gets a No card. At the end of the day, all crises are gathered up and dumped into the wastebasket."

Always efficient, Mr. Marshall opens his office each morning at nine, Pacific time, closes it promptly at 5 o'clock—Eastern Standard time. It is one of the few offices in Fantasyville without a swimming pool, a paddock or a patio—all Hollywood standard office equipment. It does list its number in the phone book—fully realizing that by so doing it loses caste among movie stars and other intellectuals.

There is a cloud in the otherwise flawless California sky. "Every week," Mr. Marshall mourns, "the New York office sends in a request for ideas, scripts, or stars' phone numbers. It is planned to comply with one of these in the late fall of '51."

It took the news that Anne Jeffreys was being promoted from B pix to A, because of reading, writing, deportment and effort, to stir Mr. Marshall into collecting Honey from the B's. "I spent a happy morning with Anne, interviewing her," says Mr. Marshall, "made doubly pleasant by the fact that I was getting time and a half. Although Miss Jeffreys was only on straight time, she showed no jealousy. She is a good girl, and loves her mother, and I love her too, so you may go the limit in recommending all of us to Collier's charming and intelligent audience."

A LONG, long time ago (he's 32 now), Benjamin Siegel (Saturday Night, p. 54) quit college to write a novel. "Everybody advised me to go back," says Mr. Siegel. "The publishers who read the novel also thought I ought to go back."

But letters were in Mr. Siegel's blood, and he would not be daunted. It being the depression, he took a civil service examination—and became a post-office clerk. This presumably enabled him to receive his rejection slips earlier than normal.

The war found Mr. Siegel a radio operator for close Air Support communications. Attached to the 10th Mountain Division, he surmounted Mt. Belvedere, made the wild dash through the Po Valley, and endured the shells, bombs, mud and snow of France and Germany. The letter he was waiting for finally came at home—his first acceptance from Collier's.

Saturday Night is story number two for Mr. Siegel. "I dreamed up Saturday Night at one of those professional Saturday dances often pretty grim," Mr. Siegel discloses. "I wanted to say something about the desperate weekly attempts to escape frustration, which too commonly end without having met the guy or the gal. Other Saturday nights, I, myself, spend in my New York, worrying about editors."

This week's cover: Dream Boats. Photography team Gianni and Gillam stumbled across some ex-Victory ship lifeboats at the site of the old 92d Street ferry in Astoria, New York, selected neighborhood boy Jackie De Veau as a model and a gray day for their work. They got more dramatic effects by avoiding bright colors. . . .

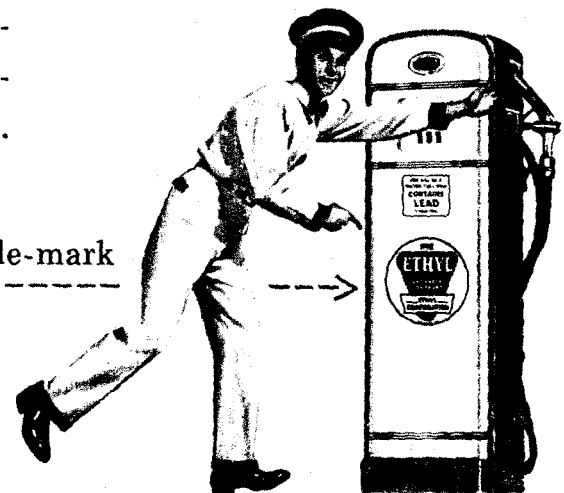
TED SHANE



if gasoline were sold in crates . . .

you would expect to see labels giving specifications, information about quality, and ingredients pasted right on the crates. However, since you take gasoline home in your own gas tank, there's no way to actually label each gallon you buy. That's why oil companies put "Ethyl" trade-marks on their pumps. The familiar yellow-and-black emblem means that they have improved their best gasoline with "Ethyl" anti-knock compound—the famous ingredient made by the Ethyl Corporation to step up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York.*

look for the **ETHYL** trade-mark





PHILCO

The Refrigerator with All the Features

Built by Philco to give you the most completely equipped refrigerator your money can buy. See what Philco Advanced Design brings you in better service, greater dependability, finer quality and bigger value. Before you buy, see and compare Philco, the refrigerator with all the features!

Three great Philco programs for your listening enjoyment: BING CROSBY, Wednesday night; BURL IVES, Friday night; DON McNEILL and the Breakfast Club, Monday to Friday mornings. Tune in!

MAN AND THE ATOM

11

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ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

To me, atomic energy is more than something that in an indeterminate period will light electric bulbs or provide radioactive materials for our doctors ... I don't underestimate these coming advances ... But we will completely miss the point, and the whole effort will slacken and lose its drive if we think of it only in terms of immediate, practical gadgets and benefits. For as I see it, in the atomic adventure we sight one of those great mountain peaks of history, a towering symbol of one of the faiths that makes man civilized, the faith in knowledge ...

The people throughout the whole of American society must realize that we have in the unfolding knowledge of the atom the means for making our time one of the two or three most vital, most intense and stimulating periods of all history ...

Yet in our own day, our chance for great adventure can be lost to us. If this feeling of living in a very fruitful and special period is not sensed by our people, the atomic adventure may be stifled in the throes of routine, of sluggishness and apathy ...

Only a great people, a people alive to the meaning of what is happening in our own time, can make this a great adventure. And I believe we are a great people.

—DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ➡

THE ATOMIC ADVENTURE •

BY DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Ever since the conquest of the atom was announced in a brilliant blast over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, a pervading fear of the power they had unleashed has lain behind men's minds. But the blast at Hiroshima was also a flash of light that illumined hitherto impenetrable continents of human knowledge. It is with this positive side of atomic energy research that the editors of Collier's were concerned when they planned this report on Year Two, Atomic Age; and it is fitting to begin with an article by David E. Lilienthal, who is able to see the majesty of the opportunity that has been presented. His words on the preceding page sum up the hopes of mankind. (On October 28, 1946, President Truman appointed him chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and as this issue went to press, his confirmation was before the Senate)

THE Atomic Energy Commission has had little time to get down to work. Yet the Commission must fashion a program, a program with direction and purpose. Where do we want to go?

How can we enlist the broad participation of the American people?

What are the obstacles?

Clearly, Congress and the country look to the Atomic Energy Commission to maintain American pre-eminence in military applications of atomic energy, until such time as Congress declares that international control has become a working reality. But we can't keep our lead by simply repeating ourselves in a routine fashion, making more of the same type of bombs. This is a new field. We know we cannot stand still. If the Commission does its job well, new developments will follow on each other's heels. The whole purpose should be to make today's findings obsolete tomorrow as we find more answers. We cannot lull ourselves with a sense of safety because we have atomic energy plants and bombs.

The last two wars have taught us this lesson: that by and large the country with the least electrical and mechanical energy per person is the least secure in a military sense. The country with the most energy per person is the most secure. China with virtually no energy except that supplied by men's backs is almost helpless compared to the United States with its annual use of 1,600 kilowatt hours of electric energy per person. (One kilowatt hour of electricity is roughly equal to 10 hours of a man's labor.)

So to increase our country's energy per person, we must learn more and learn it first in this new nuclear energy field. The more we learn the more energy we'll have, and the broader will be the industrial and production base that is nourished by the new energy and new technical knowledge.

But even though we maintain our pre-eminence in this field—as we must—I do not believe this can bring us genuine security and peace of mind. Real security, real peace of mind requires international action—that is the theme of the plan that the State Department's Board of Consultants put forward just a year ago calling for a world-wide Atomic Development Authority; it was the theme of the official American proposal so eloquently presented to the world by Mr. Bernard Baruch on June 14, 1946, and

now being urged by his successor Senator Warren Austin.

But unless and until the day when the necessity of that proposal is agreed to and made effective, to lose our head start would be folly, an invitation to disaster, and unworthy of American world leadership.

Security, then, is the first consideration. Next, is the full-scale realization of the promise and possibilities of the use of nuclear science, and the coming new industries, professions and skills that will grow up in this nourishing soil of nuclear knowledge.

As we succeed we will win greater security against disease, against hunger, against poverty. Nuclear science applied to agriculture should permit better utilization of our land, better food. Arid lands which now can't sustain life may blossom because nuclear power may make irrigation economically feasible. Wholly new materials, produced by neutron bombardment of present day elements, are out there just beyond the horizon. In a nation pressing hard on new knowledge, many fields will feel the impact of the broadening of nuclear physics.

These are the goals, but it would be foolhardy not to realize that great hurdles stand in the way. The hurdles are perhaps more those of human organization, of how to get jobs done, than scientific and technical problems.

Let's start with the problem of government monopoly. Government monopoly is written into the Atomic Energy Act. That was essential: Everyone saw that. Military security and physical hazards properly required a tight over-all government monopoly of atomic energy development as a beginning. But a continuing monopoly approach to the development of atomic energy would slow and dry up the effort. So Congress also directed the Atomic Energy Commission to find safe ways to move away from government monopoly, a directive with which the Commission heartily agrees. The Commission should move away from tight government monopoly as fast as it can, consistent with security.

How does one grow away from government monopoly—from a situation in which the federal government controls virtually the whole field?

The first step is for this federal Commission to develop a program (not just separate projects and transactions but a program) that can enlist

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● INERTIA—U.S.A.

BY LESTER VELIE

With intelligent planning and aggressive action the United States could transform the threat of worldwide atomic disaster into the promise of a great new industrial power that could transform the face of the earth as drastically as could the unlimited use of atomic bombs—but in the opposite direction. Yet for nearly two years political haggling has seriously hampered development of our atomic energy technology. Americans are accustomed to political dilly-dallying, but in this case the bargainers are playing with the nation's chances of survival

THE whole world knows we have a head start in atomic energy. Our future as a nation depends on knowing more than others about atomic energy and knowing it first. Twenty months have passed since Hiroshima. What have we done with our lead?

Dr. Vannevar Bush, who directed the development of the atomic bomb, has a short answer:

"If we can't do better than we have since V-J Day, Russia will beat the tripe out of us."

Rear Admiral William S. Parsons, who assembled the bomb on its flight to Hiroshima, was equally blunt.

"The way atomic energy development bogged down after the war is shocking," he said.

Among the nation's leading physicists, engineers and industrialists who built the great atom-smashing plants, there exist varying degrees of gloom. Almost two years have dribbled away since Hiroshima, and we have still to get beyond the starting line in our search for new atomic knowledge and applications. Development of atomic energy is no peacetime luxury. It's an urgent national security matter, because you can't develop an atomic rocket, say, unless you first know how to harness atomic energy for power.

Yet the American people have been largely ignorant of the slowdown behind the scenes. When post-war reconversion lagged, we all knew about it, because our newspapers gave us a day-to-day, blow-by-blow account. But so thick is the atmosphere of hush-hush surrounding atomic energy (some of it necessary, of course) that it is a major enterprise to uncover a picture of how we are doing in this all-important matter of national security.

Here are the findings:

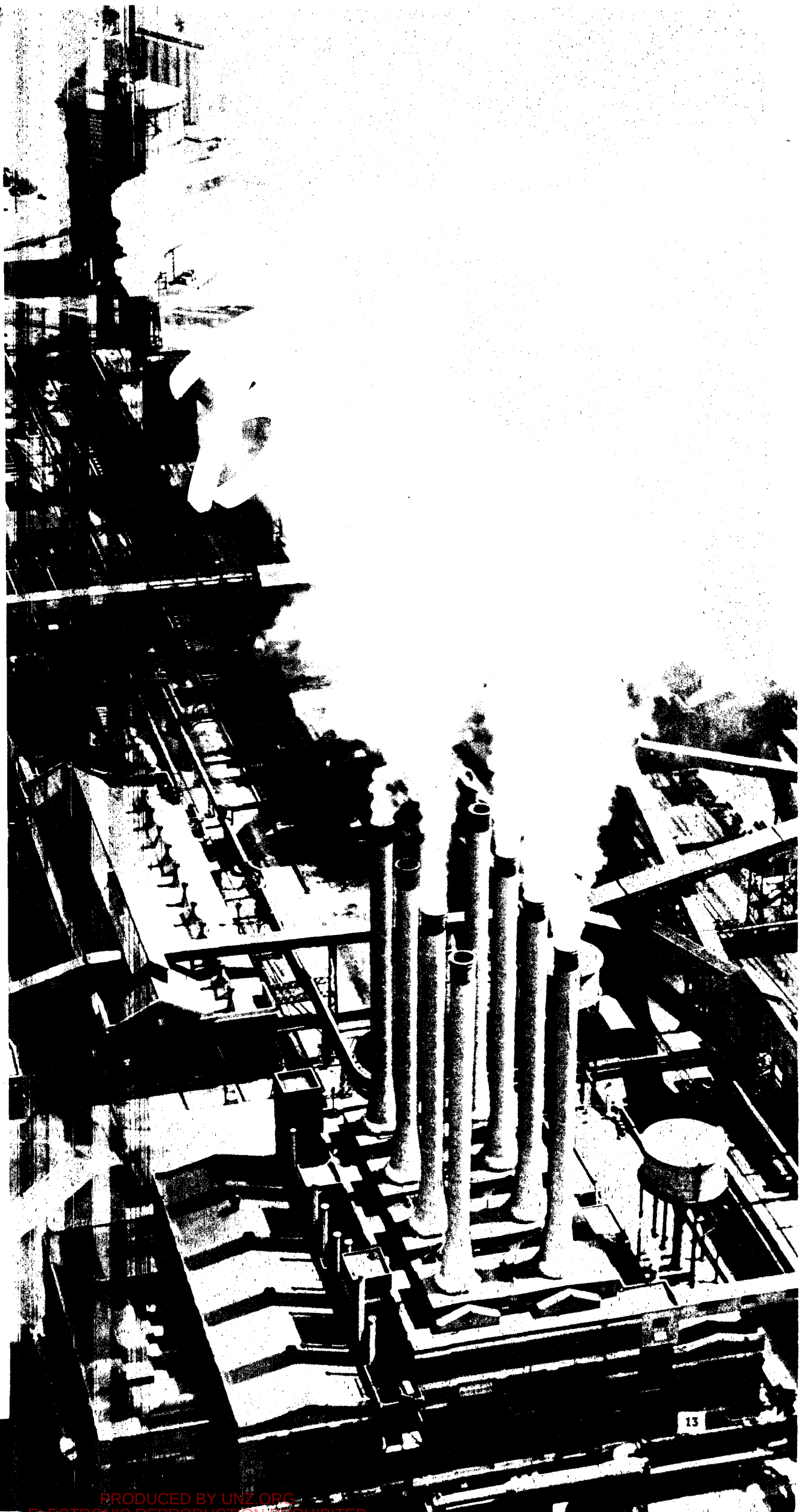
High-caliber men who were sorely needed by the Atomic Energy Commission wouldn't go to work for it, because the Senate delayed so long in confirming the Commission, and its status was insecure. This insecurity percolated down with such devastating effect that arrangements with industrialists to do work for the Commission also had been largely stymied.

In the dragging months that it took Congress to write an Atomic Energy Act and the President to name a Commission, atomic scientists and technicians flocked back to the security of campus laboratories and industrial jobs. The wartime momentum, the style and dash, left atomic development like air rushing from a collapsing balloon.

Word has reached leading scientists, already uneasy over long weeks of Senate confirmation hearings that the House plans its own investigation of atomic scientists. These scientists, sensitive scholars, cringe from public questioning of every meeting they've ever attended, every publication they've ever read. Washington officials told me such a politics-as-usual probe may drive from atomic development some of the greatest names in American science.

There is a critical shortage of scientists and "nuclear engineers" for atomic development work. Because of indiscriminate draft policies during the war we lost a generation of scientists. Dr. Vannevar Bush estimates it will take five years to catch up.

A heated and as yet (Continued on page 38)



FORD MOTOR CO.

MEDICAL DIVIDEND

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

The first benign results of atomic bomb research have been new tools for medical scientists which promise cures for hitherto incurable diseases. There have been failures, but the work is just starting and researchers generally are hopeful

THE facts are coming out slowly, in confusing little dribblets, from a hundred different research laboratories and hospitals. Some of them seem to promise new medical wonders; some relate the bitter story of hope proved false. But all of them, put together, add up to the fact that man-made atomic energy—now the most destructive force ever known—is capable of saving human lives.

From the Oak Ridge laboratories that gave us the most painful problem of our age now flows a small but steady stream of radioactive isotopes. These strange by-products of atomic energy production may yet prove as important to mankind as the atomic bomb or the cheap atomic power that is still only a promise on the horizon.

For to scientists, radioactive isotopes are tools of power in the eternal fight against pain and death; they may be even a means of prying open the once tightly shut door to an understanding of the inner processes of life itself.

Already, here and there, one can find testimonials to the power of atomic medicine. There are a few people alive today, who by every pre-Atomic Age rule of medicine should long since have been dead. One such is Mr. B. B., fifty-one, who can be found helping out in the Occupational Therapy Department of Montefiore Hospital in New York.

Mr. B's troubles began in 1923 when he developed a goiterous condition of his thyroid, the great shieldlike gland at the front of the neck that plays a major part in regulating the body's processes. Patient B went on the operating table and the swollen gland was removed—just in time, it then seemed, for under the microscope, the excised tissues were revealed to be cancerous.

Fifteen years went by with Mr. B in apparent good health. Then, in 1938, he became increasingly nervous. He lost weight rapidly and began to develop all of the alarming symptoms of an overactive thyroid. But, of all the ills of humankind, this was the last that would have been expected to befall Mr. B. For how could a long-since-removed thyroid gland start acting up?

Puzzled, his doctors went over him from hair to toes. At last, in the middle of his back, they found a small tumor. Again Mr. B was trundled to the operating room. When they removed and examined the tumor they discovered that the operation of 1923 had occurred too late to prevent the thyroid cancer from sending out "daughter cells." Wandering in the blood stream, these had at length produced a second cancerous tumor of wildly growing thyroid cells far from the site of the original cancer.

Even the removal of this back tumor did not "cure" Mr. B. For two years more, the doctors worked on their strange patient, but still the symptoms of thyroidism increased. X rays gradually disclosed a host of other "daughter" cancers, each flooding the man's body with thyroid secretions. But all resisted high-voltage X-ray treatment.

The rapidly weakening patient was transferred to Montefiore Hospital, and a new team of cancer specialists went to work on him. First they fed him Lugol's solution, an iodine product, which seemed for a time to moderate his (Continued on page 43)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREEN



The U.N. Atomic Energy Commission is the arena in which the rival philosophies of the world's Big Two have clashed; how the clash will end no man can say

PASSPORT TO THE GOLDEN AGE

BY ROBERT DE VORE

SLOWLY, men are beginning to learn that the price of admission to the Golden Age of the Atom will be paid in freedom.

If men are smart, this price will not be paid in any of the major freedoms. It may be that we will never even feel the pain because the cost will be exacted so slowly and over so long a period. But it is now recognized that certain freedoms must be abridged to make the most of the Atomic Age—and, incidentally, to avoid the alternative of self-destruction.

Among the first Americans to grasp this truth were the drafters of the

Acheson-Lilienthal report and the members of the special Senate committee which wrote the atomic energy law for the United States. At one point in the Senate deliberations the truth of what they were doing suddenly became clear to one of the Committee members and he burst out:

"Hell, this is Socialism!"

The McMahon Act, controlling atomic energy development for the United States, and the U.S. proposal for international control of the atom add up to a kind of domestic Socialism on the one hand, and international Socialism on the other. It is therefore, a fine bit of cosmic irony that such a proposal should be made and generally supported in the U.S.A., which clings so strongly to its free-enterprise society, and bitterly opposed by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which is a prime example of a Socialist state.

The American systems, both domestic and international, were drawn up by confirmed capitalists. They knew what they were creating and it was a bitter pill for them to swallow. But they were also intelligent enough

and imaginative enough to realize that the power they were dealing with was so transcendent that it required them to rise above prejudices and fallible human opinions and write a doctrine for the ages.

The men who wrote the domestic atomic energy law wrote in fear—and the certain knowledge that the bombs which leveled two Japanese cities are, by today's standards, mere atomic firecrackers. They knew that newer bombs could annihilate whole populations and that a large-scale atomic war might well contaminate with lethal radiations the whole of that green area of the earth from which mankind feeds.

So Congress locked up atomic energy in a government monopoly. It provided that at some future time, the monopoly powers might be assumed by a world atomic authority. It delegated to the Atomic Energy Commission powers greater than any it had ever before bestowed upon an administrative agency in peacetime. It assigned to the Commission exclusive ownership of atomic fuel plants and their products. It declared there should be no industrial use of atomic

fuels or machines without a license from the Commission. Furthermore, it prohibited private patents on inventions used in production of atomic fuel or employing atomic energy in weapons. This was the first time Congress ever had said a man could not get a patent on a patentable idea.

But the law goes further than that. It says that a man who invents a machine driven by atomic energy not only may not manufacture without a license, but may not enjoy the right to exclusive production of that machine which his patent normally would

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Andrei A. Gromyko of Russia

ACME



Bernard M. Baruch of U.S.A.

ACME



Few men have realized the extent to which the laws for the control of atomic energy can reach down into the lives of all Americans. No man can yet guess the final answer, but here's part of it and here is why the Russians are fighting so hard against U.S. proposals



WHAT FOR, AL?

BY HARRY SYLVESTER

LEAF shadow moved and broke on the grass; sunlight shattered and pierced it, yet the shadow held and lay like a cape on everything between Al Oberly and the paddock. In shadow he moved; across beams of broken light, feeling it wink against one eye, smelling the grass. He fingered the green and white silk of the shirt—like a woman's skin,

he thought. Part of his vision saw them all watching him. Part of his mind even sensed their several emotions, the admiration, the envy, the nostalgia. Home from war, he who had never thought to ride a race horse again found in this moment more than he had ever thought he would, more than he would ever admit to anyone.

Merrill Coburn moved at one shoulder, solemn and emaciated. Merrill's twin duties as agent for and valet to Al weighed heavily on him, and even he felt the moment. Too tall to be a jockey, never solvent enough to own horses, Merrill lived in a kind of half world where he served the people he still admired, although he had long since quietly known he

would never become either of them. "Oh boy, Albert," he finally said, "they all come out for this first race. Some of them want to see can you still get up on a horse."

"Just about," Al said, "just about." The weight had come off slowly this time, maybe because as jockeys go, he was middle-aged—at 32; maybe because since he had come alive from

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It was the best race he ever rode—
and the worst defeat he ever suffered

places he had never thought to come alive from, he had decided, as he thought, to be good to himself. Some men emerging from a place where other men have died become religious, some become what is called neurotic, but all it had done to Al Oberly was make him live more for pleasure than he ever had before. Because that weight had come off slowly

Al had not ridden until this July day and even now he had the high-weight horse in the race, an old gelding named Corn-Boy who had to carry 123 pounds today against younger horses. At that, Al had just about made the weight.

They were all there, around the paddock's iron fence, trainers he had known a long time, girls he had not

"A very nice ride, Albert," a voice said. Al looked up, startled. It was Miss Edie, looking kind of amused

known very long, two or three of the biggest owners, all for their own reasons there to watch him ride his first horse race in almost four years. For years he had occupied a peculiar position. Never a steady rider, after the daring of his apprentice days, Al wouldn't take any more chances in a race than he had to. It went beyond that. If he didn't like a trainer, if he didn't feel right, if the horse needed too much chance-taking to do well in a race, Al would be apt to come up with a bad ride.

BUT if he was riding for a friend, or had a girl at the track that day, or the owner of a horse had bought a ten- or twenty-dollar win ticket and tucked it in Al's boot as Al rose into the saddle, Al would as likely as not come up with a ride in which his skill as a mature rider and some of the old apprentice daring combined to bring him in by a half length or so. On the rare occasion he rode in stake races he was apt to do well, for there was always ten per cent of a big purse. He rarely got favorites to ride like other, more fashionable jockeys, but always people who thought they had a chance with an outsider, a lightly weighted horse in a stake race, thought of Al.

A blond girl named Eva Langley raised too-thin eyebrows by way of greeting as he passed and Al said, huskily, "Hiya, kid." He moved on toward the iron fence, the pacing and blanketed horses, and old man Kellaway, who owned Corn-Boy. Another girl spoke to him and even before turning to see if he knew the face he was aware of two things about her: that he had never been out with her (she was too tall for him) and that she wasn't dressed like the girls he and the other jockeys liked to travel with. Turning to her, his stride broke, for she was Miss Edie Blakiston, the daughter of one of the wealthier owners. "Miss Edie," Al said, more in surprise than in greeting. Turning away again, it was as though her face, lovely and assured, traveled with his sight and got between him and old man Kellaway's cynical one.

"Well, Albert," Mr. Kellaway said, "it is certainly nice to have you back with us, all in one piece and so on."

"All in one piece is right, Mr. Kellaway," Al said. "Just too much of me, that's all." Old man Kellaway was certainly a wit, Al thought. One of the more philosophical and also more skeptical owners, the old man had been for many years the subject of a legend to the effect that he had but one set of instructions for the jockeys who rode his horses. "Break on top," he was supposed to have told them, "gum it up as you usually do, come back smiling."

"You never rode Corn-Boy, did you?" the old man went on.

"Once," Al said, "when he was a two-year-old."

"You mean I trusted you on a two-year-old?" Kellaway said.

"No, someone else owned him."

"That's right," Kellaway said. He had detected the edge in Al's voice.

"What you want me to do with this horse, Mr. Kellaway?" Al said.

"Why, win with him if you can," the old man said. "What else?"

Al looked at him and lowering his voice said, "As a matter of fact I can remember one or two times you

weren't too anxious to have me win with a horse."

The old man looked away. "Never did like to see a horse punished too much."

"What about today?"

"Why, he's a slow breaker," the old man said. "And it takes him a while to untrack himself. After all, he's seven years old. You get him off best you can and coming off the clubhouse turn maybe you could lay him third or fourth down the backstretch and then begin to drive coming off the far turn. He runs straight, so if you think you can get through on the inside you might try that."

"You must really want to win bad, Mr. Kellaway. This horse ain't going to be no price."

"He'll be 7-2, good enough for an old horse that's been in the money his last four times out."

The saddling bell clanged someplace in the green shadow of trees and, turning to the big horse waiting next to him, Al felt his nerves begin to ball up in his belly. Just like a damn' apprentice, he thought. It had often been that way, a mark perhaps of a certain simplicity that had remained, an unrealized capacity for wonder.

And now the bugle again; he felt an actual tremor, something he had not experienced in many years. He would never admit it to anyone else; he scarcely admitted it to himself and then only with shame. He had to make himself sit loose as the horses followed the outrider through the opening that led to the track. Corn-Boy had the No. 1 post position and Al was riding right next to the outrider. As they turned and started to walk past the stands, a thin, scattered clapping began to fall like a summer shower, and the outrider turned to Al and said, "Looks like they're glad to see you back."

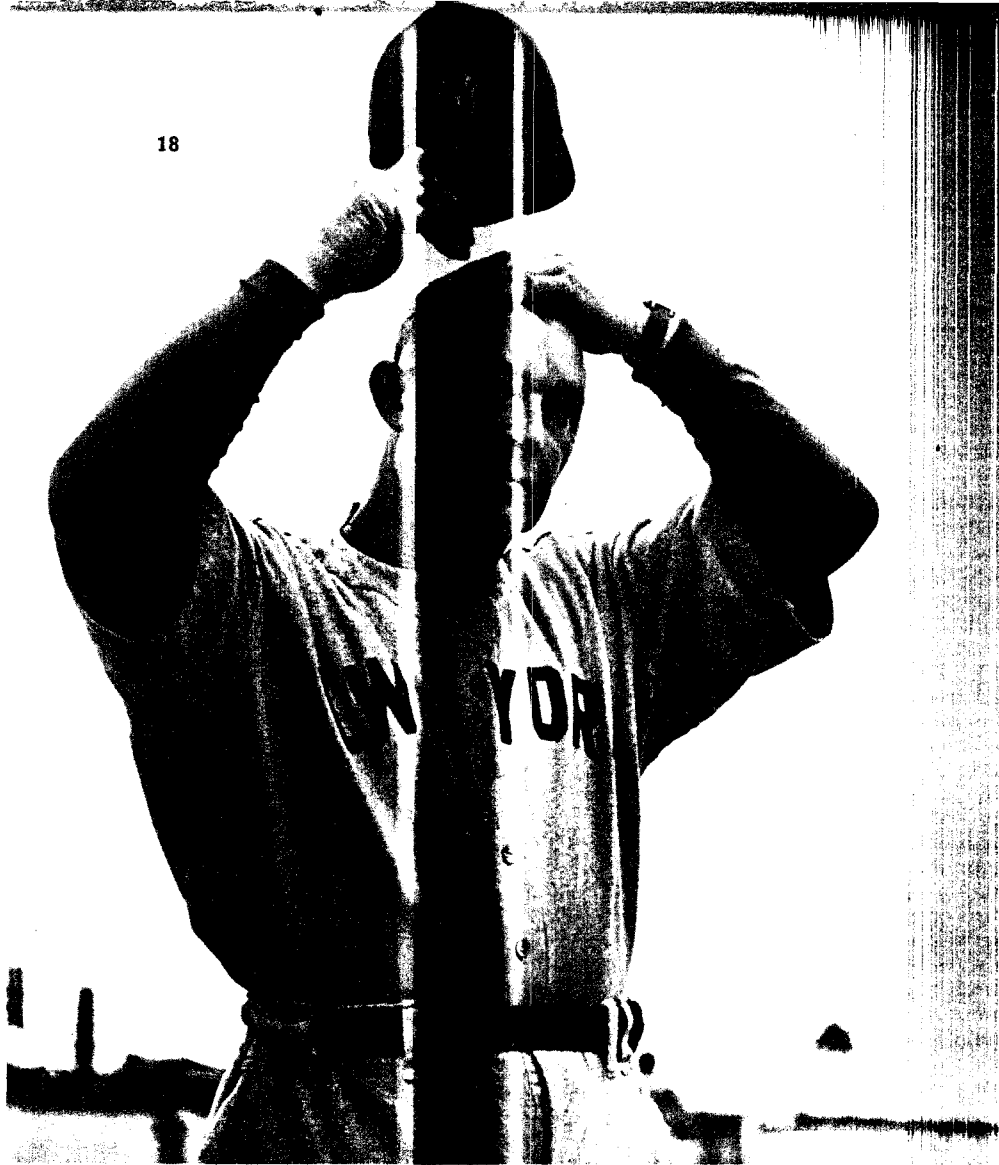
"Huh?" Al said. He had never thought of that. It wasn't usual to applaud the riders going by unless one of them had been away a long time or had recently won a big stake race. Yet Al's feeling was one more of embarrassment than of anything else.

HE MANAGED to get Corn-Boy off pretty well; he kept him on the rail, moving him up gradually from sixth to fourth as they came off the clubhouse turn. The old horse seemed full of run and Al kept a tight hold on him all down the backstretch. Still on the rail, he had no trouble, as he let the horse out, in passing the third horse. He was satisfied just to let Corn-Boy out and not begin to drive until they began to come off the turn, always remembering the horse was carrying all that weight.

He had hoped by staying on the rail to get through on the inside as they came off the turn, but he had two old-timers riding the horses ahead of him and the inside horse hardly swung out at all, so that Al knew he would have to go to the outside and drive. As he took the horse out from the rail, he saw there was a space between the two other horses ahead of him and, although it was nothing he ordinarily liked to do, he started to go between horses.

He hit the gelding twice with his bat and felt the big horse surge under him, saw the head move between the laboring leaders, felt his stirrups chink against those of the outside horse and hand-riding Corn-Boy for all he was worth, felt the big horse come clear of the other two. Sixty yards out he led by a half length but

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THE BASEBALL BRAIN

BY CHARLES DEXTER

FROM Coney Island to Red Hook, Brooklyn seethes in a lively debate as followers of Dem Bums wrangle over their heroes. "G'wan, Leo Durocher's been runnin' the Dodgers these eight years!" cries one rabid Dodger fan.

"You're nuts!" explodes another. "The brain of Brooklyn was Charlie Dressen."

The argument began when Coach Charlie Dressen said goodbye to Brooklyn and migrated to the Bronx, where, this year, he'll wear the uniform of the hated New York Yankees as he works his wonders from the third-base coaching box.

For a while, as their followers argued, Durocher and Dressen, still apparently on excellent terms, kept strictly mum. But scarcely had spring training begun when Lippy was reported making snide remarks about Dressen, the plain implication being that he for one was less than impressed by his former coach's reputed foxiness. And the battle was on, with everyone in it: principals, teams, fans.

So far as the Brooklynites are concerned the issue will soon be settled. For they are Dodgers first and hero-worshippers second. If Durocher can bring his team through a successful season without Charlie's help, the Dressenites will be happy to concede the argument. They're just waiting to be shown.

According to his supporters, Charlie took charge as soon as he reported in 1939. They allege that Dressen said to Leo, then newly a manager:

"These here chisel-heads of ours run each other down on bases. They catch flies on their noggins. The only way we can win is for us to hit for 'em and to pitch for 'em."

"How'll we do that?"

"That's easy. You're manager. I'm just a bum. You coach at first base, I'm at third. All eyes'll be on you—no one'll watch me. We'll work up a code. You figure out the situation, then wigwag a secret sign to me. I'll relay it to our batters, see?"

Leo saw. For eight years he roamed around the first-base coaching box, juggled a fielder's glove, zigzagged about the grass, jabbered at umpires, jeered enemy pitchers, barked apparent orders to batters. Somewhere in his jawings and pawings he flashed a command to Charlie. The Brain, using a subtle sign of his own creation, passed it on.

Together the two men weeded out remnants of the Daffiness Boys—nitwits who couldn't remember Dressen's signs were fired. From majors and minors came brainier players. Balding 31-year-old Whitlow Wyatt made his debut in a tight game, yielding two runs to lose, 11-10.

As Whit stripped for a shower, the Lip directed steaming words at him.

Dressen, with the sixth sense of a seer, moved calmly through the dressing room. On a stool sat Wyatt, a tear trickling down his weather-beaten cheek.

"This was my comeback after three years in the minors," he said. "I had fourteen bone chips cut outa my elbow—now my arm's fine. And Leo's firing me."

"He's not firin' you," Chuck quietly said, patting the big fellow's shoulder. "That's his way. He'll use you again. Next time you pitch, I'll flash you signs from the bench. You'll win. And Leo'll tell the world you're greater than Walter Johnson and Bob Feller rolled into one."

Leo Changes His Tune

Wyatt pitched a four-hitter the next time out. Afterward, Durocher grabbed his hand: "That was great, boy! You were faster than Walter Johnson and Bobby Feller rolled into one!"

Johnny Vander Meer, ace of the pennant-bound Reds, faced Whit that afternoon. As Johnny warmed up, Chuck said: "Kid, I'm gonna call every pitch you make before you make it."

Vander Meer scoffed. He flung furious fast curves, blazed speed at Dodger hitters, who promptly slugged the ball out of the lot.

Reds and Dodgers met again weeks later. Boasted Vander Meer: "I've changed my windup. Betcha a hat you won't call my pitches today."

Dressen laughed. Returning to the bench, he confided: "Boys, pay no attention while I'm in the coaching box today. I'm gonna call a lot of crazy signs."

He took his post behind third base, waved arms, tugged at belt and cap, shouted, whistled. Vander Meer, bewitched by Dressen's chicanery, lost control, was socked soundly. Crestfallen, he made his way to the showers in the fifth inning. "How on earth did you do it?" he asked Charlie.

Dressen grinned. "Ssh . . . it's a secret! I didn't call a pitch all day!"

Of course, Dressen doesn't actually "call pitches" by mental telepathy. Nor does he "steal" them from opposing catchers, who conceal their fingers between their legs—one finger for a fast ball, two for a curve, three for a pitch-out, and so on. He "reads" pitchers' minds by noticing almost imperceptible details in their windups.

"It all boils down to discoverin' whether they're plannin' a fast ball or curve," he explains. "Dazzy Vance used to flutter his fingers before curvin'. Fritz Ostermueller dips down once for a fast ball, twice for a curve. Some pitchers twist their wrists to make a ball break; others hold fingers tightly against the seam—and I can see

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The signals from third base (as shown above) were by Coach Charlie Dressen. But whose headwork was behind them—Dressen's or Manager Leo Durocher's? With Dressen no longer a Dodger, this season may settle the question

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

a seam a hundred feet away. Lotsa guys check their grip with their eyes.

"I watch foot movements, notice that one dope sticks his tongue between his teeth, another lets his glove drop, exposin' his curve. Whenever I catch on, I yell our private sign."

Dressen's general code was taught to all Dodgers, his private signs to the few versatile stars.

How the Code Worked

A typical instance of the general code's value was its use in a late-season '41 game. As the ninth began, the Dodgers were trailing the Cubs by one run. Two were out as Cookie Lavagetto got on base. At bat was Herman Franks, a .190 hitter who seldom pushed the ball beyond the infield.

Franks took a ball, strike, another strike. As the Cubs pitcher wound up, Dressen detected his curve grip, emitted a shrill whistle, the team's curve-ball sign of the day.

Franks stepped back, unleashed a swing. The ball vanished over the wall for a home run. Final score: Brooklyn 7, Chicago 6.

There was the day Paul Derringer held the Dodgers scoreless for fifteen innings. As Pistol Pete Reiser approached the plate in the sixteenth, Charlie whispered: "Derringer's stoppin' you by placin' the ball close to your knuckles. Step back six inches

when I give the curve sign—then swing." Pete stepped back, swung for a game-winning homer.

Subtle, indeed, was Dressen's use of a private code, known only to himself and one other player, in another game that week. Again two were out in the ninth as Pittsburgh held Brooklyn to a 1-1 tie. Pee Wee Reese slapped a drive along the left-field foul line, pulling up at third base.

Umpire Reardon called: "Fair!" A minor riot ensued as Pirate third-sacker Bob Elliott dashed into left field to protest the decision. Elliott reluctantly returned to the infield, posting himself a few feet beyond third base in order to hurl further insults at Reardon.

As the Pirate pitcher faced batter Billy Herman, Dressen shouted: "Wait for this one, Bill!"

Herman dropped a perfect squeeze bunt along the third-base line, jogged safely to first as Elliott failed to make a play. Reese slid home with the winning run.

"If Elliott'd been in his normal position between third base and the plate," reveals Dressen, "I'd 'a' called: 'Take this one, Bill!' and Herman would have tried to push a bunt past the pitcher. But I saw that Elliott was too busy jawin' at the umpire to handle a foul-line dribble. So I gave Herman his private sign to push one where Elliott wasn't. It worked."

That gifted duo, Durocher and Dressen, guided the Dodgers to a 1941 pennant. Twelve months later, defeated in a garrison finish by the Cardinals, the colorful champions began to break up. Reiser, Reese, Lavagetto, others enlisted. By 1946, when they returned to Ebbets Field, awkward rookies and slowing veterans comprised the Dodgers. Yet by some miracle, they hit in the pinches, took extra bases, executed deft squeeze bunts. They breezed into first place, fought for the pennant to the season's last day, tying the favored Cardinals.

Freshman pitchers cluttered the bull pen. From the bench, Durocher tried to "pitch" for them, calling each ball with men on bases by movements of head, arms, legs. But at critical moments the emotional Lip sometimes forgot to scratch his head, unfold his arms or cross his legs, leaving a helpless hurler to his own thoughts.

Brainwork From the Bench

A rookie pitcher approached Charlie one noon. "Aren't you going to 'pitch' for me today?" he asked.

"Take it up with the boss," Dressen said. "Leo's fair."

Durocher agreed, and from that May day till October, Dressen directed the Dodger staff, sometimes with Leo's aid, often on his own. Dodger catchers became mere targets. When Rookie

Bruce Edwards reported from Mobile in July, Charlie told him: "You don't know big-league hitters or our pitchers. Just pretend you're flashin' signs—I'll signal the pitchers what to throw. And don't feel we've no confidence in you—we've worked this stunt with experienced catchers."

To hurlers he said: "Hitters'll get wise if you glance toward the bench before each pitch. Take your time, walk around the box, then peek at me. When you get two strikes on a batter, stare at Edwards. Pretend you're shakin' him off. Then pitch." Dressen drilled pitchers in secret glove movements by means of which they relayed his signs to the youthful catcher.

Durocher executed major decisions, yanking pitchers with a keen sense of timing. Dressen carried out his orders. Standing on the mound, he communicated with the bull pen by an improvised semaphore code. A tap on his head meant Ed Head. Pantomime of drinking meant Hank Behrman—(Beer, see?). Tipping his cap sent Joe Hatten into the game; he held his arms wide for the "fat boy," Hugh Casey. "And I'd push my fists up and down like pullin' spaghetti from a pot for Ralph Branca—he likes that Italian stuff. Art Herring was easy. I'd make like a fish!"

As summer waned, Pete Reiser, again a Dodger, thrilled fans with
(Continued on page 89)

Collier's for May 3, 1947



"Keep at it," Ritch said. "I leave off at five-thirty," said the garageman. "Couldn't change your mind?" Ritch handed him a twenty-dollar bill

RITCH ALVIN, brilliant California attorney, misses a business appointment with a secretive client LIZBETH FAULKNER. Learning that she is the wife of PRODUCER FRED STEELE, Ritch arranges to go to a steak roast at the Steele ranch with his friend, ACTRESS MARTA THORNE, who is trying to get a part in Steele's next picture. Although the Steeles seem outwardly happy, Ritch realizes that Steele is extremely jealous of his wife and suspicious of Ritch's presence.

As Rich and Marta leave the party that night, Marta remembers that she has left her bag by the swimming

pool. Finding the gate closed, Ritch climbs over the forbidding fence to get it.

At the pool, Steele is trying to force Lizbeth to admit she knows Ritch, who walks unsuspectingly in on the scene. Steele whirls and throws a heavy plate at the intruder.

Ritch regains consciousness in the Steeles' living room to find Marta and Steele bending over him. Apologies are exchanged and Ritch and Marta leave. Ritch is now sure that Lizbeth is in danger from her pathologically jealous husband.

Haunted by Lizbeth's beauty, Ritch makes an appointment through the Steele ranch foreman to see her aboard his sailing sloop.

Lizbeth slips nervously aboard, where she tells Ritch that Steele, who watches her every move, is not the father of her five-year-old daughter, CAROL, and that he has never forgiven her for a love affair she had before marrying him. Drawing an envelope containing the child's birth certificate from her pocket, she tells Ritch that she has a premonition she is going to die soon and she wants to arrange for Carol's adoption.

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WOMAN PURSUED BY JEALOUSY

BY KETTI FRINGS

II

IT WAS five minutes of four when they came up on deck. The two girls aboard the Cameron looked at each other and said, "Aha!" They saw Ritch Alvin go to that klaxon of his, which he tooted sometimes for Burl, and toot it for Burl. Then Ritch Alvin and the woman stood for a while, talking. The girls on the Cameron couldn't hear anything of what they said, because the fog had rolled in and voices don't carry well in fog. "Boy, are they chummy now!" observed one.

"Natch."

A few minutes later Burl rowed out, and the woman in white got in with Burl and rowed off with him, back to the dock. The Ritch person watched till they got there, then waved, then lay out flat on the Cybele's deck, his face to the closing-in sky.

"Doesn't he know the sun's gone?" one of the girls asked.

The other laughed, then scowled at the heavens. "It is getting grim. Let's call it a day."

Ritch was lying flat on the deck because he had always found it a good place to think. Also he didn't mind the mist; it was cool and refreshing and he needed that. If the excitement in his blood didn't die down, it would be impossible to gather his thoughts.

Ritch's mind was usually neat and well ordered; usually he could quickly examine ideas and file them away. The reason he wasn't doing it now, he realized, was that these thoughts about Lizbeth were too tied up with his own reactions.

He tried to look at it impersonally. Suppose it hadn't been Lizbeth Steele who had come to him. Suppose some woman, just any woman, had come to him and said, "My doctor only gives me a short time to live. I would like to arrange, in the event of my death, to have my little girl brought up by some family who can give her a good life, make her happy." Lizbeth hadn't said anything about a doctor, but just suppose this hypothetical woman had cancer. Ritch would have told her, first, that a doctor can be wrong, and that most people who are told they're going to die soon, don't.

All right, but suppose she had insisted on believing the doctor, would she be foolish not to prepare for it? Hardly.

It was the same thing, he was afraid. Lizbeth had said, "I believe it whether you do or not. Fred has said if I make one move away from him, he's going to kill me. Maybe you think that if I feel so strongly afraid, I should stay with him to save my life? Well, in my small way, I've found what many peoples of the world have found: That to live miserably with hate is not worth living at all. So I've got to try to be free. And I am going to try. I don't know when or how exactly, but the important thing is to prepare first for Carol's future."

It sounded reasonable, even impressive. At every turn she had gotten him with something like that. After her early mild hysteria had passed she had become calm and controlled, as though every word had been thought out and weighed. Ritch had commented on it.

"I've thought of nothing else for a long time. By now I should have words for it."

Ritch had said, "All right, suppose he does kill you, or tries to? Why should you worry about Carol

falling into his hands? You don't think he'd have a chance at her, do you?"

"You mean because he'd be in jail?"

Ritch had nodded. Lizbeth had said earnestly, "Fred'd never pay for anything he might do."

That was idiotic, and Ritch had told her so. She could put it down in black and white, right now, that her husband had threatened her. Lizbeth had been very patient with Ritch, then, as though he were the client and she the lawyer. "People threaten people every day of their lives. You know that as well as I do. Anyway, you just have to believe me—he'd get away with it. He's very thorough. That's why he's such a success."

Again he had asked her, "Isn't there anyone close to you who could take care of Carol?"

"There's my mother, but she is not close to me, and she couldn't take care of Carol." That's all she would say about that, and she had been emphatic.

"Have you any proof that Carol is your own, solely, to do with as you wish?"

It was then that Lizbeth had opened the envelope. There were letters from Lizbeth's mother written in 1939, in which a boy named Dick—and the "dastardly" thing which Lizbeth had let happen—were mentioned. Ritch hadn't time to read through all of them, but it was there all right. There was also a letter from Steele written while he was in the Army in which he referred to the incident brutally and coarsely. Also there was Carol's birth certificate. The baby was born six months and eighteen days after the marriage. That wasn't proof, but it added up with the others. It had all boiled down to what Lizbeth had said finally: "You'll know what kind of papers to prepare; it's all in your hands."

RITCH didn't know how long he'd been lying there, but it seemed strange that he could hear an automobile horn so clearly. You could occasionally hear horns on the busy highway, fleeting by, but this seemed to be the same horn, over and over. A burning fear swept through him, he sat up quickly and reached for the glasses.

The light was poor, the fog heavy. Dimly Ritch made out the dock. He saw the open hood of a station wagon, and Burl's short squatty figure bent into it. He saw Lizbeth's white dress; it moved about impatiently, then it went to the car and again Ritch heard the horn. Lizbeth's face seemed to be turned toward him.

A fisherman's motorboat was throbbing by; Ritch hailed it and as it came alongside, hopped aboard. "Lost your dinghy?" the fisherman asked.

"I'm in a hurry. Can you drop me at Burl's Landing? What time is it?"

"Quarter after four."

It had taken Lizbeth an hour to come down; it would take her longer to go back, fog and traffic. She had said she usually heard from Fred or he came in about five-thirty or quarter of six.

"Can't you step on it?" Ritch asked.

"Doing all she can now. Say, you know you left your hatches open?"

"I know." Sure, and his watch lying on the cabin table, and Lizbeth's letters. He'd have to worry about that later.

A moment later Ritch, too, was bending into the station wagon's engine.

"It beats me," said Burl. "I thought sure I could start it."

"Have you tried pushing it?"

"Into the bay?" Burl scoffed. The headlights weren't fifteen feet from the edge of the landing, and the dock sloped waterward.

"We'll have to push it back then, so I can get my car behind it."

Lizbeth lent a hand, too. It was tough pushing, up that incline. "Did you check the gasoline?" Ritch asked her.

"It's nearly half full." Her hair, with her physical exertion, had come loose from her barrette. It fell softly around her face. She was very close to him, her body bent parallel to his, against the radiator. Ritch was conscious of every muscle of her body. He saw how drawn and tired and anxious she was. He wished Burl weren't there. He wanted to say to her, "Don't be frightened. I'll fix that guy myself. Nothing's going to happen to you. You're going to be all right—all right, understand? First thing we have to worry about is getting you home. I'll get you there safely." All he could say to her was, "Better ease up a little—and careful you don't get your dress dirty."

THEY got the station wagon to the highway and Ritch went for his coupé. When he came back Lizbeth was already behind the wagon's steering wheel. Ritch thought desperately: Suppose it starts, and she drives off, and I never see her again? He wanted to go up to her car and say to her, "Don't go home. Make this the break. Now." Then he remembered something she had said to him earlier. "You've never had any children; you don't know how a parent feels." Ritch knew it was hopeless. She wouldn't leave Steele while Carol was still there, not for a moment. He signaled her that he was about to start. Lizbeth nodded.

Shoving his coupé into low gear, Ritch started to shove the station wagon, banging it and jolting it. It was dangerous along the crowded foggy highway. Ritch knew it and so did a policeman. He was coming along on a motorcycle and Lizbeth very nearly threw him into a skid. She should have been apologetic, but her nervousness made her call crossly, "Can't you see I'm trying to get it started?"

"Get her started along the edge of the road then!" the cop ordered.

There the traffic was a little less dense, but still nothing was happening. Ritch pushed for a half mile and the wagon's engine still wouldn't turn over. That idiot Burl had flooded it probably—or it might be something worse, really serious. Ritch tooted his horn, stopped his car, got out and went up to Lizbeth. "There's nothing to do but take it to a garage. There's one back near the landing."

Lizbeth nodded.

They made the hazardous turn, got back to the garage. The policeman was out front, chatting with the garage mechanic. He watched them for a moment as they got the station wagon inside, and then rode off. Ritch told the garageman he had a dead car.

The fellow got his tester from his work bench, put it to work. A moment later he said, "There's no short. I can check it over."

"Check them. I'll give (Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

HONEY FROM THE B'S

BY JIM MARSHALL

The kittenish story of Anne Jeffreys, who graduated from B to A pictures, went on to opera and landed on Broadway

OCCASIONALLY in Hollywood a film extra achieves stardom. Still more occasionally a slave in B-pictures will shed her shackles and climb up into the high, rarefied atmosphere of the A's. When this happens the earth trembles, searchlights roam the sky, sirens wail and a flight of meteors appears over the Pacific Ocean.

Also, there is a party. There was one at RKO when a blue-eyed honey-blonde, Anne Jeffreys, did a reverse-Hepburn and ran the gamut from B to A. It had taken her five years.

The studio threw a party for her, with champagne, American Beauty roses, special cakes, fruit salad and forty-seven assorted prophets who always knew the little girl had it in her. Listening to this for a couple of hours she began to think so, too.

So she went to work and made a couple of pictures. First she was Pat O'Brien's leading lady in *The Amazing Mr. Hammer*, and then she went into a co-starring role in *Trail Street*. It was all a gal could ask for, except the chance to do what she wanted to do most—sing.

For a young person with operatic ambitions, she seemed to be veering. So she asked please could she go away for a while. To Brooklyn. To sing Tosca.

She sang Tosca so pretty at the Brooklyn Academy of Music that she was offered four Broadway shows. She picked *Street Scene*, with music by Kurt Weill, and is currently playing it on Broadway. As of right now, she is feeling pretty good about life. But there have been times . . .

She was born in Goldsboro, North Carolina, started schooling at Hendersonville, went to Junior College at Anderson and started singing on a radio show at the age of ten, in Durham and Raleigh. Her mother, who was a high-school English teacher, took her to New York, where she won a scholarship with the Municipal Opera Association. She thought—and her mother knew—she was headed for the Met.

Being a girl who loves a battle, she used to ride New York subways—she just loved subways—from Ahunnertun Twenna-Fift Street clear to Greenpernt, fighting a running battle with elbows, fists and heels all the way and emerging in the far reaches of Brooklyn mused but victorious.

And ready to battle her way back.

She seemed to get so much joy out of this warfare that her mother began to wonder whether Anne would wind up as a diva or Battling Annie in the fly-weight division. She solved the problem one Friday evening by announcing they were going to Hollywood, where there were no subways, and sure enough, come Sunday morning they were on a bus.

So were two small white Persian cats, named Mimi and Musetta—Anne recently having sung in *La Bohème*. The cats came along in a basket.

Cats are contraband on busses and it was Anne's job to hide the basket under a long military cape and sneak them aboard while Mother kissed the driver. Then Mother took over the cats, far back in the bus, and Anne sat right behind the driver and told him what a swell driver he was and why wasn't he in pictures, the big, handsome thing? In this way they got way out to Arizona.

With the cats intact.

She was sitting up with the driver as the bus swung the long Arizona curves going down to the Colorado River at Needles, California. The cats were in their baskets on the rack and Mother was back there, too, napping and ready to throttle any meows. The bus driver asked Anne to light him a cigarette, which was against the rules, and she did. At that moment both cats let loose and sleeping passengers stirred.

"You got cats back (*Continued on page 78*)

Dressed for her role in *Street Scene*, Anne (left) awaits her cue with Sheila Bond, the star dancer

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

THE GREAT CONFESSION

BY DONALD HOUGH



"What are you doing in my office without your pants?" the D.A. thundered at Alvin

Who was the lucky murderer?

ALVIN EDGEWORTH, an average man, just under average age, ordered his third drink at the bar across the street from the Esquire Theater, a movie house in the city of New York, and told the bartender exactly what he would like to do.

"Joe," he said, "I would like to take hold of his shoulders like this, see, and shake all the teeth out of his mouth."

Joe shrugged. "Not enough."

"I would like to take a sledge hammer, and bash his—"

"No. What you want to do in a case like that, you want to give him some kind of slow poison. A sledge hammer is too quick. It don't give him time to think things over. See what I mean?"

Alvin sipped the drink that Joe had placed before him. "Well, I know one thing. If just concentrating on it, the way they do in Africa, would handle that baby, he would be falling dead right this minute."

"You can say that twice," Joe said.

"What do you mean, like they do it in Africa?" asked a man sitting on a stool just down the bar from Alvin.

"It's something my wife knows about," Alvin explained. "It's one of the things a club she belongs to knows about. These Africans, see, take a kind of doll that's supposed to be somebody they don't like, and stick pins in it and keep wishing the guy would cash in."

"Where would they get the doll?" the man asked.

"They don't really need one," Alvin said. "That's just to make it more sure. It could be a photograph, if they had one. Or they can just sit still and do the whole thing under their breath. If they can keep it up long enough the guy begins to hurt and then gets heart failure, or something. It's mind over matter. My wife could tell you how it works. She's nuts about things like that."

"She's nuts, period," the man said.

"I beg your pardon!" Alvin said, rather sharply.

Joe leaned over the bar. "We could write to the studio this joker works for and get a photograph, even have it autographed, and pin it up here on the wall and start a dart game. He wouldn't last a week.

"However it is," Joe went on, "anybody that could do it, that could pull that one off, would be elected governor of New York next month, hands down. Even if the D.A. should decide to run."

"He's not going to run," the man said.

"The radio this morning said he was thinking of it," Joe said. He wiped the bar. "Our friend"—he jerked his head toward the movie house—"is in town right now. He's doing personal appearances down at the Vogue all this week."

Alvin hunched his shoulders. "For God's sake don't tell my wife when she comes in."

"You can say that again," the man said. "My wife would want to take along a couple of fried chickens and stay there the whole week."

"There it is," Joe said. They all looked across the street. The doorman of the theater was opening the doors and kicking the stops down to keep them open, and the people were coming out.

"Here's where I get hell," Alvin said. "I left after half an hour of it. I'm sure going to get it now." He quickly finished his drink, keeping an eye on the people emerging from the Esquire. "Here she comes," he said, sitting up a little straighter on his stool.

Joe hid Alvin's glass just as an attractive woman entered the bar. She walked over to Alvin and stood beside him.

"Well!" Alvin said. "Well, hello, Ida. How was it?"

"All I can say is that you missed a swell movie," Ida said. "If you want to walk out on a really good picture like that, just because you don't—"

"He makes me want to throw up."

"Alvin!"

"I can't help it. Let's go home. Do you want a nice drink?"

"No, thank you very much," Ida said politely.

Alvin winked at Joe, nodded to the man down the bar, and left with Ida. After they had gone a block in silence, Ida said, "You never walked out like that before, Alvin. Honestly, I can't understand you. You knew he was in the picture when we left the apartment. It (Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

GIRL IN THE DARKROOM

His heart was full but
his wallet was empty



Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell twittered over my shoulder, acting the part of the birdie. "Smile, children," she caroled. "Smile for the funnyman"

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

I WAS in the darkroom when the buzzer sounded and it lifted me two feet off the floor. I'm not nervous, but the buzzer meant that someone had come into the studio. It might be a customer. I said a little prayer, switched a print from the developing tray through the shortstop into the hypo, dried my hands, straightened my tie, and opened the door to the outer office.

There was a girl standing there, about twenty. Slim and sort of cute but not exactly devastating. Not like Janice Healy.

"I'm Margaret Adams," she said. "I'm answering your advertisement in the Gazette for an assistant."

Nice, soothing voice. Good for customers. I needed an assistant and couldn't afford one. Before my service hitch I was a clerk who took pictures after hours and Sundays. And there were people around town who said I was too big for my breeches.

"Harry Blaine," they said, "where does he get off being a photographer."

So they shook my hand, wished me luck, took their business to Fisk Studios and waited for the vultures to land on my doorstep.

I got up my nerve and named my figure. Old Sweatshop Blaine, I said to myself, old Grind-'em-down Blaine. I waited for her to stick out her tongue at me and leave.

"All right," she said.

After I recovered I took her back to the darkroom to show her how to operate the printer. Putting on my lecture-platform manner, I slid an exposed sheet into the developing tray and waited for her girlish squeal when she saw the picture emerging.

She didn't squeal. She frowned. "Don't you think it's a trifle dark?"

Before I could move she sat down at the printer. A few seconds later she was sloshing the print around in the trays. She slipped it into the hypo and turned on the light.

"Better, Mr. Blaine?"

She was too good to be true. I moved toward her, beaming, and she

jumped away. I wasn't going to bite her. Neurotic, I thought. Knows her stuff but full of complexes. There had to be something wrong.

"Keep that up," I said, "that Mister business. That's very good. I have to leave now for a sitting. Answer the door and if a customer comes in hog-tie him till I get back."

MY SITTING was in the corner drugstore on a tall stool for a slab of apple pie and coffee, my lunch. I was stirring the Java when a long string bean with fangs for teeth sat down next to me.

"Relaxing for a minute, Blaine?" he said.

"You know how it is," I said. "I have to duck in here occasionally to quiet my nerves. The pressure of business."

His grin would have been more becoming on an alligator. "Don't I know," he said. "I wish I could stay and talk shop. But I've got three sittings today, and two weddings later

in the week—in addition to my usual commercial work."

I had a wedding scheduled for Friday. I had a date to take a picture of a factory for a real-estate firm if it ever stopped raining. Those were my engagements and the rest of my appointment book was made up of nice clean white pages utterly unspoiled by ink.

Fisk got up. "I need a darkroom man," he said. "I'll pay you thirty a week. It's more than you're making now. I had to fire my assistant. A little tramp that ruined everything."

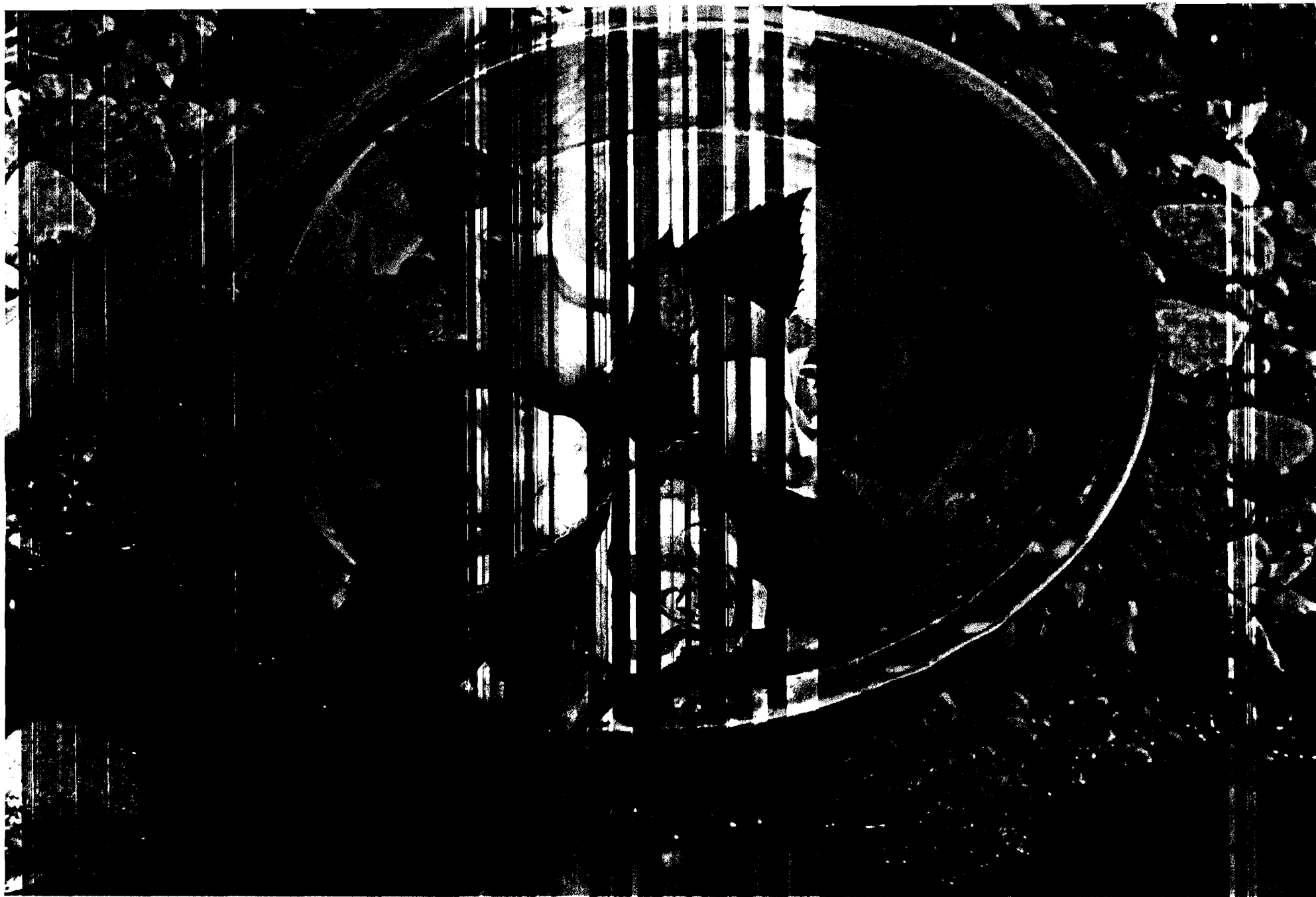
"Thanks," I said. "I'm looking for a delivery boy myself. I'd like to give you a break but are you husky enough to carry all those pictures?"

He kept that smirk on his face. "I steered a customer your way this morning. Some greaseball wanting a two-buck passport job. I didn't want him in my studio."

"Old Carriage-trade Fisk," I said. "Anyway, thanks for the customer."

(Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



How to strike it rich

ONE WAY you *might* do it is to get yourself a prospector's outfit and head for the High Sierras.

But a way you're *sure* to do it is much simpler. Just go to your favorite bar or package store and ask for Four Roses.

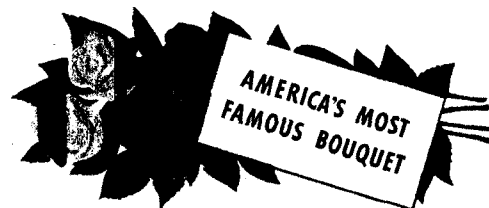
When you taste Four Roses, we think you'll agree you really *have* struck it rich. For this matchless whiskey has a flavor all its own—rich, smooth, and satisfying.

In short, we believe Four Roses offers you a delightfully different and *distinctive* flavor not to be found in any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

Just try it and we're sure you'll see what we mean!

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES



Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

GIRL IN THE DARKROOM

Continued from page 24

I slid fifteen cents across the counter and shambled back to the studio. Chin up, Blaine, I said, and then a thought hit me. I went inside and Adams came out of the darkroom.

"You worked for Fisk," I said. "Right?"

She stared at me. "Yes, Mr. Blaine."

"Fancy photographer," I said. "Money in the bank. Why'd he fire you?"

Her eyes had sparks. "I wasn't satisfactory," she said. "A Mrs. Kelsey called—she canceled the order."

I got cold chills. Kelsey was my wedding job, a fifty- or sixty-dollar take, my biggest chance so far and it meant the rent. Fisk, I thought. He'd needled me and like a crazy fool I'd thrown that at him. He must have called her up and talked her out of it.

"Well," I said, "I was wondering how I'd fit that little job into my schedule. Now I don't have to worry."

"Things get tough for us all sometimes," Adams said. "Don't be discouraged, Mr. Blaine."

She was dewy-eyed. "Discouraged over that?" I waved my hand airily. "Tut-tut. A bagatelle."

I went over and opened the cash drawer. Last time I had counted the money beginning with the bills. This time I started with the silver. It came out the same, twenty-one dollars and fifty cents.

THE telephone shrilled. I picked it up and Mr. Hampton said, "Blaine, the rent was due a week ago. I don't mean to press you. I know you're just starting out and I admire your spirit. But I must insist that the rent be paid by the tenth of each month."

"Yes, Mr. Hampton," I said. I thought fast. I could sell a camera or two. I could let go that little miniature job I loved. "Don't worry," I said, and hung up.

Adams had vanished. I peeked in the back and she jumped. "Oh," she said, "you startled me." A nice girl but with a kink. I came back to the telephone and pulled the city directory over to me. I began calling people, offering them a special rate to introduce my work. Nobody seemed very interested. I even called Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell. I had a hard time getting past her butler but finally I had her on the telephone.

"My dear young man," she said, "in the first place I detest being solicited by telephone. In the second place I would only have my portrait taken by a photographer recognized as an expert in the field."

I hung up very quietly. I guess that put me in my place. I sat there and looked at a print lying on the desk. I'd won a prize with it once in an amateur contest. It was a landscape, a country road out beyond town. I'd driven past the spot a hundred times before I realized its possibilities, and it had given me a second prize. There was a nice play of light and shadow and a barefooted kid walking through the dust.

Adams came out and looked over my shoulder. "It's a lovely photograph," she said. "Out the Morseville Pike, isn't it?"

"Yeah," I said, "how do you think it would taste with salt on it?"

I sat there, a small businessman, feeling smaller by the minute.

At five-thirty I closed up. I always felt low closing up. In the mornings you could figure a bright new day—things will happen. Not at night. Adams beside me made me feel not quite so low somehow, and on the spur of the moment I said, "I'll drive you home."

She'd gone to high school, she told me, three years after I had; taken up photography then, done some pictures

for the school paper. Went to work clerking in a department store but couldn't get pictures out of her head; and six months ago she'd gotten a chance to go with Fisk.

I knew that angle. I knew Fisk. Take a green kid, work her like a dog, pay her as little as possible, and make her think he was doing her a favor teaching her the business.

She directed me to a little house in the West End, cute and neat, but needing paint and a new roof. Her folks could probably use any money she turned in. Little people, like me—fighting to keep their heads above water. I needed her but I couldn't be a heel.

"Adams," I said, "let's face it—I may not be able to pay you come payday. You're good—you can get a fine job somewhere else. Some other town."

She stared up at me thoughtfully, turning the idea over in her mind, then she shook her head. "Let's try it a while," she said. "This is my home town and I like it. Let's see what happens."

She got out of the car and ran up the

knew she was sorry she had come in. I didn't have enough money to do a fancy job of interior decoration, and she was definitely not impressed.

"I'd wanted to have my portrait taken," she said. She lisped a little. "Port-wait," she said.

She wasn't happy but I led her into the studio, posed her and took a raft of shots. She thawed out a bit and became chatty after it was over.

"Mr. Fisk took some pictures," she said. "They weren't very satisfactory. I'm sure you'll do better."

I had the chills, because Fisk may be a rat but he is also a photographer.

"Could I see the proofs tomorrow?" she said. She said, "Pwoofs." She put a hand on my arm. She drew me close to her and looked up at me with those baby-blue eyes.

"Sure," I said, "drop in anytime tomorrow."

The door closed behind her. I was gawking at it when Adams came in. "Isn't that rather unusual service?" she said.



"You get so cross with me for bringing home all these lovely old things that I'm afraid to tell you what I found today. Three bottles of 25-year-old Scotch!"

COLLIER'S

ROLAND COE

walk. I drove off. I had a nice car and my suit was new. I had the front. I looked like a million bucks and felt like a lead slug.

The sun was shining the next morning. I took the factory shot and did some leg work, soliciting the local business firms for commercial work. I was a hustler, not a photographer.

I GOT back to the studio and there were three or four people lined up at the window. They moved off and I stood there and stared. There was my prize-winning landscape nicely framed, with the certificate beside it. And there was a card reading: "This is a local scene. Do you recognize it?"

I went inside and Adams came out of the darkroom. She looked guilty. "I hope you don't mind," she said.

"Fisk was a fool," I said. "You engaged? You going to marry anyone and run out on me? Who do you go with?"

"No one special," she said. She grinned. "Went to the movies last night with the boy next door. He's coming in tomorrow for a passport photo."

I could have kissed her. But just then the buzzer sounded. Janice Healy came in and I forgot Adams' existence. Janice was a tall and lissome blonde, the local queen. She looked the place over and I

"Miss Healy is an exception," I told her. "What a knockout. And did you notice that lisp?"

Adams stared at me. She looked pretty cute herself with her face flushed, and her eyes bright and shining as though she were mad.

"Yeth," she said, and went back to the darkroom.

I went to work and later I was looking over the proofs when Adams came in.

"Pretty slick, eh?" I said.

There was no word from Adams. "Well, Adams," I said belligerently, "you don't like them. Why?"

Adams said, "Excuse me, Mr. Blaine, but I don't think you've really captured her personality. You have her posed with her hands in her lap and you seem trying to make her into a demure sweet sixteen. She's more of an obvious beauty—flamboyant—"

"Adams," I said, "Fisk intimated that he found you troublesome. That was why he had to dismiss you."

"Yes," she said, and her eyes blazed. "Very unco-operative." She put on her hat, started for the door, and I said, "Where are you going?"

"Back to the department store."

"Now wait," I said. "Hold on. I like you, Adams. And I do value your opinion. I was a little hasty. I'm sorry. It's

just—" and here I smirked—"I have ideas about Miss Healy. About Janice."

Adams gave me a long, searching look. As though I had egg on my chin. "Very well," she said, and went back to the darkroom.

Just the same I began to worry. I was still worrying the next morning when Janice came in. Before I could get out the proofs Adams popped up from nowhere.

"Miss Healy," Adams said, "I have a suggestion. I wonder if you wouldn't like Mr. Blaine to take two or three additional shots."

I could have strangled her. "Adams," I said, "I think Miss Healy will be perfectly satisfied."

"I was just thinking," Adams ignored me, "of a different type of portrait."

"What sort of portrait?" Janice said.

SUDDENLY I was just a guy who worked there and five minutes later I was on top of a stepladder taking pictures. Adams had Janice lying on the floor. She had her shoulders bare, some filmy material tossed across her breast, and her eyes half closed. I didn't say a word, I took the picture. Janice went to the powder room and I went in to Adams.

"Adams," I said, "you know what she'll look like. She'll look like Hot Lips Healy, Queen of the Burlesque Circuit. She'll look at the proofs and hit me over the head with a tripod."

Janice emerged then and I cut it off. I saw her to the door and was starting back for round two with Adams when the telephone rang. It was my old pal, Fisk Studios.

"Say, Harry," Fisk began, "I'd like to give you a break."

"I know," I said, "right in the middle of my back."

"I mean it," he said in a hurt voice. "I've got more work than I can handle. I just had a call from Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell. She wanted me to do some work for her. I'm tied up for the next three weeks and I suggested you. Good luck." He laughed and hung up.

I was groggy. I suddenly believed in elves and fairies. The door opened and in came a man to buy my miniature so I could pay my rent and other bills. We were haggling about the price when the phone rang. Adams came out to answer.

"Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell?" I heard her say.

My knees quivered. I broke off the bargaining and told the man to come back later.

Behind me I heard Adams say, "Just a moment, please. I'll look at Mr. Blaine's appointment book."

I knew Fletcher-Stamwell by sight and of course she had given me that brush-off over the telephone. She was head of the Women's Club and she ran the local charities. She lived in a mansion up on the knoll and as far as society in our town was concerned, she was it.

I shoved the camera buyer out the door. I was shaking. "She wants me to take pictures?" I said. "Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell? Gimme the phone."

Adams swung it away from my clutches. "Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell," she said, "Mr. Blaine is booked up for this week, but he can give you next Tuesday at two o'clock. I'm sorry, that's the best we can do."

"Listen," I whispered at her. I made faces. I died a thousand slow deaths. "You're fired," I said. "I'll boil you in oil. I got nothing to do but sit on my hands from now until Tuesday."

Adams ignored me. "Very well, Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell," she said and hung up.

"Don't you know what this means?" I snapped at her. "If I take pictures of

Collier's for May 3, 1947



"I'm solid
for that rugged
Lifeguard body!"



"Those 4-ring pistons
sure whittle down
runnin' cost!"

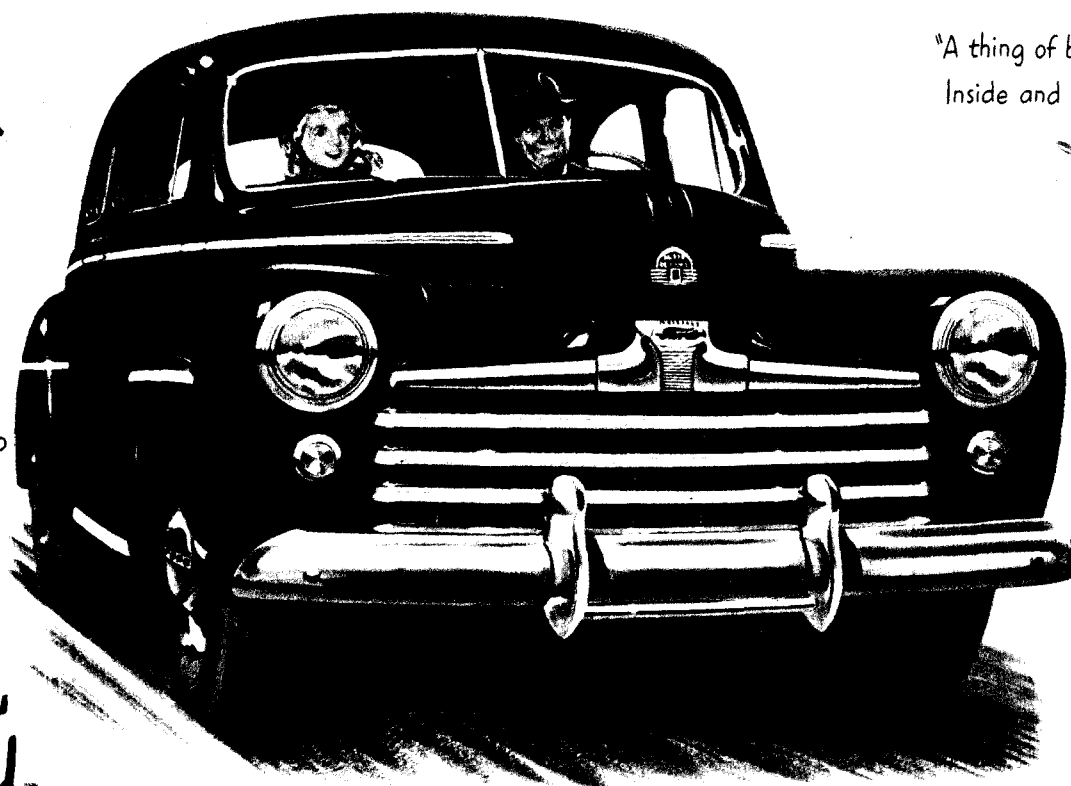
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Ford power
clicks!"



"Ford's longer, lower lines
steal all the glamour shots!"



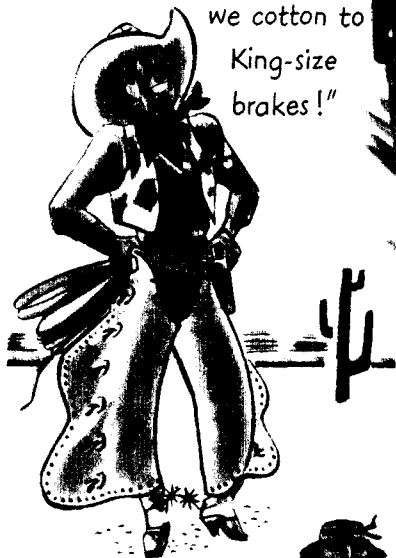
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I'M SORRY, JERRY. BUT NO ONE'S GOING TO COO WITH YOU—UNTIL YOUR DENTIST SETS YOU STRAIGHT ON YOUR BAD BREATH PROBLEM!

IF HE GIVES A HOOT, HE'D BETTER SCOOT!

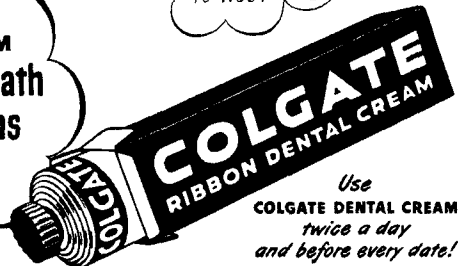
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

NOW HE HAS THE WIT TO WOO!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!



her and she likes them, I'm made. Don't you realize—?"

Adams interrupted. "Did you want me to say you have no business, you'll run out now and take pictures? Isn't it wiser to make her think you're successful? You know how Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell stands in this town. Why didn't Fisk want the business?"

"Maybe he grew a heart," I said, but I didn't believe it.

"The pictures," Adams said, "are not of Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell. They're of her sons, seven-year-old twins."

I thought about that. A bell rang in a cranny of my mind. I remembered back, made a phone call and five minutes later I was at the bottom of a well.

"Adams," I said, "Fisk took pictures of the twins two years ago in his studio. They wrecked the joint, smashed a camera, pulled down the drapes. Now they're two years older and twice as devilish. Two of the worst spoiled brats in captivity. That's why Fisk didn't want the business. I take their picture, I fall on my face, the pictures are rotten, my name is mud!"

Adams looked at me. "Will you turn her down?"

There was no sound in the shop, no movement, just Adams and I staring at each other across the counter. "Adams," I said, "I'll take their picture. This is Operation Sink or Swim for Harry Blaine."

THE telephone rang and Adams beat me to it. Her voice turned into sirup. "Yes, Miss Healy," she said, "no, Miss Healy. I'm sorry. The proofs won't be ready until next Tuesday."

She hung up and looked defiantly at me, then started for the darkroom. I was looking at her legs; they had everything they were supposed to have.

"Adams," I said, and she turned and looked back.

"Adams," I said, "I just want to remind you of one thing. I'm the boss man around here."

I had the jitters thinking about next Tuesday, two o'clock. I woke up in the night in a cold sweat, I couldn't eat. Each night I drove Adams home and once I stayed for supper.

Her folks put on their best bib and tucker to meet me. I was the Employer—the photographer. Gravely I talked

over business conditions with her father, who worked in the post office.

He said finally, "Margaret enjoys working with you, Mr. Blaine. She always wanted to work for you. She'd seen some of your amateur shots in that camera-club exhibit in the bank. She's talked about you ever since."

Across the table Adams blushed and looked down at her plate. It was nice—as though I had a little cheering section. But that same afternoon I had owed Adams money. I was fishing bills out of my wallet when she said, "Mr. Blaine, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather be on a monthly basis. Pay me at the end of the month."

Making me feel good. A kid who needed the dough and who had to depend on me, and covering up for me.

I WENT back to chewing my fingernails over Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell and then finally the time ran out and I had to go and take the picture. I picked up the camera I use for home portraits, bundled up the lights, screen and tripod, and started for the door.

Adams came out of the darkroom. "Good luck, and don't be nervous."

"Who's nervous?" I said. I could feel perspiration leaking off me. "It's just a picture."

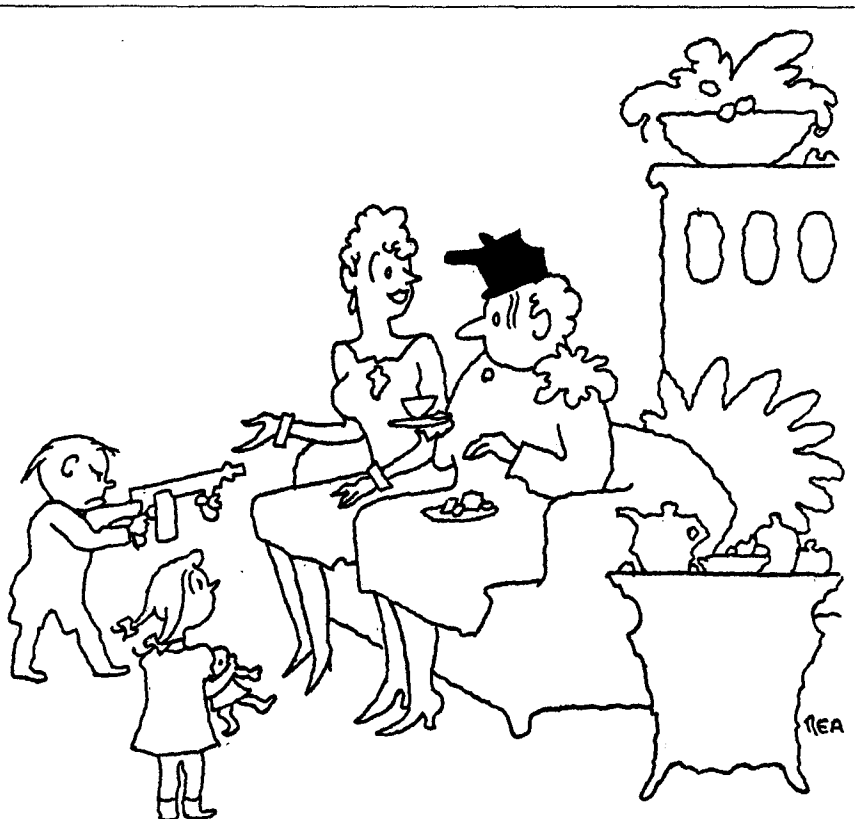
Adams grinned. "You've got the nerve of a burglar."

I put the stuff in the heap and tooled up to the knoll; turning in the circular driveway, I parked in front of the portecochere. An old geezer with white hair and a harried look opened the front door. I went in and was tackled around the ankles. My camera flew out of my arms, I landed on my knees and caught it two inches off the floor. A little tow-headed kid had hit me from the front, another one was climbing up my back.

"Stopped on the goal line, men," I said, and staggered into the living room, the butler tottering ahead of me. Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell moved front and center and gave me the tip of her pinkie.

"Happy, happy childhood," Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell caroled. "They are mischievous but I can't bear to punish them."

"You gonna take our pictures?" one of the kids said. "I'm gonna look like this." He crossed his eyes and stuck out



"Oh, yes, they're twins—but we've never had the slightest trouble telling them apart!"

BY MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW



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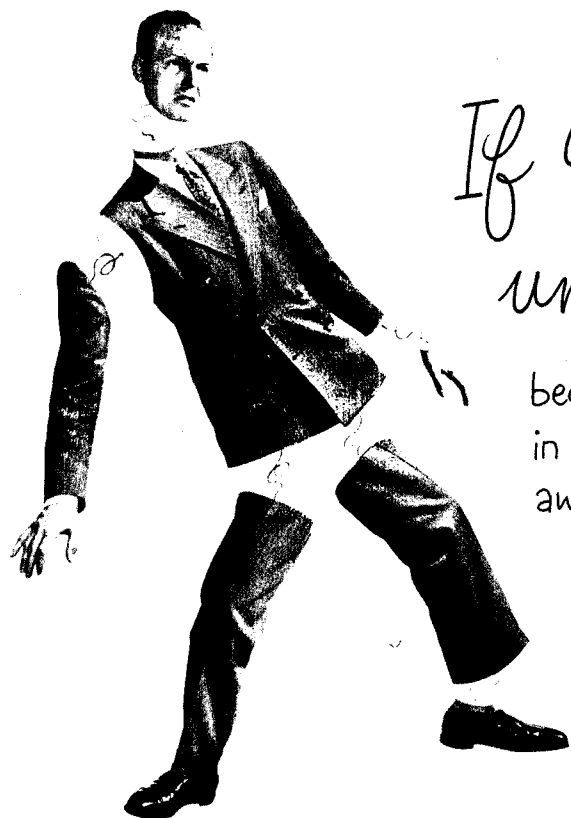
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his tongue. "Betcha can't make me smile."

The butler looked at me with a kind of pity in his face. Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell giggled.

"You call that a face?" I said, and gave them my Number Three villain expression. They both laughed and looked human for a moment.

Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell said, "A photographer of children, in my opinion, must understand their playful nature. He must be a psychologist."

"That's me all over," I said. I set up the camera and screen and looked for the kids. They were gone.

"I'm afraid they're hiding from you," said Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell, "the darlings."

"Ha-ha," I groaned. I went past the butler and muttered at him, "Guard the camera with your life, they may try a flank attack."

I found one kid in the downstairs lavatory, Exhibit B in the coat closet. I coaxed them back to the awful presence of Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell.

"Sit right here, men," I said. The doorbell rang and the butler left the room. I got the kids on a bench. Mrs. F-S twittered over my shoulder, acting the part of the birdie.

"Smile, children," she caroled. "Smile for the funnyman."

They did more than smile. They went into hysterics. I was ready to throw in the towel when the butler came back.

"A Miss Adams," he said, and Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell stopped twittering. Adams had changed her clothes. She had on a gray suit with black gloves, a black hat and a veil. She didn't look like a darkroom girl, she looked strictly like a carriage-trade client.

"I'm associated with Mr. Blaine," Adams said. "I've noticed in driving by that your spring flowers are at their loveliest now. Would you mind if I took some color shots?" I noticed then the camera she was holding, a 35-millimeter job.

Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell's voice was frigid. "I don't intend to purchase any pictures—"

"Oh, no," Adams said in shocked tones. "I wasn't dreaming of that. I just think the pictures demand to be taken. I might ask your indulgence in letting us put an enlargement in our window. But I'm not planning to sell them."

That did it. Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell beamed. "I'd especially like to show you my tulips," she said, "but I'm afraid Mr. —ah—Blake needs me to assist—"

"Blaine," I said. "I'll call you if necessary."

I PRACTICALLY pushed her out the door and then I turned to the kids and shoved my jaw out six inches. "Boys," I said, "I'm going to take your picture."

They looked at each other and then at me. Behind me I saw a quick grin steal over the butler's face. Without their mother the twins were different.

"Do you want to look like a sissy?" I said to Exhibit A. He agreed with me that he didn't and let me comb the hair out of his eyes. I got them posed. One twin started a surreptitious pinch and I popped up from behind the camera frowning lethally. The kid froze and gave me a look of admiration.

I grinned at them, and they grinned back. For just a moment they looked like a pair of young cherubs. It wasn't for long but it was long enough and I knew I had the picture. I took half a dozen more but the first one was it.

Mrs. Fletcher-Stamwell came back. I packed up the equipment, and Adams and I went out to the car.

"I took a dozen shots of the flowers," Adams said. "I haven't your eye for composition, Mr. Blaine, but I don't think she'll be able to resist the transparencies when she sees them. Did you get your picture? It occurred to me that the chief trouble with the twins might be

an indulgent mother. I couldn't think of any other way to get rid of her."

"Nice work, Adams," I said. I reached over and patted her knee.

She pulled away. "Are you an osteopath or a photographer?" she said. "And don't call me Adams."

We drove back to the studio. "You handle this, Miss Adams," I said. "I'm scared."

I sat in the office, and finally Adams came in and put a proof in front of me. I looked at it and went limp.

"Congratulations," Adams said.

THE buzzer sounded. Fisk Studios came in, that alligator grin on his face. "How'd you make out?" he said. "How'd—?" He stopped then. He gaped at the proof. And then he saw Adams. "You," he said.

Adams was sweet as pie. "Would you like an appointment for a sitting?" she said. "Mr. Blaine is very busy but he can squeeze you in—"

"Huh?" said Fisk. He glared around for a moment, then started for the door and, going out, he almost knocked Janice Healy off her feet coming in.

Things had happened too fast for me. Adams took charge. She said, "We have your proofs, Miss Healy," and spread them out.

I prepared to duck. Janice sighed. She said, "Why, this is perfectly beautiful. I wesemble a movie star."

I came up out of my chair. "You like them?"

"Mr. Fisk took such ordinary pictures," Janice said.

Adams intruded gently. "The eight-by-ten is a nice size," she said, and then went into the financial details. Janice ordered six eight-by-tens and three five-by-sevens. She bought the most expensive frame I had in the shop.

She turned back to me. She said, "Will you put one of my pictures in the window? Please, Harry." She said, "Hawwy."

We were on a first-name basis. I could call her up some night. Janice Healy—Hot Lips Healy.

"Thertainly," I said.

Janice went out and I looked up and there was Adams with a little enigmatical smile on her face. It was an expression I had noted before but I'd never really paid attention to it—just the ghost of a smile curving her lips and her eyes warm and amused and thoughtful. It would make a picture that showed beauty and character, not one of those dizzy-blond glamour shots.

I took her hand and pulled her into the studio. "Sit right there," I said, "and hold that expression. No, that's not it. You're striving for it now, Miss Adams."

She laughed. "Call me Adams," she said, and she had the expression again and I caught it. I stood there looking at her after the picture was taken, contrasting her with Janice, thinking of what she'd done for me, how I'd bawled her out for it. Janice's picture was going in the window, Adams' was going on the top of my bureau.

"Adams," I said humbly, "Fisk fired you for being bossy. With me, that's fine. Be bossy. I give you permission."

"He didn't fire me for being bossy," she said. "He didn't fire me at all. I resigned."

"Because he wouldn't adopt your suggestions, the boob?"

Adams blushed. "Because he made passes at me in the darkroom."

That alligator, that shutter-snapping sad sack! I was so mad I couldn't talk.

My heart was going a mile a minute and I put my cards on the table face up.

"Adams," I said, "let's adjourn to the darkroom."

"What for?" she said.

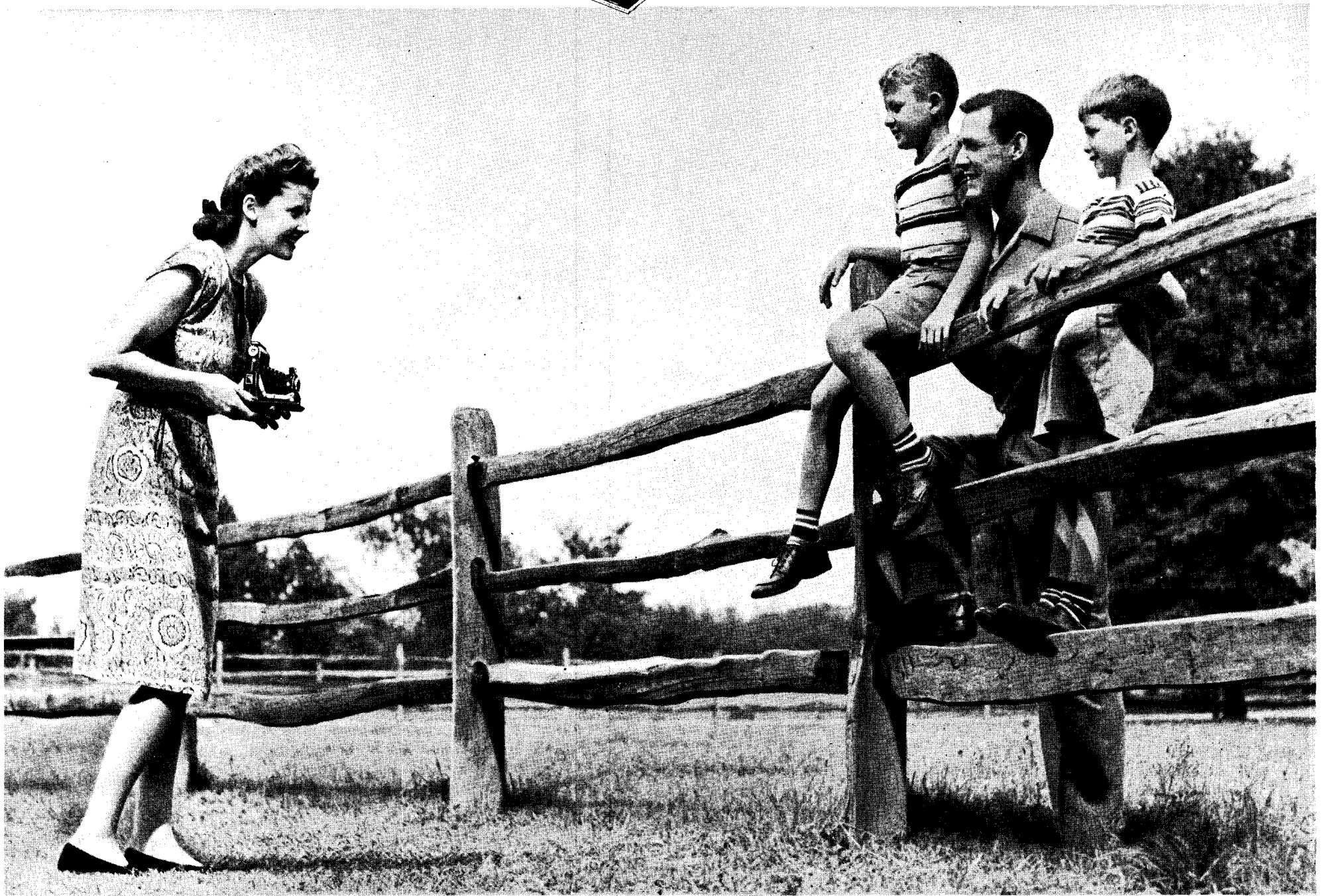
I put my all to the test. "Adams," I said, "I want to make a pass at you."

She didn't resign.

THE END

Collier's for May 3, 1947

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WHAT FOR, AL?

Continued from page 17

Corn-Boy had started to flatten under the weight and Al thought he would have to whip him again. The outside horse had shaken off the inside horse, which had faded badly, but Al found that by just a hand-ride he could hold the outside horse safe. He kept watching Murtaugh on the outside horse; then the wire was overhead.

Riding Corn-Boy slowly back through green shadow again, he found himself still a little out of breath. He supposed the old man would be satisfied with the ride and he wasn't looking at anything much when that voice spoke to him as he passed by the now empty paddock. "A very nice ride, Albert," it said and he looked up, startled. It was Miss Edie again and as he looked at her he saw a kind of amusement come to her face, apparently at the change in his own.

"Why, thank you, Miss Edie," he said. He had to overcome something in his hands that wanted to swing Corn-Boy around and over toward her. Just in the space—perhaps seventy-five yards—between the paddock and the jockeys' room, something happened to him. He had a date tonight with Eva Langley and Eva was someone new and very choice in the circles Al moved in. But just in those seventy-five yards he almost lost interest in her.

He was not riding in the next race and he sat on a bench in the dressing room and wondered about himself. Merrill came in and stood over him. "Very nice, Albert," he said, "very nice. That will settle any doubts that anyone may have." Merrill talked that way sometimes.

"Don't call me Albert," Al said. He said that and almost had his breath back.

"I wouldn't say you were in exactly rousing shape, Al," Merrill said.

"One way and another," Al said, and wondered what he meant by it himself. When Merrill said nothing, Al went on: "What does this Blakiston girl want? The old days, she'd hardly speak to me or any other jockey. Today she practically falls all over me."

"Oh, I wouldn't call it exactly that, Al," Merrill said. "Maybe it's just that she thinks you're a hero."

"Go to hell, will you!" Al said.

"They got a little mare named Dryad

in that Blakiston stable," Merrill went on. "Been training very nice, although she ain't been out much. But they got her in that Diamond Cup race."

Knowing the way Merrill's mind functioned, Al said nothing.

"It might be," Merrill went on, "they want you to ride that mare."

There was a catch someplace, Al knew, and didn't speak. When Merrill also remained silent, Al said, "Plenty of other jockeys, ain't they?" Then when Merrill still didn't speak, Al fell into the trap. "What weight she going to carry?"

"A hundred six pounds," Merrill said.

"Why don't they get some apprentice boy to ride her then? I couldn't make no hundred six pounds without cutting off an arm."

"They don't want no apprentice boy."

"What did they say?"

"Ain't said nothing much. I just guessed."

"Oh, you're a clever chap, all right," Al said.

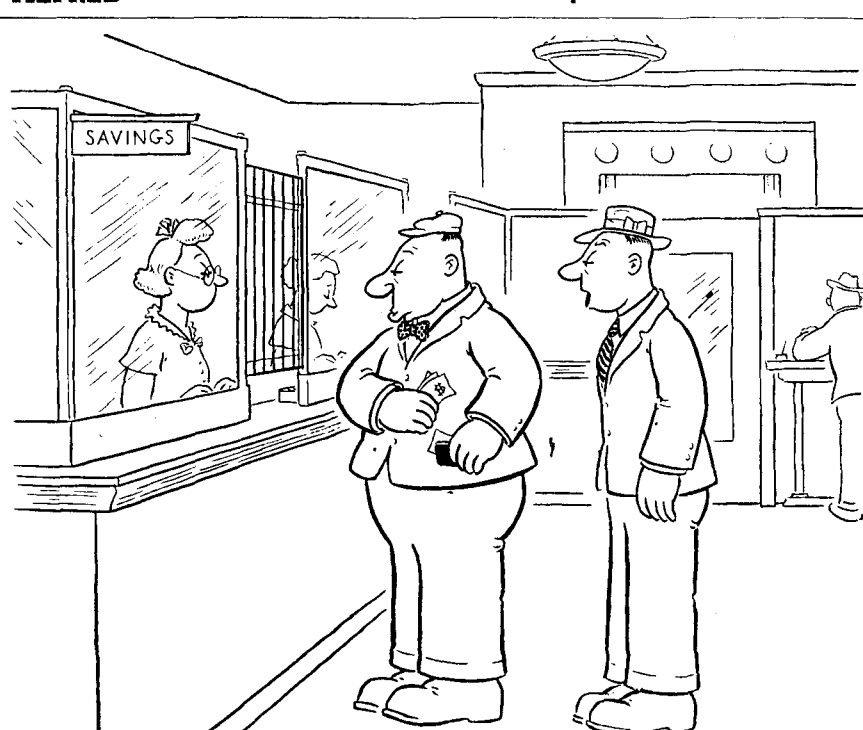
"All right, if that's the way you feel today," Merrill said. He went outside, leaving Al there reflecting on the ferment two greetings from a girl he hardly knew had started in him.

NEXT morning when he was working out horses in the half-light he kept thinking about Miss Edie. He remembered when he had been a boy in Nebraska and in love with a little farm girl. He had been not quite seventeen and he had met her at Broken Bow where he had been riding in the quarter-horse races. Even after he had returned to his own home and she was some three hundred miles away he was beset by the illusion or feeling that any time he turned a corner in town or rode over a rise in the prairie he was liable to meet her. It was that way now with Miss Edie—and bundled in heavy clothes as he sent the lean horses galloping, he marveled at this repetition of a thing that had first happened fifteen years past.

He was finished about nine o'clock and as he started to walk toward the jockey quarters that feeling was still with him. Looking up in a kind of chagrin, he not only expected to see her under the trees—the level light of morning had

ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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COLLIER'S

Collier's for May 3, 1947



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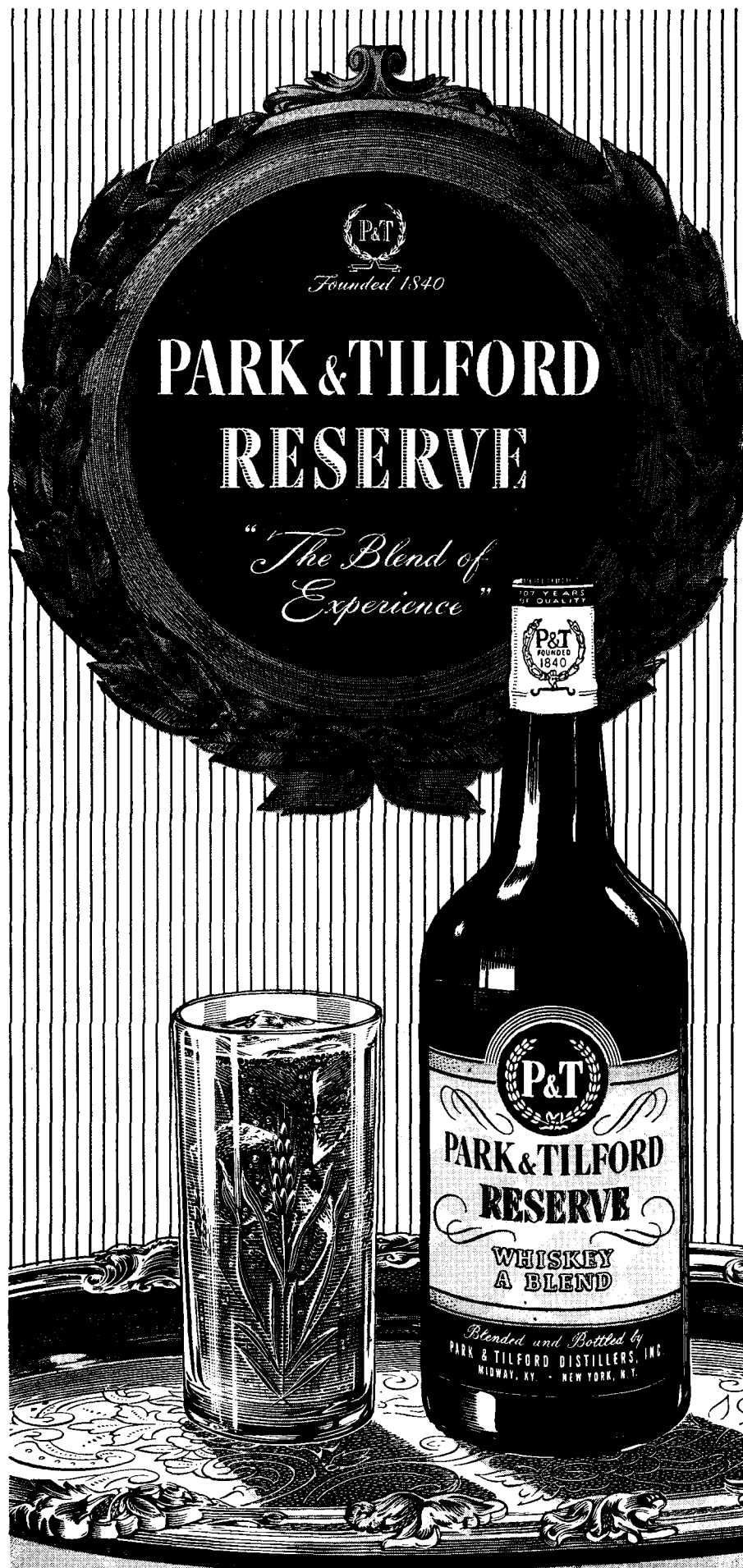
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left no shadows under them now—but she was there, in riding clothes with her stable's trainer, Jim Collinson. As Al saw them, Collinson walked away and the girl smiled at Al and moved perhaps two steps nearer to him.

"Kind of early for you, isn't it, Miss Edie?" Al said. Like a kid, he thought; his voice had almost broken.

"Oh, now and then I come out to see them train. Did you watch Dryad work this morning?"

Al had and almost said so, but caught himself. "No, ma'am," he said. "I was pretty busy out there."

"She worked a mile in 1:41 and wasn't really pushed very hard."

"That's a smart work, all right," Al said. He had that same sense of a trap he had felt yesterday with Merrill.

Miss Edie looked at him. "You wouldn't want to ride her in the Diamond Stakes, would you?"

He was ready for that. "Oh, no, ma'am. I couldn't no more make 106 pounds than I could take off and fly around this here tree."

She looked at him and smiled again, rather oddly, he thought. "Why don't we talk about it over lunch?" she said. "Couldn't you meet me in the clubhouse dining room for lunch?"

His knees started to shake. "I'd like to have lunch with you anyplace, Miss Edie," he said, "but I sure couldn't make no 106 pounds for anyone."

"All right," she said. "But you meet me for lunch. Shall we say twelve o'clock?" She gave him her hand.

"Twelve o'clock it is," Al said.

HE WAS conscious of being the only jockey in the clubhouse dining room and more conscious of whom he was with. He had trouble eating even his usual light lunch and all the while she talked to him earnestly. It was this way, she said. The mare had a good chance, she was in beautiful condition. But hardly any of the good jockeys could make the weight and they felt she needed a better ride than an apprentice could give her. Dryad needed a daring ride to win and Miss Edie felt that Al was the one to be her jockey.

He wanted to shake his head as he started to reply to her, but found that he somehow couldn't. "The way it is, Miss Edie," he said, "I can make a living without killing myself. I got out of the war alive and there was one time I never thought I would. And the way it is now I'm just going to take care of myself. I'd kill myself making that weight. And coming down that homestretch if I didn't

want to come through an opening that you and Jim Collinson thought I maybe should have tried to come through, why, you'd be mad. If that mare's got such a good chance, why don't you get some good apprentice boy up on her?"

Miss Edie smiled again. "We want you up."

He started to explain again, but looking at that face, he couldn't say anything.

"Look," she said, "why don't we take a ride tonight and talk it over?"

"Miss Edie," he said, "I sure would like to, but it won't make no difference. I'm too old to start taking off that kind of weight for anyone. This way I ride a few high-weight horses every day and that makes me a living. I—" He saw Merrill Coburn outside the leaded windows signaling to him that it was time he came out and got dressed for the first race and he stood up. "A mighty nice lunch, Miss Edie," he said.

"And I'll see you after the last race. We'll drive out on the island."

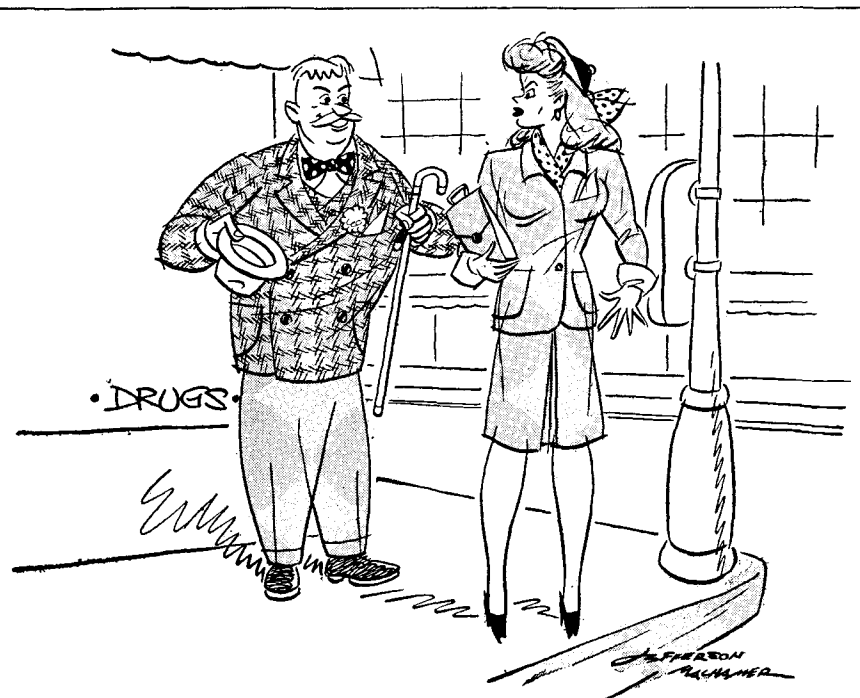
"Oh, all right," he said. He walked out, conscious of eyes on him, a confused and bewildered little man.

He wouldn't answer Merrill's questions, but he rode well that afternoon. He kept thinking it would be nice to have Miss Edie for a girl. She was half a head taller than himself but he didn't think that would make any difference. . . . Dressing carefully after the last race he forgot all about the date he had with Eva Langlev for that evening.

When he got back that night to his quarters in the second-rate hotel in which he lived, he had agreed to ride Dryad and to make the weight. Lying awake that night he felt rather pleased with himself, forgetting about the weight he had to make.

When he told Merrill the next day that he was going to ride Dryad, Merrill said rather dryly that that was what he had thought was going to happen. But Al made no answer.

He entered then for the next ten days into a kind of desert, in which he ate next to nothing and even went back to the old practice of doing road work, something most jockeys had discarded in favor of scientific diet when they wanted to reduce. The weight came off slowly, in a kind of reluctance. He rode well but was constantly irritable and once thought of chucking the whole idea of riding Dryad. Merrill talked about the twenty-three thousand dollars first money, of which Al would get ten per cent if he won and Al said to hell with it. He went to tell Miss Edie he wouldn't ride the



"May I see you across? I used to be a boy scout"

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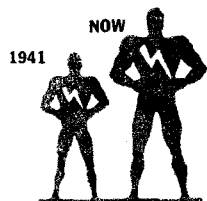
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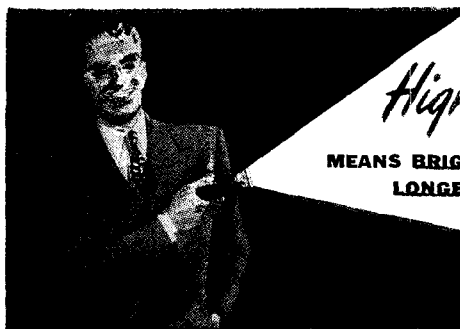
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mare, and again they went out for supper that night and Al changed his mind.

Three days before the race he still had a good ten pounds to take off. This was a particular hell to which he had been before. He stopped riding for those three days, ate nothing solid, walked around only enough to keep his strength up. When Miss Edie phoned him two nights before the race to ask how he was he said he was fine. That night in the car when he put an arm around her, there left him the last sense of the ridiculous about any difference in height, in the kind of life they led. It had bothered Al for some days now about how to make love to a girl whom you by habit called Miss Edie, but the problem had not been too serious.

"You know," he said, "I don't see why we couldn't get along like this for quite a while. I mean the rest of the season or something like that." It was as far ahead as he had ever looked.

In the dimness her face smiled in that way he found fascinating, as she looked at him in a mixture of concern and fondness and something else he could not name. "I don't know why not, Albert," she said and let him kiss her.

THE morning of the race he knew he wasn't going to make the weight. With his tack in hand, he stood swaying on the scales in the jockey room and he weighed 110. He put on sweat clothes and went out on the road to run. Then he came back and sat in the electric hot box until Merrill said to come out.

He weighed 108 pounds as he walked across that broken shadow again toward the paddock and he had to put a hand on Merrill's arm now and then to steady himself. Light seemed to want to blind him, and once the paddock with its pacing horses spun and balanced like a gyroscope. Eddie Murtaugh who was riding the favorite, Silver Creek, laughed as Al came up to the paddock.

"Why don't you get a good horse to ride instead of that skin," Eddie said. "Then you could ride at a decent weight and not have to kill yourself."

Al thought of a suitable obscenity by way of reply but found himself too weak to make it. Miss Edie and Collinson were waiting in the No. 3 stall where the mare stood quietly. Al put a hand on her withers; he had always been partial to female horses. She was a nice mare. Standing there weak, he wondered if she was as good as the others thought she was. She would be the outsider in a seven-horse race and he told himself that at least he would be at home on her, riding a long-priced horse.

"How do you feel?" Collinson said.

Al thought of shrugging but it was too much effort. He looked at Miss Edie as Collinson gave him instructions. He was to run with the favorite from behind and when the favorite went up he was to go with it, try to get through on the inside if he could. "She's got one run in her," Collinson said, "and don't you use it until Silver Creek starts to come up."

"Yes, sir," Al said.

"And you'll run right over them if you have to, won't you, Al?" Miss Edie said.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "See you tonight, Miss Edie?"

"Oh, yes, Al," she said.

Then he had turned away, hardly knowing Merrill and Collinson were on either side of him and Collinson was extending a hand to lift him into the saddle. And somewhere that bugle—he remembered dreaming about it lying under trees in Italy—was blowing again. Ahead the red coat of the outrider bobbed and flared in the August heat.

Perhaps it was the adrenalin, always secreted in him before a race, perhaps something like loyalty or more likely what might have been called infatuation, but once in the saddle Al felt himself straighten up, felt the light, weak feeling go as his weight came off his legs. The

mare was gentle but a little uneasy. She was trained pretty fine, he saw, and put his hand back to feel where the great joints lapped and moved. The skin was tight as bark on her.

They were all old, experienced horses and went quickly into the starting gate. Shaking his head once, Al saw clearly, saw everything, felt the surge of power in himself, stemming most immediately to the mare under him, but also to the prospect of winning a stake race and of a long and indefinite time when he would be close to Miss Edie. . . . Then the bell was ringing and the gates had flown open and there was the quick *whack-whack* of the whips as the jockeys got their horses off for the near turn.

Al let the two horses inside him go on up. He took Dryad over to the rail and told himself he wasn't ever going to leave it. He was going to go through on the rail coming off the far turn if it crippled him. He came off the clubhouse turn running sixth with only Silver Creek behind him, but the horses were bunched going down the backstretch and Al knew that any time he wanted he could move the mare up with the leaders. She ran easily and wanted to run—he had to keep a tight hold on her going down the backstretch. There were two sprinters up with the first flight of horses and the fools who were riding them were trying to kill each other's horse off. They took the five first horses out fast along that stretch and Al was tempted to go with them as he saw the gap between himself and the fifth horse widen to three, then four lengths. But he heard Silver Creek lapped on the outside of his own mount, and he waited for Murtaugh to move. He even knew where the move would be made.

It came as they leaned to go into the far turn. Al heard Murtaugh talk to Silver Creek and almost before he could let Dryad out, Silver Creek was at her neck. He was a little rattled but fought off the temptation to use his bat and began to let Dryad out. On the inside she drew away a little from Silver Creek and was only two lengths off the leaders as they reached the end of the turn. Now, he thought, and waited for the tiring lead horses to swing out. He saw that instead of coming up to them, they were coming back to Dryad, and then too late he saw something that Eddie Murtaugh had seen before him. That the bunch of horses was too solid to get through, that the inside horse was still pretty close to the rail. Already, even as Al had to take up with Dryad, he saw Silver Creek, on the outside where Eddie had taken him, begin to go to the leaders.

THERE was that panic again in Al, for maybe two seconds. Then he batted Dryad once, passed two tiring horses and drove for the scant opening on the rail. It was too narrow, he knew; he felt something catch in his throat, felt pain in his forearms as he hand-rod the mare, and then he was caught against the rail by one of the tiring sprinters. He felt his stirrup crack once on the wood—a long splinter of pain ran through the ankle and he heard more than one voice from the infield yell in a mixture of admiration and warning. Then he hit the mare once more and she came clear of the horse outside and Al saw he was free and that only Silver Creek was ahead of him and way on the outside.

Someplace there was a sound like surf and the pain in his forearms found an even sharper echo in his ankle. But he felt the horse gather under him and her head was still up while Silver Creek's was beginning to come down. He wouldn't even have to hit her, he thought. All he would have to do was ride her and try to stay in the saddle. It seemed to him just before he passed the wire that the whole track twisted about thirty degrees sideways but it was only himself reeling once in the saddle. And from the change in

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the yelling he knew he had caught Silver Creek.

As he eased the mare up around the turn, he put his head on her neck, not in affection or through pride, but simply because he himself was too far spent to keep it raised. . . .

He sat in late shadow before the jockey room and took what homage they gave him. He had dressed and lighted a cigar; they had bandaged the ankle tightly and he hardly limped at all. After a while he was almost alone and he kept watching for her car to swing out of the clubhouse and come over to pick him up. But Merrill Coburn came to him first, his thin face flushed. "Say, it ain't only the twenty-three hundred," Merrill was saying, "but everybody and his brother wants you to ride for them."

"Not at this weight, I won't," Al said.

"No, you'll get good horses, you won't have to make no weight like today. Now, what about getting Eva and another girl and we—"

"Not me," Al said. "I got a date." He moved slowly out and put one hand on a tree. He had eaten a steak and felt better. Merrill followed him.

"You sure of that?" Merrill said.

"Sure, I'm sure," Al said. "Got a date with Miss Edie. You didn't think I like to break my neck just for that lousy dough."

"Oh, no," Merrill said. "We didn't need it or nothing." But there was no sting to his words and Al turned to look at him. Merrill looked funny.

"What's the matter?" Al said.

"Nothing," Merrill told him.

"Yes, there is," Al said.

Merrill looked away. "How long you figure to wait for her?"

"She ought to be here now. Last race been over half an hour. Probably talking to some friends in the clubhouse."

Merrill caught his breath and then blew it out as if he had decided not to say what he had been going to say. "She tell you that herself?"

"Why, of course she told me that," Al said. "You don't think I'm waiting around this here race track for some of these horse-race Sadies like Eva."

Merrill blinked and shook his head.

"Well, say it," Al told him. "What's eating you?"

"Well," Merrill said, "since you ask. I seen Miss Blakiston leave in a car with some friends just before the last race."

FOR a moment Al felt nothing. Then he began to tell himself that that was what he had expected. That was the way it was. What the hell. . . . And while he thought that, what he didn't know was that he had started to punch the tree with his fist in a kind of rhythm and Merrill was pulling at his arm and there was blood on the fist and Merrill was saying in a voice now almost frantic: "What for you do that, Al? You'll ruin your hand and can't ride for a week. Al, what for you do that? We get twenty-three hundred bucks and a name and— Al! Al, stop that, you damn' fool! I knew making weight like that would make you punchy. Al! Al, I never see you like this before."

THE END

INERTIA—U.S.A.

Continued from page 13

unresolved controversy is raging among scientists, engineers and military men (themselves divided) as to how to proceed. Should development work be concentrated on one or two projects such as the projected power pile at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, until more basic knowledge is gleaned about harnessing the atom, combating deadly radioactivity, and fashioning new alloys to contain great heat? Or should fissionable material be farmed out to the Navy to develop an atom-powered submarine, to the Air Forces to seek a nuclear-engined plane, to utility engineers and other "fields of interest" to work at once on their own specialized problems?

Priorities Are Still Needed

With a host of claimants, military and civilian, jostling one another for the available atomic technicians and materials, rigid priorities on technical brains and fissionable material must be staked out, military men and scientists believe. Because the Atomic Energy Commission, named more than a half year ago, hasn't yet been permitted to get down to uninterrupted work, it may be months before the controversy over who is to get what is resolved.

"If I were free of the necessary government restrictions, I could produce an atomic energy power plant within three years," said Albert L. Baker, vice-president of the Kellogg Corporation which designed the largest uranium separation plant during the war. The research director of a chemical company which holds a major contract with the Atomic Energy Commission went further. "I think I could convince my board of directors to let me build an atomic energy power plant in England today—to compete with \$10-a-ton coal there—if it were politically feasible," he said. And an admiral exclaimed, "Give me two years, and no obstruction, and I'll build you a nuclear-powered submarine!"

Even conservative utility company engineers foresee the beginnings of nuclear-

fuel electric power in seven to ten years. To understand why we're not already well along the road toward this sort of goal let's see what's happened in atomic energy development since Hiroshima.

When the first atomic bomb leveled four square miles of Hiroshima 20 months ago, annihilating an estimated 90,000 Japanese, some 55,000 Americans were working with wartime intensity in three federal cities to produce atomic bombs. In a \$2,000,000,000 project, Major General Leslie Groves' Manhattan Engineer District rode herd over industrial teams recruited from such giants as E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, and Union Carbide and Carbon Company and others. Urgently straining in the race for the bomb were Nobel prize scientists, top-flight engineers from Stone and Webster and the Kellogg Corporation.

Yet when General Groves testified before the Senate Atomic Energy Committee three months later, the picture he gave was very different:

"We're daily losing key people whose services should be retained," he told the senators. At Los Alamos, where the bomb was assembled and first exploded, the country's greatest scientists and technicians proved they were just like the rest of us. They shied from insecure jobs (because of lack of national policy on atomic development) and from inadequate housing. Eighteen months later there is just as much insecurity and just as few houses.

But to American scientists trained in the easy give-and-take of American college laboratories there was a deeper reason for discontent. Many were restive, unhappy, even indignant under Army wartime rule. To keep the secret, the Army "compartmentalized" the scientists and technicians, i.e., prevented men on one project from knowing what others were doing. This is orthodox military security procedure. But these blinders irked the scientists and technicians. A scientist is not a dray horse. He must

Collier's for May 3, 1947

know what's going on all around him, or he can't progress.

"What a field day for the security officer," Dr. Harold C. Urey, University of Chicago Nobel prize winner, exclaimed before a Senate committee. "What vast numbers of 'secrets' he has had. What great stacks, in fact tons, of secret documents. And he has not realized that his efforts obstruct the work on atomic energy beyond anything he can comprehend."

Security rules were stretched to such lengths, Dr. Urey charged, that companies building the atomic plants actually were barred from data that could have told them whether the plants they were building would blow up in their faces. Dr. Leo Szillard, University of Chicago pioneer in uranium fission, declared the bomb should have been ready for the invasion of Europe. "We would have had the bomb 18 months earlier, if it weren't for so much security," he said. And only by "leakage through compartments," at faculty club luncheons and nighttime bull sessions between scientists and technicians, did information seep through and the job get done, one leading nuclear physicist, said.

With scientists leaving and work slowing down, as is usual after a war, General Groves fought to prevent the atomic energy development structure from crumbling. He formed regional university groups and contracted with them through the Manhattan Engineer District to push nuclear research. He made a deal with the General Electric Company to take over the Hanford plutonium production which Du Pont had handled during the war. With the Monsanto Chemical Company, General Groves arranged for the ultimate design, construction and operation of the first peacetime successor to the atomic bomb—an atomic energy electric power pile.

Armed with 600-odd contracts for atomic development work and with a nation-wide complex of facilities and arrangements, General Groves and his Manhattan Engineer District girded themselves to hold the fort until the country could decide what to do. It turned out to be a long siege.

Although Congress launched its hearings on an atomic energy control law two months after V-J Day, the law was not approved until almost a full year later. Bitter nation-wide debate over who should rule the peacetime atomic show—generals or civilians—consumed

months, stewing and bubbling even after the War and Navy departments declared they were for civilian control.

The education of Congress regarding the menace and the promise of the new atomic force took additional months as Nobel prize winners, generals, admirals and engineers queued up for testimony before the Senate and House committees. These months of education may prove an invaluable investment, for they resulted in a revolutionary law suitable to a revolutionary subject. Approved almost a full year after V-J Day, the McMahon (Atomic Energy) Act remained largely unused for another eight months as President Truman pondered the Atomic Energy Commission appointments and Senator Kenneth McKellar waged a six weeks' inquisition against the confirmation of David E. Lilienthal.

Dragging In Religious Issues

Mr. McKellar's burden was shared by others. Persons who had been tried on sedition charges during the war circularized Congress with literature noting Mr. Lilienthal's Jewish religion. The religion of Lewis Strauss, another Commissioner, who had served with distinction as a rear admiral during the war, and that of Bernard Baruch did not escape comment, either. One newspaper chain, turning loose a squad of investigators on the life of Lilienthal, discovered (and the data fell into Washington journalists' hands) that Lilienthal at age 6 had attended a Carmelite Sunday school—and at age 4 had chased a playmate down the main street of his Indiana home town with a hatchet!

Seven months after the Commission was named, key jobs such as a director for the engineering division were still unfilled because qualified men wouldn't leave jobs to join a Commission whose future was uncertain. The Commission still had to hammer out a program from the odds and ends of contracts, arrangements and facilities inherited from its predecessor, the Manhattan Engineer District. It still had to set up regional offices and choose the roads atomic development will travel.

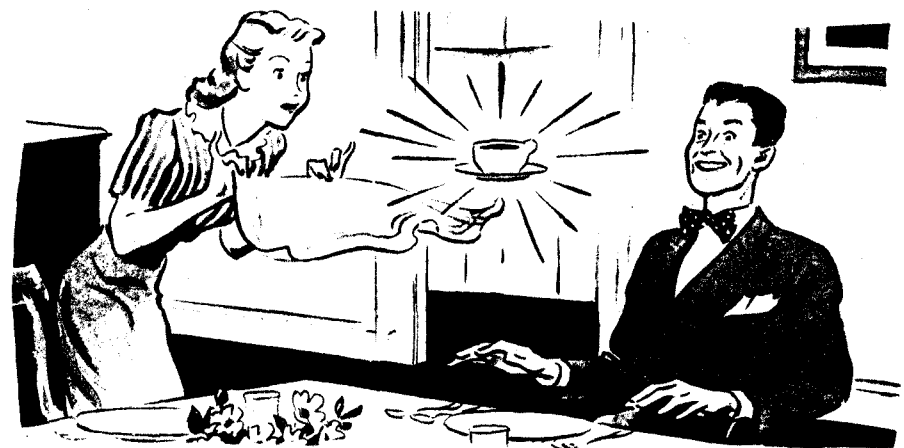
"It will take six months to undo the damage done by the political wrangling," Dr. Bush predicted. But fortunately, a first important step had been taken.

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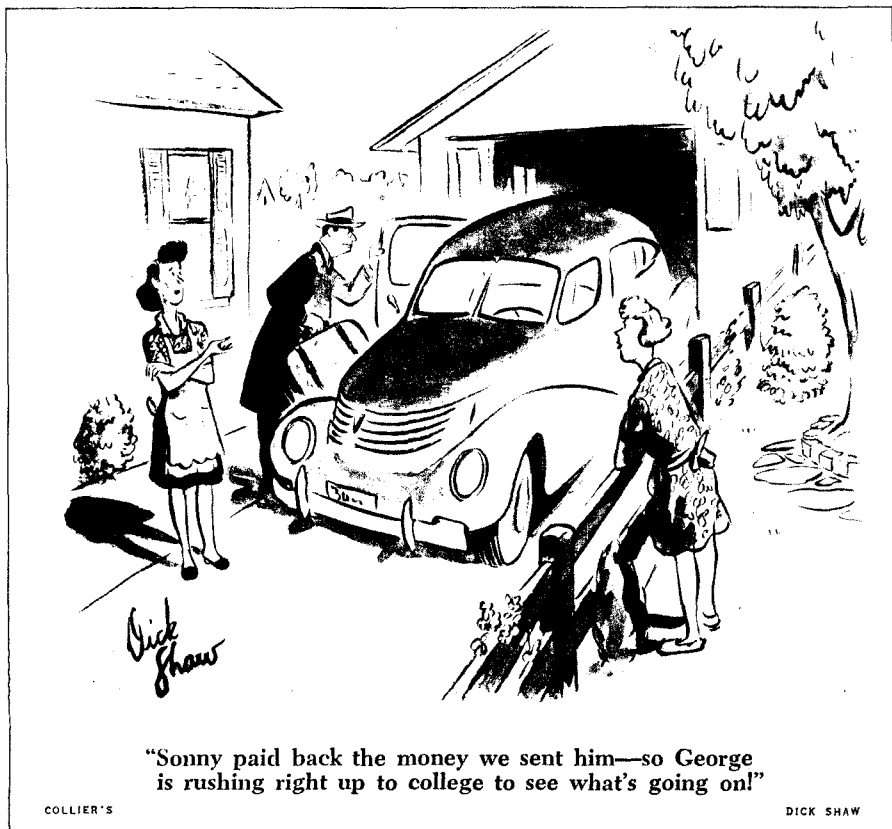


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brass, of scientific, engineering and industrial talent to sit at a common conference table since the war.

In the room was Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard, with a Will Rogers face and a canny New England look about him.

Present too were Admiral Parsons, the Navy's Director of Atomic Defense, who has the fine sensitive face of an artist; frail, boyish Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the genius of the atomic bomb's instrumentation; Major General Curtis E. LeMay of the Army Air Forces; Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen, the Navy's submarine expert and some others.

Two Schools of Thought Debate

The men, some of whom are advisers to the Atomic Energy Commission, launched into the opening round of a debate whose final decision will affect American atomic energy development for a generation. On one side was the "Let's go!" group; on the other, the "Let's-see-where-we're-going-first" school.

"Sure, we're planning to harness atomic power from a uranium pile at Oak Ridge, and we'll have it running in 18 months or two years," the "Let's go!" side argued. "But why wait for this experiment? What's it going to teach us anyway? All of us know you can get heat from a uranium chain-reacting pile. And if you can get heat, you can get steam, and with steam you can turn turbines and light an electric bulb. But the sort of pile you design for electric power for a land station isn't the kind of power pile you'll need to run a submarine or an aircraft carrier or propel an airplane! Why make the Army and Navy and others wait? We should be designing right now, letting out contracts right now to specialists."

One admiral (the Navy is divided on this) put the case for his side simply. "The only way to get this thing moving is to give the Navy fissionable material, let it go off by itself and slant its research toward its own requirements."

The "Let's-see-where-we're-going-first" side made these points in answer:

1. The worst thing we could do for perhaps ten years would be to scatter our efforts. If several fields of interest—the utilities, the Army Air Forces, the Navy—were to be given their head they would soon be competing with one another for men and materials.

2. We face lean years in two fields, in human talent and in uranium-thorium fissionable ores. The first long-haul job is to train students in nuclear chemistry and physics. For this, we'll need to keep in the universities many of the inspired scientists who solved the original atomic bomb problem. Indiscriminate spending of scientific man power on atomic energy projects could only be carried on at the expense of teaching. Similarly, we must press a world-wide hunt for fissionable ores, before the government can start lavishing it on large-scale experimental work.

(Admiral Parsons told me it might take from five to fifteen years to overcome the "lean years" in uranium and thorium.)

3. While we know that a uranium pile can produce electric power, there is so much fundamental technical knowledge to learn en route that technicians who tried to harness the atom in airplane and marine motors before the basic problems were licked would be "cooking the rabbit before it's caught." The peacetime pile that will be built to produce electric power will differ from the wartime pile that produced plutonium for the bomb. For the bomb, you needed an atomic runaway. For peacetime power you need an atomic walkaway. The electric power pile will differ from the plutonium pile in size and in construction materials. It will generate much greater heat which will have to be contained in metals not yet developed. It will generate much more radioactivity, and so be more deadly.

Facts on Which to Base Program

With these arguments, the "Let's-see-where-we're-going-first" side carried the day. A committee was directed to visit the country's chief atomic project sites and bring back the technical facts of life from which a development program could be fashioned. When the facts are in, priorities probably will be established to channel human talent and fissionable material to the chosen projects.

Meanwhile, in the offices of such engineering organizations as Kellogg Corporation in New York's Woolworth Tower, and of Stone and Webster in Boston, in electric utility offices in Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco, in chemical and oil companies around the country—impatient men are growling, "Let me at it!"

Industrialists are confident a great, new "nucleonics" industry is coming. But atomic energy has crashed head on into political inertia—itself no slouch of a force. Unless the road is cleared and the Atomic Energy Commission is able to get a program moving, all these great expectations will remain just expectations.

We are on the threshold of peacetime atomic achievements.

In his office atop Columbia University's Pupin Physics Laboratories, Dr. John R. Dunning, a pioneer in separating U-235 from uranium, startles visitors by thrusting an inch-sized metal cube at them.

"The equivalent of a pound of U-235," he chuckles, his round face lighting up. "A piece of U-235 this size could produce 11 million kilowatts of electricity. It's equal to about 3 million pounds of coal."

"Think of it," Dr. Dunning says. "Someday your electric company won't get its fuel by the trainload. It'll get its fuel by messenger boy!" With this sort of easily portable fuel, Dr. Dunning pointed out, the outlook for developing new industrial areas will change. Nearness to energy, whether coal or water power, has been an important factor in the growth of industrial areas. When atomic fuel comes, industry could locate on a mountain peak.

How soon can we expect electric power from atomic piles, once we start development work? I put this question to hard-bitten executives in the utility industry.

From John Parker, chairman of the utility industry's atomic energy committee and vice-president of the giant Consolidated Edison Company (New York) came this reply: "Only an irresponsible man would say that electric power from nuclear fuel will not be a reality 15 years from now."

Philip Sporn, executive vice-president of the American Gas and Electric Company utility chain, was more precise.

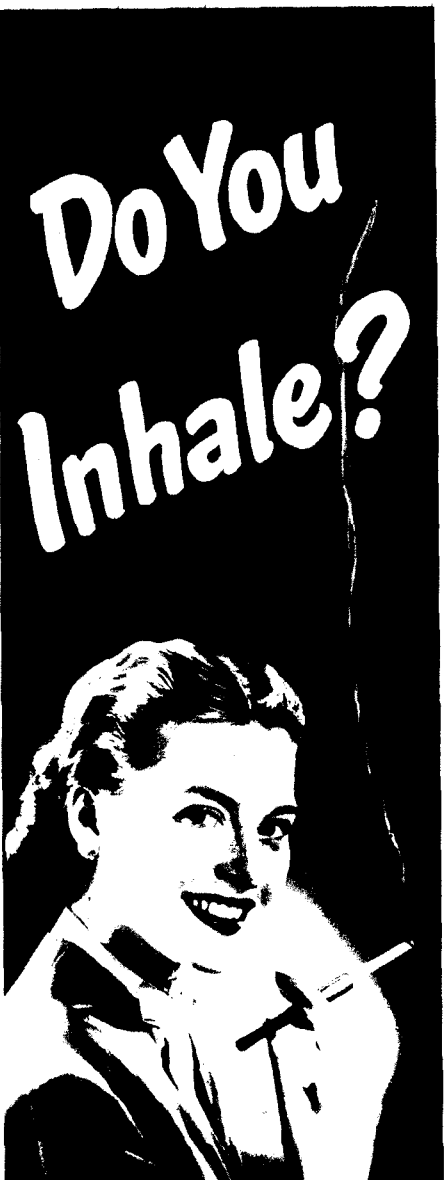
"We can expect pilot atomic power plants in 3½ years," he said. "From the pilot plant will come the first commercial plant, and that should be about seven years from now. In seven or eight years, then, we'll have enough data to lay out an industrial atomic power unit and make workable estimates as to what it costs. In ten years we may have a plant in Alaska or Greenland or wherever there's a shortage of fuel, and fuel is costly."

"Here's what I've said to myself," the utility engineer continued. "There won't be an atomic power plant that will force me to start worrying about obsolescence to our present equipment for about 10 years. But I wouldn't say 12 years. In that time we'll have, or should have, quite a going atomic power technology, and no one can safely predict its extent. Even if atomic power isn't cheaper than power from coal, it will still come. The portability of uranium fuel may be a more important consideration than its cheapness."

Arms Race Would Upset Plans

Should we blunder into an atomic arms race, all bets on industrial development will be off, since bomb and rocket work would then come first. But if we have a clear field, the speed of industrial development will depend, at first, on two major experiments: the power pile to be built by the Monsanto Chemical Company at Oak Ridge and by the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

The Monsanto Chemical Company, I learned from Dr. Charles A. Thomas, director of the Oak Ridge project, is making progress on the design for a power pile. First projected about a year ago, the design has been the subject of considerable technical debate. It may take 18 months to two years to complete



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BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



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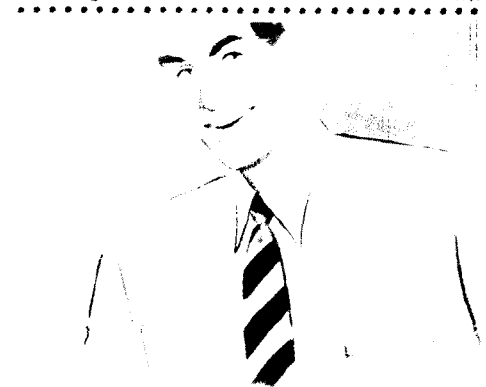
COLLIER'S

Collier's for May 3, 1947



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designs and technical research. Some scientists fear the design will be obsolete by the time it's translated into nuclear reactors, turbines and generators, and argue that further work be done on the design.

Except for the boiler, the Oak Ridge atomic power pile will largely resemble a steam power plant. Turbines, electrical generators and transmission lines will be of conventional design but some will not be of conventional materials, for new metals will be needed to withstand the higher heat and the neutron bombardment. The usual furnace or boiler will be replaced by a chain-reacting pile whose size will depend on the purity of the fissionable material used. If natural uranium is used, the pile will be big. If U-235 is employed, the pile will be very small.

The chain-reacting pile will be heavily shielded by a cement or metal wall to protect operators from radioactivity. A gas rather than a liquid will pick up the heat generated by the atomic pile, for it is a good gamble that gas turbines will replace the steam turbine by the time the first atomic piles make their debut.

General Electric's New Laboratory

At Schenectady, the General Electric Company is recruiting a staff of 600 to parallel (but not duplicate) the work at Oak Ridge. As agent for the Atomic Energy Commission, General Electric will build a \$20,000,000 atomic energy power laboratory for completion next year.

Starting with the already fantastic situation in which one pound of U-235 can generate the heat of 3,000,000 pounds of coal, these technicians will shoot for an atomic furnace that will burn nuclear fuel in such a way as to produce more fuel than it destroys. If you can imagine a burning log that creates additional oxygen and carbon as the fire progresses—so that the original log burns indefinitely—you have an approximate idea of a type of reactor which is as yet no more than a gleam in scientists' eyes. The estimated cost of producing electricity with atomic power, according to Dr. Thomas, is about 8 mills per kilowatt hour—the same cost if \$10-a-ton coal is used. (The delivered cost in the East is about \$7 a ton.)

But with his eye on the pile of the future Dr. Thomas sighs: "If I knew one thing—and I want to know at least ten things—I could knock the stuffings out of the cost of making atomic energy electricity." The answers Dr. Thomas wants will require the same sort of inspired work in chemistry that has already been done in nuclear physics. And the "need for work in fundamental chemistry," Dr. Thomas said, "has been terribly underestimated."

That isn't all that's been underestimated. "In the present charged atmosphere," Admiral Parsons, the Navy's Director of Atomic Defense, said, "people have lost their normal healthy skepticism. People are suckers for wild ideas (in atomic energy) and the worst suckers are the uninformed military folk. People talk about an atomic push-button war. The only thing we have so far for such a war is the buttons."

"The naval engineers, the submarine people are making my life miserable," the admiral said. "They read things. They come rushing in. 'For God's sake,' they cry, 'stop holding us back. Give us a handbook on atomic power specifications.' Well, there just isn't any such handbook."

It's no secret that the Navy is seeking the "true submarine," one that can submerge and stay under for long periods. "Nuclear fire," unlike chemical fire "burns" without oxygen, and a nuclear energy submarine would not have to come up for oxygen for its batteries as

the present-day submarine does. The admirals are fascinated also by the prospect of an aircraft carrier that can put to sea with a pound of fuel that could last a year.

But the crew of a naval vessel must live with the ship's power plant for months, and in an atom-powered ship, this means living with a plant emitting deadly neutrons and gamma rays. Heavy shields of concrete or metal are needed, and this may offset in weight any savings achieved by doing away with fuel tanks and bins.

Remember the radioactivity shielding problems, warn technicians, when atomic enthusiasts paint a picture of nuclear airplanes filling the sky and atomic-pill automobiles filling our roads.

But so far as atomic power for automobiles is concerned, the shielding isn't the only problem. There is what the physicists call the problem of "the critical mass." An atomic chain reaction takes place only when the amount of fissionable material is of a certain size. A ship, for instance, might puff a thousand miles burning a negligible amount of uranium nuclear fuel. But in order to have the atomic pile react or burn at all, you'd have to have a relatively huge amount of nuclear fuel always in the boiler. That is why auto engineers restrain themselves from rushing to their drawing boards with atom models.

While most atomic energy discussion centers about its use to produce electric power, propel ships, airplanes or rockets, other peacetime applications may prove just as important.

"Everybody is all hepped up about atomic energy for power," Dr. Charles Thomas said. "Yet it might well be that radio-active isotopes will be just as interesting an application. Radioactive materials, used as research tools, may even solve the problem of photosynthesis (how plants capture and store energy from the sun). The prospect is as fantastic as the atomic bomb was when it exploded."

"Lots of chemists have amazing schemes for putting the new radioactive tools to work. The finest scale we now have is a quartz torsional balance. Yet to make it register, you must have at least 100 million billion atoms to weigh. But with tagged, radioactive atoms we can increase our sensitivity a million to ten million times. We can tag an atom with radioactivity, follow it with a counter instrument and find out why molecules link up the way they do in plastics, how metals are built."

The scientists and technicians have rolled up their sleeves. But what about the politicians—domestic and international?

Difficult to Achieve Security

Senator Brien McMahon, sponsor of the Atomic Energy Act, pointed out how few choices we face in winning security in an insecure Atomic-Age world. Effective international control would of course solve the problem. Otherwise, Senator McMahon said, only two courses remain: "Security by concealment and security by achievement."

How long can the secret of the atomic bomb be concealed? In the spring of 1940 there was published in Russia a technical paper on *The Fission and Chain Decomposition of Uranium*. It listed, in its bibliography, 85 papers on the same subject from British, Swedish, French, American, German and other periodicals! It proved, I think, that we can't achieve security simply by building a sort of atomic Fort Knox and hoarding our atomic bombs there.

That leaves only Senator McMahon's other alternative: We must stay ahead by knowing more about the atom first. To do this we must stop kicking the atom around. It makes an explosive political football.

THE END

Collier's for May 3, 1947

MEDICAL DIVIDEND

Continued from page 14

symptoms. Soon, however, this too failed to have any effect. The cancers grew, the pain persisted and the patient was obviously declining rapidly into what doctors call a "terminal state."

Then, in 1943, his physicians turned to a radioactive isotope. They chose radio-iodine, a new element made in a giant cyclotron, which is chemically just like iodine but which gives off atomic radiations that can be measured and dosed in advance. At first they used it simply as a tracer. They knew that the thyroid gland quickly picks up almost all the iodine in our diet—a fact which had been demonstrated conclusively only a short time before by the use of radioactive iodine. They hoped that the cancerous thyroid cells, which had migrated all over the patient's body, would act like a normal thyroid gland and pick up the sodium-iodine solution they fed Mr. B—the solution which contained a tiny dose of radio-iodine.

The experiment worked. Wherever the X ray had shown a tumor, their radiation-detecting machine confirmed the thyroid derivation of the cancerous growths by showing the presence of the radiating iodine, which could have been there only if it had been picked up by thyroid tissue. The experiment, in fact, showed up two completely unsuspected tumors, that even the most powerful X rays had failed to disclose.

Treating an "Incurable" Case

The logical next step followed quickly. If tiny doses of radioactive iodine could find each little "daughter" cancer, more powerful doses might irradiate and destroy them from within. For nearly three years they fed their patient substantial doses of radioactive iodine. And the man who seemed destined only for a slow and painful death began to feel better. His unbelievably high thyroid activity slowed down—from plus 45 to normal. His strength gradually returned; he came off his bed and began to roam the hospital. His emaciated frame took on weight; he actually complained of getting fat. Most important of all, his tumors stopped growing.

X-ray evidence showed that they were still there, all over his body. But, so far as the cancer experts can tell, they have been arrested. Cautiously, Dr. S. M. Seidlin and his assistants, L. D. Marinelli and Eleanor Oshry, brought in the verdict on Mr. B's case history. "Radioactive

iodine," they wrote, "seems to be an effective therapeutic agent in the control of this type of tumor."

The case of Mr. B does not mean that we now have a cure for cancer. Far from it. Thyroid cancer is only one relatively rare form of the disease, and only 15 per cent of thyroid cancers pick up radioactive iodine.

And yet, the case of Mr. B is one of the most hopeful things that have hit the medical world in a long, long time. For it demonstrates two uses of atomic energy—as tracer detectives and as inter-body medical bullets—that are finding increasing application in scores of ways in laboratories and hospitals all over the United States. With tracers, scientists have found a way of looking into the body, of seeing it at work. And, as a result of what they have learned, they have already achieved the pay-off in at least two more diseases: the stage where radioactive isotopes can be put to work to help in cures.

Consider, for instance, the story of radioactive phosphorus. At the University of California in the mid-thirties, Professor E. O. Lawrence first produced it in minute quantities, by atomic bombardment in a cyclotron. He turned it over to his brother, Dr. J. H. Lawrence, who thought it might be used to treat bone diseases.

Dr. Lawrence knew that both radium and X rays had proved of some use in retarding such diseases as leukemia and polycythemia vera which have their seat in the blood-forming cells of the bone marrow. He knew, too, that the body tended speedily to concentrate food phosphorus into the bones. Through a long series of complex experiments he proved that radio-phosphorus, too, would automatically concentrate in the bones. Thus, he reasoned, radiation could be directed to the exact spot that needed it without having to pass through other parts of the body, as X rays and radium must.

But Lawrence and his co-workers discovered something even more astonishing. When they fed radio-phosphorus to their laboratory animals they found that it concentrated particularly in the fastest-growing bone cells. And these were precisely the cells that in most cases were causing bone-marrow disease. Leukemic mice, for instance, took up two to three times as much radio-phosphorus in their bones as did normal mice.

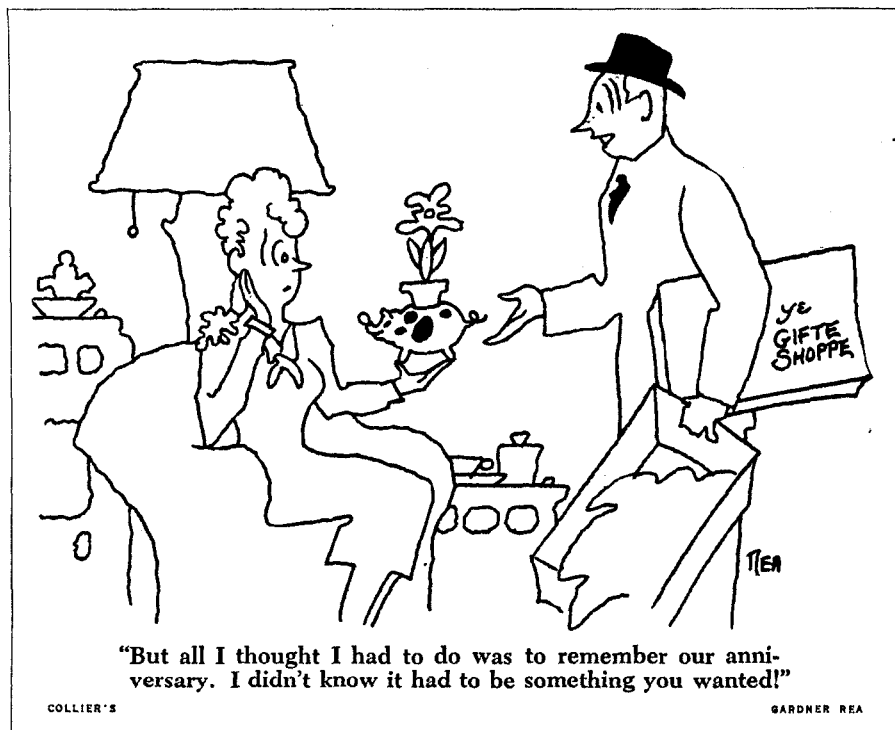
When these studies were published just



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THE PEN THAT WRITES LIKE A PENCIL



Collier's for May 3, 1947

before the war it seemed that at last we had a means of defeating all forms of blood diseases including, especially, the usually fatal blood cancers known as leukemias. But extensive work on hundreds of patients has greatly watered down this hope. Just recently Dr. Edward H. Reinhard, of Washington University in St. Louis, has reported on four years of experimentation with several hundred patients. He found radio-phosphorus less satisfactory than X rays in treating Hodgkin's disease and several types of blood and lymph cancer.

Treating a Difficult Disease

But in polycythemia vera, a non-cancerous disease in which red blood cells are produced in tremendous quantities so that the blood thickens nearly to the point of coagulation, Dr. Reinhard and his team did achieve splendid results. Until then only two treatments had been available for polycythemia. One involved repeated bleeding to siphon off the thick blood. The other involved the use of phymylhydrazine, a drug that required constant and careful dosage if severe complications were to be avoided. As against these, even supercautious Professor Reinhard speaks of radio-phosphorus as "the best therapeutic agent available." In case after case, laboratory reports showed complete remission of the blood disorder. Patient after patient was restored to a normal or nearly normal life, often by a single injection of the atomic drug.

From Massachusetts General Hospital and the Nuclear Physics Laboratories of MIT has come clear evidence of a third achievement of atomic medicine, this time against overactive but noncancerous thyroids. As in the case of Mr. B, it hinges on the ability of the thyroid gland to sponge up iodine. Doctors Saul Hertz and Earle Chapman, working with atomic scientists Robley Evans and Arthur Roberts, treated some fifty-one patients with radio-iodine. Of twenty-two in the Chapman-Evans group, fourteen had to take only one radioactive dose, three required two doses, five needed three doses. Twenty of the twenty-two were well and active two full years after treatment. Of the twenty-nine in the Hertz-Roberts group, 80 per cent achieved a cure.

Hyperthyroidism has been controlled before, by operations and by drugs. But the operation—removal of part or all of the thyroid gland—is at best expensive and unpleasant. Often, it leaves ugly scars. And fairly frequently it brings on long illness or even death. Drug treatment, with thiouracil, was introduced a few years ago and for a time seemed almost ideal. Recently, however, doctors have discovered that some patients react violently to it; some cannot take it at all. Patients who could not tolerate thiouracil were found, by Chapman and Evans, to respond well to radioactive iodine.

Let's look at the score now. Using but two of the four hundred-odd isotopes, doctors have had perhaps a dozen disappointments where atomic-bullet medicines have proved useless or no better than established forms of treatment. But they have had three distinct victories—in thyroid cancer, where perhaps 15 per cent of all cases can be "arrested" for an as yet undetermined period; in polycythemia vera, where perhaps 50 per cent of all cases can achieve "remissions" by taking one or two doses of the drug a year; and in hyperthyroidism, where 80 per cent of the cases treated have proved successful.

These three treatments are but a foretaste of what scientists and physicians hope to achieve with their tracers and bullets. Here are a few of the possibilities now being seriously studied—possibilities that lead Dr. J. H. Lawrence to speak rhapsodically of the coming "golden age of atomic medicine":

Dr. Bertram Low-Beer, of the University of California, has developed a method of applying measured doses of radio-phosphorus on blotting paper to the skin for the treatment of skin cancers and some other skin disorders. Here, of course, the tissues involved would be just as accessible to radium or X rays. But radio-isotopes may offer an advantage, for the beta rays of radio-phosphorus penetrate less than one centimeter. Thus most of their radiation is delivered to the cancer cells without waste and without endangering deeper tissues.

Also from the University of California comes a move in the opposite direction. Dr. Robert Stone, professor of radiology, has been experimenting with protons which seem to produce their maximum effect at the end of their course of travel. If these experiments prove fruitful, physicians would have a means of shooting their cancer-destroying rays toward deep-lying organs without harming the tissues between.

By another method, other investigators are trying for a similar effect. They envision the possibility of inducing elements such as boron to concentrate themselves into deep-seated tumors. The boron would not, originally, be radio-

of their instrument tell them just where and to what degree the circulation has been impaired. Sometimes they avoid amputations they might formerly have performed. On other occasions they can cut at exactly the right point, leaving as much of the limb as possible but amputating all that must be removed if gangrene is to be prevented.

Applications in which the isotopes are used as tracers rather than for treatment may yet prove the most fruitful of all atomic medicine innovations. Already more than a score of tracer isotopes have proved their value. Dr. Low-Beer, for example, has used radio-phosphorus to determine the nature of breast tumors prior to surgery. He selected patients who were going to be operated upon in any event. Forty-eight hours before the scheduled operations, he fed them his radioactive dose. Then he went to work with his detecting gadgets. In five cases known to have malignant tumors the Geiger-Muller counters showed that the tumor areas were 25 per cent more radioactive than adjacent areas.

Next, Dr. Low-Beer turned to twenty cases which had doubtful tumors—possibly malignant, possibly benign. Eleven showed the 25 per cent rise in

When we can render these radioactive (and there is reason to hope that we may be able to do so) then we may have magic bullets to aim directly at the common forms of cancer.

Atomic medicine did not begin with the building of the atomic bomb plants. The first use of radioactive tracers actually goes back as far as 1914. By the middle 1930s radio-phosphorus and radio-iodine experiments had started in half a dozen universities. But until the Manhattan Project came along, all the radio-iodine and radio-phosphorus in the world could have been lost in the bottom of a thimble.

Since July 14, 1946, however, the government's Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge have been producing and distributing scores of isotopes manufactured as by-products in the Oak Ridge atomic pile. The materials to be treated are enclosed in tight-fitting, welded aluminum jackets and inserted into the atomic-fission pile. When withdrawn, they have been transmuted into new radioactive elements. Some of them are ready for immediate shipment, others require further processing. But all of them are cheaper than our only natural source of atomic radiation—radium.

Dr. C. P. Rhoads, director of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, has estimated the cost of X-ray irradiation at from \$3.25 to \$4.85 per treatment in an efficiently run hospital where the machine is in use eight hours a day. A single large X-ray machine requires an initial investment of \$40,000. A single gram of radium costs \$25,000. An X-ray machine can provide fewer than 2,000 treatments a year; a gram of radium fewer than 750.

Prices of Radioactive Units

But an organization approved by the Atomic Energy Commission could purchase radioactive iodine for only \$1.69 a unit, radioactive phosphorus for \$1.09 per unit and radio-sulphur for \$36.56 per unit. Even the most expensive of the isotopes are relatively cheap. Caesium-137 costs \$134.70 per unit. Radioactive silver was priced at \$121.30 and is now \$33. Radio-carbon—the highest-priced item on the government's list—formerly cost \$367 per unit; now it is \$50.

Such prices do not represent even the government's out-of-pocket cost. They were deliberately pegged low to foster wider experimentation in the new materials. With expanded production and improved methods, prices may be expected to fall still further. Yet the really important thing is that these prices are indicative of the tremendous quantities that can now be made available for scientific research. Radioactive carbon, for example, is being produced at Oak Ridge at a rate equal to that of many hundreds of cyclotrons.

Already more than a thousand shipments to laboratories and hospitals have been made and the number goes up each month. Today, atomic tracers and atomic bullets are still available only for scientific experimentation. The only patients who can hope for treatment are those included in scientific research projects—usually patients for whom all other treatments have already failed.

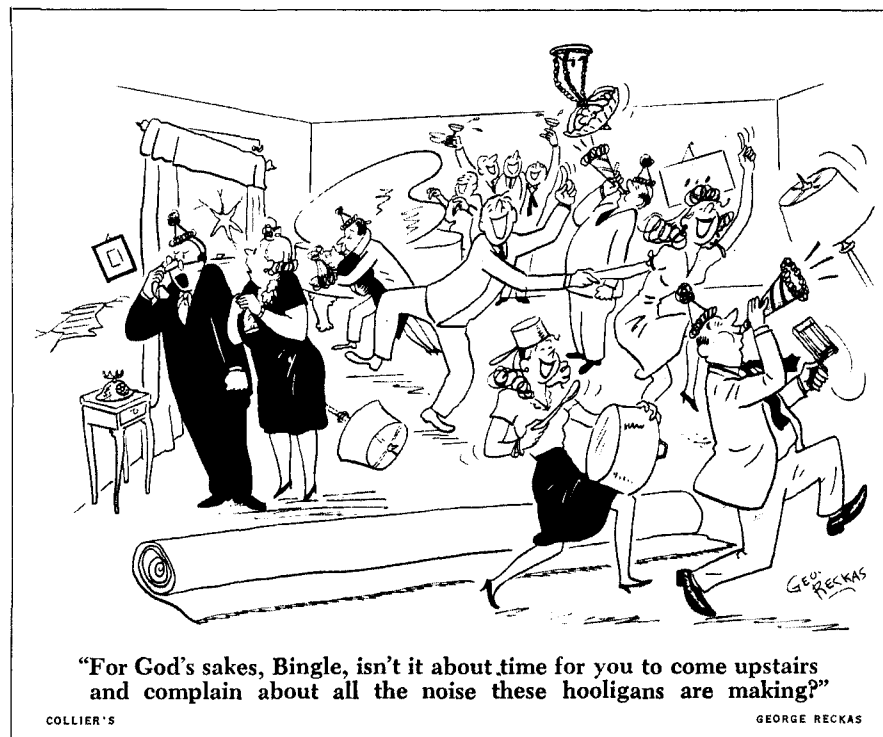
But soon—in some cases it is only a matter of months, in some cases a few years—if research is completed and new uses for tracers and bullets are discovered, every qualified hospital will be in a position to offer atomic medicine to all who need it.

When that day comes much of the pain and premature death which now face so many of us may prove to be avoidable.

The scientists who gave us the atom bomb—which killed an estimated 90,000 people—have also given us the means of saving thousands of lives.

THE END

Collier's for May 3, 1947



active. But when a stream of neutrons, produced by a cyclotron, was directed toward the boron, an atomic disintegration would take place within the tumor, releasing a tremendous amount of radiation at the very site of the trouble.

Others are studying a whole series of isotopes as possible substitutes for radium. They see the possibility, in the immediate future, of activating tantalum, scandium, cobalt and antimony in atomic piles and then introducing them into the body very much as radium is used today but at infinitely lower cost.

Table Salt Used in Surgery

At three universities—California, Columbia and Pennsylvania—radioactive sodium chloride, common table salt, is being used to guide surgeons in making amputations, particularly in the cases of aged patients suffering from hardening of the arteries. In such patients, reduced blood circulation in the extremities sometimes leads to gangrene. Doctors simply give the patient a glass of salt water containing a tiny bit of radioactive salt. Soon the radioactive materials are coursing through the patient's blood stream.

A short time later they examine the suspected limb with a Geiger-Muller counter, the sensitive electronic device that detects atomic radiations. The dials

activity when the counter was held over the tumor area. All eleven of these were proved—by microscopic examination of the removed tumor tissue—to have been malignant.

Nine patients showed less than the 25 per cent rise. Eight of these later were proved to have had benign tumors. One did have a cancerous tumor—a very small, incipient one.

If this method should prove as effective over a longer series of tests as in its initial trial, surgeons would have an extremely accurate means of diagnosing breast cancers, and possibly other cancers as well. Once they had determined the nature of the tumor, they could decide whether to operate, and when and how, with an assurance they can hardly claim today.

Up to now the greatest disappointment with atomic medicines has been in the field of cancer, which at first seemed to offer the greatest hope. Yet this is not as strange nor even as disappointing as it may seem at first glance. For the first radioactive medicines we have had were simple elements—phosphorus or iodine or iron. Experiments are under way now to synthesize far more complex organic compounds containing radioactive elements. Cancerous tissues are known to have selective affinities for certain amino acids and sex hormones.

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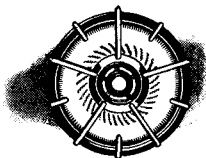
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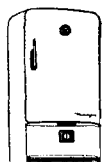


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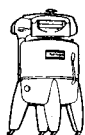
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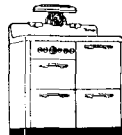
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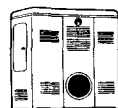
Electric Ranges



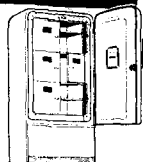
Washers



Gas Ranges



Home Heaters



Home and Farm Freezers

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

makes no mention in her chart of the contribution of federal employees to their retirement fund. Five per cent of our salary goes into this fund. The government's cost is for administration (same as for Social Security), and an occasional appropriation to keep the fund in sound condition.

The tone of this and similar articles appearing in our press today is an unwarranted slap in the face to hundreds of thousands of loyal American citizens. The average government employee doesn't ride in Cadillacs, or build summer cottages in national parks, or do anything but live a quiet, hard-working life.

WILLIAM A. MCALWEE, Sausalito, Cal.

FIE ON MISOGYNY

DEAR EDITOR: I consider the letter from Edward Follmer of Little Falls, New York (The Week's Mail, Mar. 22d), a direct insult to woman.

I do not believe if he were given two stories one by a woman and one by a male (quote) without the names of the authors, that he could tell the difference, and would find them equally interesting.

BARBARA LONSWAY, Scio, Ore.

. . . What could make more sense, or better reading, than Hannah Lees' *The Dark Device*? Then again in your current serial (by a male), *The Rat Race*, does that make sense? Or isn't it supposed to?

I would also like to put in right here that you should pay your contributors to The Week's Mail. It's as interesting reading as any of your articles or fiction (and you can start with this if you like).

IVA SUNDHOLM, Ozone Park, N. Y.

UNPLACED JOCKEY

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoyed the article Tycoons of the Turntable (Mar. 22d), but what happened to Robert Q. Lewis? To me, he rates above the other three or four disk jockeys mentioned. I would have liked to have read about him and his program.

EDWARD MILLMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are hundreds of radio stations in this country, each of which has a disk jockey apiece, sometimes two. Collier's just couldn't mention them all. The ebullient Robert Q. Lewis, New York-born disk spinner, is one of the brightest.

HER GRANDMOTHER WAS A LADY

DEAR SIR: Referring to Princess Elizabeth (Mar. 15th), Irving Wallace states "her own mother (the Queen) was a commoner who possessed the title of lady only as a courtesy." I thought that the daughter of the Earl of Strathmore would be born in her right a lady and would not have to have the title wished on her as a courtesy.

Will someone set me right?

GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON

Queen Elizabeth was born in 1900 at which time her grandfather held the title of Earl of Strathmore. When he died in 1904, her

father succeeded to the title and thus at the age of four, she received the courtesy title of lady. Until four she was a commoner.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CRITICS

DEAR SIR: Re a statement in *Freling Foster's Keep Up With the World*, issue of 18 January last, "rhyming jargon" is not a secretive language employed by British criminals; it is a well-known form of speech which has been in use for many, many years among the cockneys of London and is known as Back Slang. The only Back Slang that I have heard for wife is "trouble-and-strife," not "storm-and-strife." Other examples are, "plates o' meat" for feet, "I suppose" for nose, "skin and blister" for sister.

HENRY H. WYMAN,

Muswell Hill, London, Eng.

. . . The Army and Navy men whose letters are published in The Week's Mail (Jan. 25th) should try some of the British army food, and then they could grumble. I served nine years in the Royal Tank Corps and several times I had the good fortune to mess in U.S. Army messes. I also sampled the chow aboard a U.S. landing ship, on the way to Normandy. My tank crew and myself were always amazed at the excellence of the food and conditions. They were great, but even so we heard veteran G.I.s—20 months service!—grumbling. It's time they grew up and acted their age.

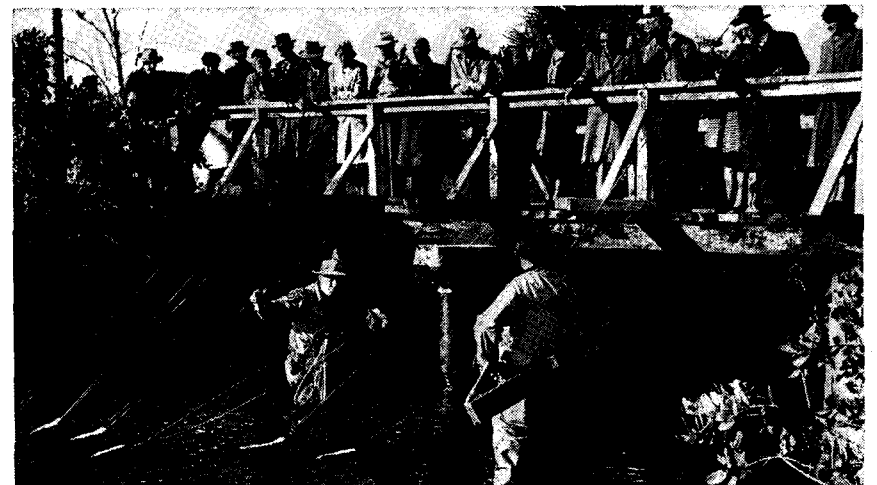
EX-SGT. H. RICHMOND, Yorkshire, Eng.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE CRAZY, TOO!

DEAR EDITORS: Seeing is believing but I'm still far from convinced that trout actually attack fishermen as illustrated in *Fishermen Are Crazy, Too!* (Apr. 19th). It must be a paste-up photograph, or are those green-dyed salmon?

JEANNE SAKOL, Phoenix, Ariz.

You have something there, Jeanne. Dispatched by Picture Editor Calvosa to bring back a color shot of a fish biting a fisherman, the Brothers Peskin, used to editor vagaries, traveled south until they found Rube Allyn, fabulous fishing editor of the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times. Stationing Allyn in a quiet stream under a St. Pete bridge, the resourceful Peskins anchored a perforated pipe in the water, to which they fastened 14 invisible plastic fishlines. They then bead-threaded a mess of fresh-caught trout to the lines for maneuverability. From the crowd which had appeared magically were enlisted Line Guiders, Pullers, Wave-Makers, Pebble Throwers, and Count-Chanters. After several rehearsals under the direction of Dave Peskin and a dozen volunteers, at a given signal the Line Guiders guided the lines to a given point, the Pullers pulled the fish out of the water and the Wave-Makers beat the surface, the Pebble Throwers created fish bubbles, Count-Chanters synchronized the movements, Rube Allyn mugged, and Hy Peskin snapped the shutter at the moment supreme. Thus did the Trout of St. Pete leap!



Collier's for May 3, 1947

*“Down the **MISSISSIPPI**”
... went many a barrel of James Crow’s
famous whiskey*

To the far corners of the land, Colonel Crow’s
superb Kentucky whiskey carried his fame. Today, it is known
and enjoyed throughout the world.



Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW



A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

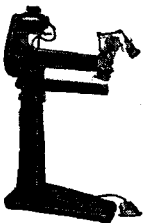
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED • IN • BOND



Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



**Wouldn't you
like to multiply
your production by 5?**



"Makes heavy work
light—even for girls"

**This manufacturer did
... and more!** By fast-
ening aluminum panels
with a Bostitch Metal
Stitcher, this maker of
garage doors eliminated
such slow methods as
drilling holes and driving
self-threading screws...
and increased produc-
tion from 50 doors to 500
doors a day.

In thousands of other cases, too: from the
manufacturer who attaches wire screen
on foot valves for gasoline pumps, 4
times faster... to the famous mattress
company that stepped up production
44%, sealing shipping cartons... Bostitch
saves time, trouble and money.

Whatever the materials you fasten: metal,
cloth, paper, wood, leather, plastics...
you may be able to fasten it better and
faster with wire... using one of the 800
Bostitch machines. Skilled research engi-
neers, and 250 field men in 91 key cities
offer you the benefits of 50 years' Bostitch
experience in solving fastening
problems.

For specific data about representative
models of the world's most complete
line of stitchers, staplers, hammers,
tackers, etc., send coupon today.

BOSTITCH

*AND FASTER
fastens it better, with wire*

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Please send Broadside B-188 on Bostitch
time- and money-saving machines □:
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THE GREAT CONFESSION

Continued from page 23

said so in the paper, letters an inch high.
What's the matter with you, honey?"

"Nothing that isn't the matter with
nine out of ten of the men in this coun-
try. You wanted to see the movie. So
okay. I thought I could take him once
more. But it's just that a time comes
when you got to get out of the theater
even if you have to claw your way out.
Walk over people, maybe even—"

"You certainly did that," Ida said icily.
"All right. You get to a point, you
reach a point..."

They stopped for a traffic light at a
corner on which there was a drugstore.
"Ice-cream soda, honey?" Alvin asked.
"No!"

In silence they went home. The sub-
ject did not come up again—nor did any
other subject, for that matter—until Ida
was sitting on the edge of her bed, doing
something or other to her hair, and Al-
vin was in his bed, his hands clasped
across his chest as he gazed at the ceiling,
evidently in deep thought.

"I suppose," Ida said, "that sitting in
that smelly saloon with your drunken
friends was more elevating than staying
through a movie. Is that it?"

Alvin cleared his throat. "It wasn't the
movie, it was him. And incidentally we
had a very elevating conversation. I got
to talking with Joe and another fellow
about this idea of yours, where you con-
centrate on somebody, or have a picture
of him, or a model, anything you can run
a bayonet into, and sometimes it works.
Like in Africa. In other words, it was a
scientific discussion."

"And what brought that up, may I
ask?"

"You know."

"Alvin! Don't you know you shouldn't
hold thoughts like that about anyone?
I'm not fooling, Alvin."

Alvin yawned. "Joe's thinking of get-
ting his photograph and putting it up on
the wall and starting a dart game. I bet
if he'd charge a dime a throw he'd—"

"Stop that! This is supposed to be a
civilized country!"

"That joker don't make it any more
civilized. If the men of the United States
could choose the movies they want to go
to, instead of the women, he would be
back on the section gang."

"You've picked out our movies many
times," Ida said.

"Once. The March of Time."

"How about the re-run of The Birth
of a Nation?"

Alvin laughed a little. "Six years ago,"
he said.

"It seems to me there were others,"
Ida said shortly. She finished her hair
and got into bed and switched off the
light. "Good night," she said without
warmth.

"Good night," Alvin said. He turned
off his own light and adjusted his pillow.
He was sorry he had forgotten to tell Ida
what Joe had said about anybody who
could pull off the stunt successfully be-
ing elected governor of the state....

ALVIN realized that Ida hadn't shaken
his shoulder, as she usually did when
it was time to get up, but was just stand-
ing there by the bed. At first he saw her
dreamily, then as he became fully aware
of her presence he opened his eyes and
shook his head and glanced toward the
window, through which the sun was
streaming.

Ida was holding the morning news-
paper so that he could see the front page.
This, too, was a departure. Alvin closed
his eyes tight and opened them wide, and
after repeating this a couple of times was
able to read the largest of the headlines—
really a whopper, all the way across the
top of the page.

"Well, well!" he said.

"Well, well!" Ida mimicked. "I sup-
pose now you're the happiest man in
America."

"I'll bet I'm one of them," Alvin said.
"Does it say what caused it?"

"It does not. He was simply found
dead last night after his personal appear-
ance at the Vogue. About ten o'clock.
No signs of anything. 'Cause of death
undetermined.'"

Alvin looked pleased. "I guess he just
died, then."

"Oh, no," Ida said. "It says here,
'Police say foul play, by means un-
known.'"

"I see."

"Of course you see!" Ida was look-
ing at him through narrowed eyelids.
She seemed about to say something else,
then turned sharply and hurried from
the room.

Alvin got up and took his shower, dur-
ing which he sang louder than usual, then
dressed and went in to breakfast, whis-
tling. Ida was sitting at the table but she
was gazing into space, absently, and the
toast was burning.

"The toast is burning, dear," Alvin
said.

IDA came to and pressed the thing
that makes the toast come up out of the
toaster. It was still smoking. And when
Alvin looked at her, he was startled to
see that she had been weeping. Instantly
he was sorry he had been whistling.

"Take it easy, pet," he said gently.
"Maybe you better scrape the toast a
little."

She did not scrape the toast. Instead,
she grabbed it and threw it to the floor
with all her might. It broke.

"You fiend!" she cried. "You unspeak-
able fiend!" She put her hands over her
face. "You—murderer!"

"Honey," Alvin said, "for heaven's
sake..."

Ida rose from the table. Her chair fell
over backward. "Don't speak to me!" she
wailed. "Don't!" She hurried to the
bathroom and slammed the door with all
her might.

Alvin hesitated a moment, then fol-
lowed her. He stood before the bath-
room door and called, "Ida!"

No answer; just the faint sound of sob-
bing. He tried the door. It was locked.
He returned to the dining room and
picked up the pieces of toast from the
floor and put them on the table. He sat
down and looked at them and tried to fit
them together, but there was always one
medium-sized piece left over, no matter
what combination he used. He gave up,
and walked slowly around the room,
forming a figure eight. He lifted the
coffeepot. It was empty. He picked up
the chair that had fallen. The newspaper
was lying on the floor, and he stood above
it, rereading the headline.

He returned to the bathroom door.
"Honey!" he called. Again no answer.
He knocked.

"Go away!" Ida called.

Alvin said, loudly and distinctly, "I just
want you to know that if it will make you
feel any better I'll go down to the district
attorney's office and give myself up. Will
that satisfy you?" No answer.

Alvin went to the hall closet and took
his hat from the shelf, put it on, and left
the apartment, left the building and
walked to the small restaurant at the cor-
ner. The proprietor, whose name was
Dan, and whom Alvin knew mostly
through having worked with him on the
precinct election board, was lounging
over the cigar case reading the morning
paper. He was obviously fascinated, but
he looked up as Alvin entered.

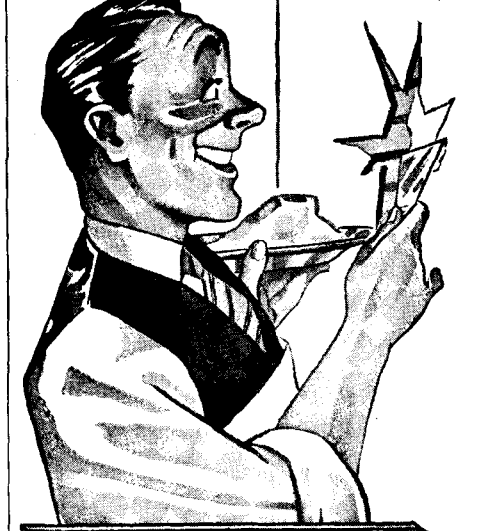
"Well," he said, chuckling, "he finally
got it."

"Yes."

TAVANNES
SINCE 1891 TA-VAN



Cracked Walls



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PATCHING
PLASTER**

Anyone can repair walls
with Rutland Patching
Plaster. Just mix with water
and apply with knife.
Makes smooth, firm patch
that does not crack or fall
out. Rutland Fire Clay Co.,
Rutland, Vt.

"They don't even know how it was done," Dan said.

Alvin laughed hollowly: Just then the door slammed behind him and he jumped.

"Nerves, this morning?" Dan asked pleasantly.

Alvin looked quickly around the room. "I thought it was the cops," he said out of the side of his mouth. He leaned against the cigar case. "By the way, if you're interested, I did it." He jerked his head toward the paper. "Rubbed him out, last night."

"The hell you say!"

"The hell I don't!"

Dan pursed his lips. "You know, if you could make that stand up, and beat the rap, you could run for governor of New York and it would be a breeze."

Alvin winked, clasped his hands over his head and shook them, then went over to the lunch counter and sat down. He ordered a cup of coffee and two doughnuts from the waitress. "I suppose," he told her, "I ought to be ordering turkey and all the trimmings, and a dollar cigar. I believe that's what they usually give them."

"Give who?" the girl asked.

"Never mind, sister!" Alvin snapped.

Alvin sipped the coffee leisurely and nibbled at one of the doughnuts. He glanced at the clock. Late for work. He had to laugh, inside, at that one. He would never have to see that shoe store again. Let the dear ladies wear burlap around their feet. . . . By half closing his eyes he could see the headlines flashing from coast to coast. ALVIN EDGEWORTH . . . Edgeworth Confesses! . . . Edgeworth Freed as Thousands Cheer! . . . Photo Shows Edgeworth (left) and Louis B. Mayer (right) . . . Oscar Serlin Announces Broadway Production of Alvin Edgeworth in The Great Confession . . . Edgeworth Tangled in Ticker Tape . . . EDGEWORTH SWEEPS—

The man at Alvin's left jabbed him with his elbow. Biting his tongue Alvin jumped and looked at him, and as he did so he noticed that the six men between him and the cigar case were looking his way, craning their necks to see. Dan was grinning broadly. "Congratulations," the man next to him said.

"Thank you," Alvin replied simply. Picking up the slip the girl had given him, he sauntered up to Dan, nodding casually to the men at the counter. He tossed the slip and twenty cents to the rubber pad on the cigar case.

Dan pushed the two dimes back. "Your money's no good here," he said with gruff heartiness. "All on me."

Alvin lifted a shoulder in apprecia-

tion and went out. A cab was standing at the corner, and he entered it. "District attorney's office," he said shortly. The driver made the traffic light but was caught by the red at the next corner. Alvin leaned forward. "Read the paper this morning?" he asked casually.

"Yeah. You mean that dope getting it?"

"That's what I mean, chum."

"I wonder how it was done."

Alvin laughed a little, not very successfully since he was just learning to do it sideways. "You ever hear of Africa?" he asked.

The driver looked around. "I been to school."

"Well, down there, they do things by remote control, mind over matter. That's all I have to say."

"Okay, Mac," the driver said. The light changed and he drove on, but at the next light he turned around. "You mean," he asked Alvin, "that if you would wish about a thing like that hard enough, it might happen?"

"I ought to know."

At this the cabdriver turned to face Alvin squarely. "Holy Moses," he said, "you mean you done it?"

"My name," Alvin said slowly, "is Alvin Edgeworth. I might suggest that you keep that name in mind. You'll see it in all the papers tomorrow."

CARS behind the cab were signaling impatiently, and the driver went on. Turning into a narrower cross street he was held up by a congestion of trucks. "How do you know it was you?" he called to Alvin over his shoulder. "What I mean is, somebody else might be doing the same thing. In other words, it might be a kind of joint affair. You know, a public execution."

Alvin thought about that for a moment. "When I saw the paper this morning I knew it was me. I worked mighty hard on it last night."

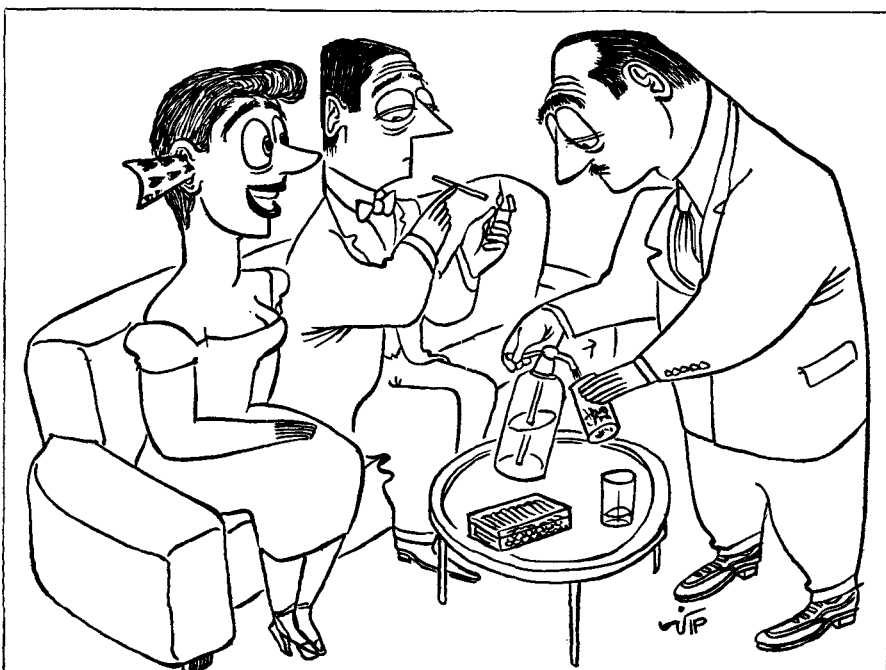
"I see," the driver said. He looked dreamily at the trucks blocking his way. Then the jam broke and he went forward to approach the City Hall area. But instead of going directly to the front of the building he turned and drove behind it.

"Front door," Alvin said. "Main entrance." The driver didn't say anything. Alvin looked at his picture and name in the small frame attached to the back of the front seat. "Mr. Cerveza," he said, "the front door, if you please."

"I'm looking for a place to park," Mr. Cerveza said.

"But I didn't want you to wait. If you'll just be kind enough to let me off—"

"I'm going in with you." Mr. Cerveza



"Honey, how about showing Mr. Steinmetz that new card trick?"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for May 3, 1947

Rust-clogged radiators overheat!



Clean out rust with DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Drain out your anti-freeze, and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale, and rust. Neglect now may mean trouble and costly repairs later. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine 30 minutes or more, and drain. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly—improves engine performance. It's safe, sure, and easy to use.



Then keep out rust with DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.



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You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make the cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.



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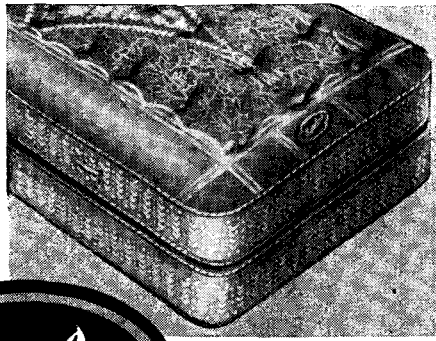
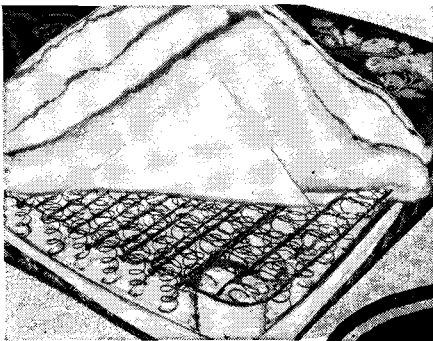


"THAT WIFE OF MINE . . .

"I don't know how she does it! Always on the go . . . zipping around the house, out with the youngsters, or off on a shopping expedition as General Purchasing Agent for the family. (No wonder she needs good sound sleep to relax her from each day's fatigue and restore her energy for another active tomorrow.) And boy, does she know values! When we bought new mattresses and box springs, she had them tell her the 'inside story' of mattress value and comfort.

That's why she selected Spring-Air, with the extra-long-life Karr innerspring construction. She certainly got 'irresistible comfort' for us . . . we 'Sleep Right—Wake up Bright'. Believe me, that wife of mine knows her stuff!"

Visit your favorite sleep-equipment dealer for the real "inside story" about Spring-Air mattresses and box springs. His thorough knowledge of many types of bedding will aid you in determining real value . . . in comfort and economy. Write for descriptive folder No. 510.



Every Spring-Air is made with the famous Karr innerspring construction, using as many as nine different type coils, each performing its own part in "controlled comfort" . . . assuring individual comfort regardless of the sleeper's weight.



Examine Spring-Air closely . . . look at the design, ticking, vents, grips, tailoring. Sit on it, feel it . . . test it in any way you wish . . . you'll find Spring-Air tops, inside and out! When you sleep on Spring-Air, you'll know you chose wisely.

SPRING AIR COMPANY • HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

at this point found his place to park, and backed into it, one-handed. He turned off his engine and got out. So did Alvin, holding a dollar bill. Mr. Cerveza waved the bill aside. "You know," he said, "when I saw the paper this morning I had a kind of vibration. I've decided to take my share of the blame. Let's go." He started up the sidewalk at a swift pace and Alvin fell in with him, or rather caught up with him, for Mr. Cerveza was a fast walker.

"Pardon me, Mr. Cerveza, but whose the hell idea was this? Why have you got to muscle in? Can't you think up something of your own?"

"It's a free country," Mr. Cerveza snapped. "You didn't do no more than I did. The wife and I went to his last picture a few nights ago, night before last, and ever since then I been wishing with all my might—oh, oh, what have we here?"

THEY were turning the corner, to approach the front of the City Hall. Several hundred people were crowded on the broad steps of the building.

"Maybe this will keep you away from your cab too long," Alvin said hopefully.

"Ha!" Mr. Cerveza said. "Brother, if this works out I'll never have to drive that wreck again. Here we go!"

The congestion on the City Hall steps was heavier near the doors. Alvin and Mr. Cerveza, however, plunged right in. Mr. Cerveza, as might be expected of a cabdriver, made a direct move, sounding—in a manner of speaking—his horn, and using his elbows and his weight. Alvin's idea was to follow in the wake thus created, until it occurred to him that if he followed this policy he could not help but lose the race that he and Mr. Cerveza seemed to be engaged in. He slipped over to a flank, and, not being very large, was able to make considerable progress, especially since he had adopted politeness, garnered from the shoe business, as his approach.

Inside, the crush was worse than ever, and for several minutes Alvin was held tightly in its grasp, one shoulder pinned against the wall. A quarter of an inch at a time he managed to get out of this, and then unexpectedly the crowd came to an end and he found himself free. Just in front of him, however, were two policemen, their backs to him. Beyond them a single line of men extended down the hall and around a corner. Standing on tiptoe, Alvin looked back and saw Mr. Cerveza struggling forward. There was no time to lose, so Alvin slipped past the nearest policeman and hurried down the hall, hoping to find the district attorney's office in that direction.

"Hey!" the officers called.

But Alvin was on his way. He was surprised, upon rounding the corner, to see that the line went into the office of the district attorney. He entered. Just inside the door was a desk in front of which the line ended.

At the desk sat a girl who looked harried. When Alvin stopped in front of her, she looked up in a tired way.

"I wish to give myself up," Alvin said loudly and formally, "as the murderer the district attorney is looking for."

The girl brushed a wisp of hair from her forehead. "You'll have to take your place in line," she said.

Softly, indulgently, Alvin laughed. "Perhaps you didn't understand what I just said, little lady. I wish to confess to the murder—"

"In line!" the man at the head of the procession said roughly. Alvin looked at him. It was Joe.

"Oh, hello, Joe," he said. "How's tricks?"

"None of your lip," Joe said, with something like a sneer. "Get in line!"

"Joe!" Alvin said. He felt hurt.

"Throw him out!" said the man behind Joe, and Alvin noticed that it was the man who had sat near him at the bar

last night. At this point one of the policemen who had yelled at Alvin appeared on the scene. Oddly enough, the policeman looked exactly like the doorman at the movie theater.

"Why don't you go back and take your turn, like a gentleman?" the policeman asked.

"But," Alvin said desperately, "I'm the murderer."

"You'll have to prove that," the policeman said in a tough voice.

"Here, here," Joe interrupted impatiently. "Let's get on with it. Take the guy's name, lady, and let him go on. What the hell is one more or one less?" Alvin smiled. "Thanks, old man."

"Okay," the girl said, looking at Alvin. "Spill it."

"Alvin Edgeworth," Alvin said distinctly as the cop moved away, twirling his night stick. The girl wrote down his name, repeating it aloud, and added, "Number nine hundred and seventy-one. You'll wait in the next room, or the corridor beyond it. The D.A. will be in shortly. He attended the opera last night

THIS WEEK—

the Undercover Man steps aside for the atom. But the series of articles will be resumed next week with Frank J. Wilson's inside story of the Lindbergh kidnaping case and his conclusions—as chief of the Secret Service—regarding the conviction of Hauptmann.

and naturally is a bit weary this morning. Next, please."

Alvin moved away from the desk. He noticed several men grouped at the end of the room near what plainly was the door to the D.A.'s private office. Turning to a girl who was operating a typewriter, he asked, "Couldn't I wait with those gentlemen?"

She shook her lovely head. "That's the press. The newspapermen. You go through that other door there and don't be fresh."

THE girl, Alvin noticed with something of a start, worked nights ushering at the Esquire Theater. He went to the door indicated and looked into a very large room jammed with men and blue tobacco smoke. He turned, and glanced toward the members of the press, so advantageously located. Quick as a wink Alvin reached into his inside coat pocket and brought out a notebook in which it had been his custom to keep track of the shoe sizes worn by his favorite customers. Nipping a pencil from his breast pocket he casually joined the press.

Suddenly there was cheering in the outer corridor, and a great babble of voices, and the girl at the typewriter looked up and called out, "Gentlemen, the D.A." She manipulated her bubble gum, which made a loud crack.

"The D.A.!" everybody cried.

The newspapermen moved back from the door as two men, the D.A. and somebody else, barged in. The D.A., a short, handsome man with a small mustache, rather popping dark eyes and well-preserved teeth, bowed to one side and the other, even when there was nobody there. As he and his companion entered the private office, the newspapermen—including, of course, Alvin—moved in behind him. They formed a semicircle, at a respectful distance from his large desk. But the D.A. and the other man did not stop at the desk; they went to a far corner

Collier's for May 3, 1947

of the office and engaged in earnest conversation.

Finally the D.A. turned and walked with dignity to his desk, his companion bringing up the rear, and sat down on a telephone directory. "Gentlemen," the D.A. said slowly but with perfect enunciation, "you will be glad to learn that the murderer has been apprehended."

There was some modest handclapping. "What was the total number?" a cynical police reporter asked.

The D.A. frowned. "There have been several impostors noted," he said. "However, none of them are able to substantiate their claims." He cleared his throat professionally. "The job was a solo, as we call it, done by one man, and one man only." He paused, and lifted his chin.

"Gentlemen, I am the murderer," he said with quiet restraint.

"Hot news," one of the newspapermen murmured, making a careless note of it on a match cover.

"May we quote you?" another asked, yawning a little.

"You may." The D.A. turned to the gentleman at his elbow, who looked faintly familiar to Alvin. "This is Bob Hope, my campaign manager, who has an announcement to make."

Mr. Hope nodded. "The D. A.," he said, "has consented to run for governor on an independent ticket in the fall election. He has only one issue, which you have just heard. And I wish to add that it will be a landslide, and that the landslide will be simply a step toward—greater things."

The D.A. smiled ingratiatingly. "And now," he said "I will dictate my full confession to my secretary." He clapped his hands twice. "Ida!"

Ida entered with her notebook. Alvin thought there was something strange about this, but he couldn't put his finger on it. While Ida was getting set, one of the newspapermen asked, "Sir, how did you eliminate this joker, may I inquire?"

"I used a certain new and undetectable—"

"Stop!" cried Alvin.

They all looked at him. He stepped forward, and wagged a finger under the D.A.'s nose. "Where," he demanded "did you spend last evening? What were you doing?"

The D.A. paled a trifle. "I don't know," he said falteringly. "I... don't remember."

Alvin turned to the others. "He doesn't know! He doesn't remember! Well, I'll tell you. He spent the evening at the

opera! Gentlemen, this individual is as innocent as hell! I am the real murderer, and I can prove it! Ida, you tell them. Please, honey!"

"Hold it," the D.A. said. He pointed a trembling finger straight at Alvin's knees. "What are you doing in my office without your pants?" he thundered.

Alvin looked down, and horror swept him. "Ida," he said, "what did you do with my—"

It was too late. Two trained policemen who had been waiting in the wings for just such an emergency quickly stepped forward and grabbed Alvin. Alvin cried out, "I did it! Leave me free!" Frantically he looked around. He saw nobody he knew except Mr. Cerveza, who was dressed in a scarlet-and-gold uniform and was carrying a beautiful chromium-plated spear trimmed with eagle's feathers. He was grinning. He drew back the spear.

"Save me!" Alvin cried.

Mr. Cerveza thrust the spear viciously, at the same time giving voice to a fine, pear-shaped oath.

The spear pierced the shoulder of poor Alvin, and he grabbed it and tried to tear it from his flesh. "Leave me alone!" he cried. "I can prove I am guilty! Ida! Ida! Tell them—"

"Alvin!"

ALVIN sat bolt upright in bed. He could see nothing at first, but then he saw Ida standing there, rubbing her right hand with her left.

"Alvin, honey," she said, "what on earth kind of a nightmare are you having, dear? You start shouting and I try to wake you up and you bite my hand. What is it, pet?"

Alvin moved a hand across his forehead, which was very wet. He looked at Ida for a moment, sleepily, then with a sudden movement flung himself back on the pillow and closed his eyes. "Just a minute," he said grimly, "I have a few more things to say to the D.A." He rubbed his shoulder. "That bastard Cerveza!"

"Who?" Ida asked.

"Nobody you know," Alvin said. Then he opened his eyes wide and looked at her. "Ida! Why did you tell them? Why..." He sat up again. "I guess I was dreaming, dear."

"I guess so!" Ida turned toward the door. "I'll start the coffee," she called over her shoulder.

Alvin sat on the edge of the bed for a moment or two, then shook his head

SPEAKING OF RECORDS by FRANK WILLIAMS

HOLDER OF EVERY OFFICIAL
WORLD'S BACKSTROKE RECORD FOR MEN—

ADOLPH (SONNY) KIEFER

...BEATS MOST
FREE-STYLERS
SWIMMING
ON HIS
BACK!!



...DURING THE
WAR HE TAUGHT
SWIMMING TO 11,000
PHYSICAL INSTRUCTORS
AT THE NAVY'S
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SCHOOL.

I LIKE TO
SEE WHERE
I'VE BEEN!

...SONNY
BECAME A
BACKSTROKER
BECAUSE AS
A KID HE DIDN'T
LIKE TO GET
WATER UP
HIS NOSE.

I FEEL
LIKE A
MISSISSIPPI
STEAMBOAT

COUSIN
ADOLPH!

...STAN BRAUNINGER, THEN
THE CHICAGO LAKE SHORE A.C.'S
SWIMMING COACH, PERFECTED THE
UNUSUAL WINDMILL STYLE--WHICH
HELPED KIEFER TO WIN 38 TITLES
IN 11 YEARS OF NATIONAL COMPETITION
AND IS NOW THE ACCEPTED FORM
FOR BACKSTROKE SWIMMING.

HE LOOKS
SHARP!

...SWIMS SO SMOOTHLY
THAT HE SEEMS TO BE
ONLY HALF TRYING.
...THIS EASE, HOWEVER,
CONCEALS A FLAMING
COMPETITIVE SPIRIT—
HE LOST ONLY ONE
RACE DURING HIS
CAREER!



NOW YOU'RE
CATCHING ON!



HE FEELS **SHARP!**

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND SONNY IN THE
"PINK" AS HE CARRIES ON HIS AMBITIOUS
SCHEDULE OF LECTURING AND COACHING
TO MAKE AMERICA A "SWIMMINGLY SAFE"
NATION.

HE IS **SHARP!**

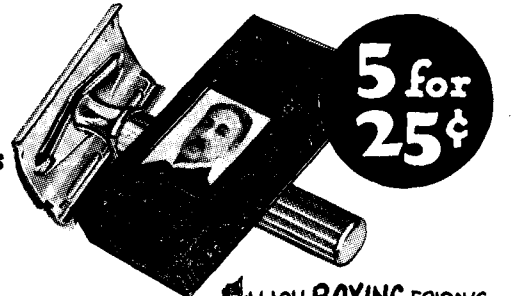
YES SIR, SONNY KIEFER ALWAYS USES
GILLETTE BLUE BLADES,
WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED.
THAT'S BECAUSE THEY GIVE HIM
THE SLICKEST, MOST REFRESHING
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ALSO--HE KNOWS THAT
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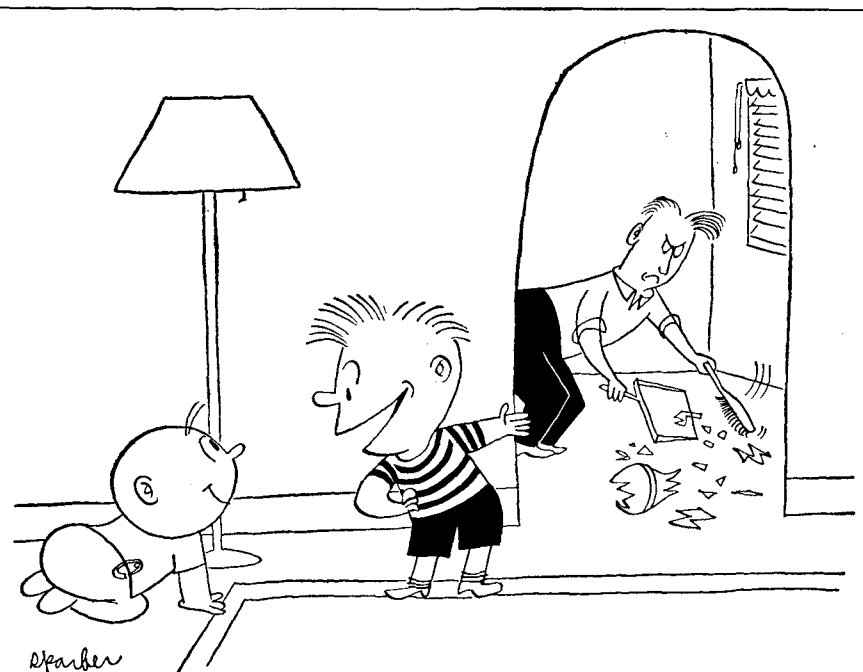


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TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



Sparber

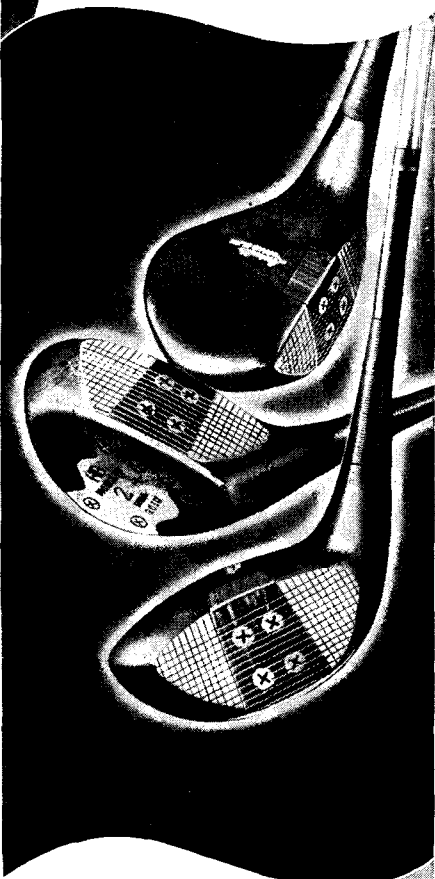
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I grow up he hopes I have a little boy just like me"

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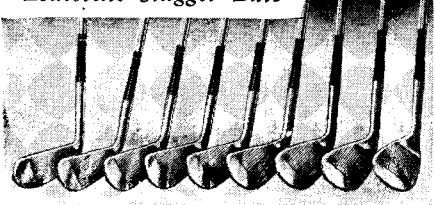
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sharply, tossing sleep aside, and got up. He stood idly scratching his hip through his pajamas and looking at his pants, which lay over the back of a chair, then stretched and went to the bathroom for his shower.

When he came out he noticed that Ida as usual had turned up the radio in the dining room, so she could hear it in the kitchen.

Leisurely, he dressed, and had sat down and was reaching for his shoes when the morning news broadcast began.

"... Therefore this colossal actor, idol of millions, now lies in what appears to be a state of coma at the hospital, the doctors unable to agree on an explanation, but declaring that his life hangs by the most slender of threads... Turning to Europe, we find the Balkan situation..."

THE effect of these words on Alvin, coming through the voice of the announcer, was considerable. At first he sat perfectly still, his gaze fixed on the wall before him, then he stood up (as though on springs, as the expression goes) and looked around the room with little jerks of his head, evidently searching for something—probably air. When he recovered he went quickly to the dining room.

Ida stood near the table, facing him. "You heard it?" she asked. She was not smiling.

"The last part," Alvin said. "My goodness, what an incredible coincidence, Ida."

"It was during the night," Ida said. "They found him this morning lying unconscious on the floor of his hotel room."

"Yes, I know. That's approximately the way it was in my dream."

"Your dream?"

"The one I just finished. It's rather a long story. I'll tell you about it sometime. After our conversation last night I was thinking about it, that African thing, and wondering if it would really work. I fell asleep. I had this dream. And now comes the astonishing part, the really astonishing part. In this dream the guy died. It seems—"

"Alvin!"

Alvin looked at her a moment, at her wide-open eyes. "It's really an almost impossible coincidence."

"Coincidence!" Ida began wringing her hands. "My God, you're killing him! Right this very minute! You—you—"

"Fiend," Alvin said, looking at Ida incredulously. He blinked. "Honey, this makes it even funnier. In this dream, you said almost exactly—" He shrugged. "In any case I haven't killed him yet. He seems to be holding on."

"That's exactly the point!"

"Don't be silly!" Alvin snapped.

"I'm not!" Ida cried.

"What do you want me to do?" Alvin shouted.

"Concentrate!" Ida shouted back. "Dear," she continued, in fiercely controlled calmness, "you put your mind on his death. Then you went into the dream where it came true. You don't realize that you may have set tremendous cosmic forces in action. But you can stop the whole thing, right now, if you'll do as I say. Otherwise it's going to go on and on until—the end."

"Ida, if this was anybody but you—" Alvin stopped.

"... As prophesied by me yesterday, the district attorney has just announced that very soon, possibly within the hour, he will release his eagerly awaited decision in respect to entering the gubernatorial race..."

Alvin seemed to sway a little. And into his eyes, which had taken on an expression of a sleepwalker, came another expression, very like horror. He was looking at the toaster, at the thin wisp of smoke emerging from it.

"The toast is burning," he said in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

He walked to the window in a manner

that made him feel he was about to sit down on the floor.

"Alvin," Ida said in a tired voice, "you haven't got your shoes on."

Alvin did not even look down. He wiggled his toes a little, then turned vaguely around.

"Where are you going?" Ida asked.

"To put my shoes on, of course." He glanced at the radio, from which the news still came pouring. "It won't be long now," he muttered.

"Now wait." Ida got up and stood before him. "Honey, let's be sensible. I may be all wrong about this. It may all be silly. But it may be true. There's no harm in trying, nothing to lose. He's a human being just like the rest of us. He has a child and three lovely wives. His mother adores him. I saw a picture of her just the other day, a dear old lady with soft gray hair. I was a little hysterical a minute ago. I'm sorry. But just for my sake, won't you try?"

"Every time Cerveza and I saw him on the screen," Alvin said, closing his eyes, "we got a feeling in our stomachs—"

"All right. Now listen, Alvin honey. You'll never have to see him again in your whole life. What's more, from now on you can be the one to decide what movies we're going to see. And I won't even argue about it. When we start out to see a movie, I won't even ask which one it is. Your judgment is best, anyway. That's a solemn promise, darling, if you'll go into the bedroom and while you're putting on your shoes just close your eyes and work. Will you try?"

ALVIN didn't know whether he was nodding or shaking his head or what he was doing, but he managed to get to the bedroom, where for several minutes he stood perfectly still, in his stocking feet, and looked down at his shoes. He sat down slowly and let his hands hang limply over his knees in what is known as a posture of indecision.

But when his decision came, it came galloping, and brought Alvin to full life and instant action. First he glanced at his wrist watch, and noted with a gleam in his eye that he was twenty minutes earlier than he had been the time before. Then he grabbed his shoes and put them on and tied the laces so fast that the ordinary human eye could scarcely have followed his movements. He leaped to his feet and went to the hall closet and got his hat. Then he entered the dining room and faced Ida in final decision.

"My dear," he said, "never mind breakfast. I'll grab a cup of coffee and two doughnuts at the corner, then jump into Cerveza's cab—"

He stopped. Ida was standing near the radio, her face radiant. "Darling!" she cried.

"... great relief, among millions of Americans, that it appears to be only an attack of acute indigestion, brought on by eating too many underdone crawfish at a late supper given him by his admirers. The doctors are hopeful. And speaking of indigestion, folks, remember that Nispep is simply pepsin, spelled backward. It is obtainable everywhere, from the sunny shores of California to the depths of darkest Africa. The large economy size is recommended. And now about the district attorney. He has just announced postponement—"

Ida snapped off the radio and came forward and put her hands on Alvin's shoulders. "You'll never regret it, sweet," she said softly.

Alvin, dropping his hat into a convenient chair, took her into his arms. He even kissed her. Then, with her head upon his shoulder he looked past her and into the glorious future, the cinematic prospect of great promise he had managed to earn. It was only with casual interest that he noticed that Ida had put another slice of bread into the toaster, and that it was burning.

THE END

Lady, be good...
TO
YOURSELF



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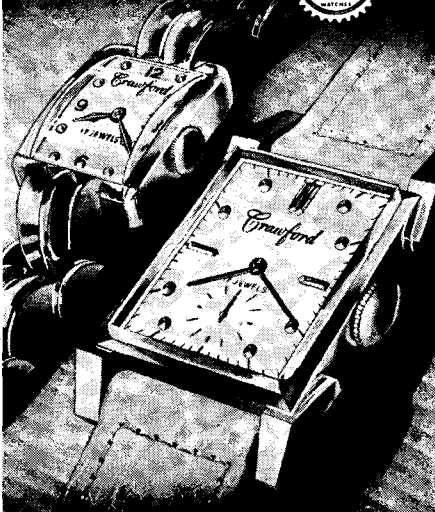
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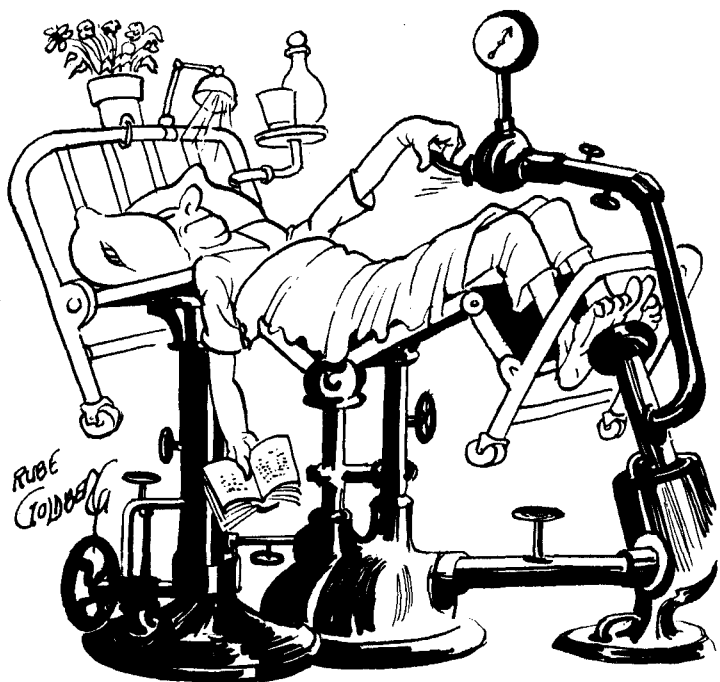
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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

In the Hospital—But Comfortable

A Texan who spent weary weeks in a hospital has figured out a way for a patient to raise and lower the standard "articulated" bed for himself, rather than wait for a busy nurse to do it. Instead of the usual hand crank used to raise head, feet or knees, this inventor uses hydraulic cylinders. The patient has within easy reach a small three-way valve and a lever. By setting the valve, then pumping the lever with two fingers, he can change the shape of the bed as desired, with almost no effort. The machine attaches to any standard hospital bed and is already on the market.

Fancy Aluminum

We no longer need to use aluminum in its natural color. This metal can now be turned out in any shade from pale green to deep purple. Blue, orange and gold tints are available, and the color gives a lustrous sheen much more alive and beautiful than painted or polished surfaces. The metal is first treated in an electrochemical bath, then dyed, and the dye works deep into the pores of the material and becomes permanently absorbed.

Lightweight Battery

Research is in progress to produce a new kind of electric battery that uses magnesium instead of zinc or other heavy materials. These superlight cells were tried out by the Army with excellent results, replacing the conventional dry cells in flashlights and signaling equipment. They can be made about one third as heavy as ordinary batteries, and give a steadier current output and a higher voltage for a given size.

New Trouble for the House Fly

This season there will be an easier and more effective way to spread DDT and other insecticides through your house—by burning a small piece of cordlike material saturated with chemical solution. The cord will come rolled up in a small metal dispenser. Pull out a little of it and light it; the smoke, carrying the DDT, will rapidly disperse through the room, penetrating to the farthest corner. The new method gives quicker and better distribution than the aerosols in the well-known "bug bombs," and will cost less.

Collier's for May 3, 1947

to use. The smoke is so thin that it will not cause an unpleasant odor or damage upholsteries or drapes. But its deposits on walls and ceilings will remain deadly to household pests for months.

Charm the Fish Onto Your Hook

The wartime invention of luminous plastics will become a serious risk to fish this season, in the form of a fish-shaped lure to be attached to your line just above the hook. The inch-long come-on can be used in any form of sport fishing from fly casting to heavy hand-lining in the open sea. Phosphorescent dye in the lure makes it glow brightly for hours after exposure to daylight or flashlight, and the greenish color is said to fascinate the fish more than bright metal or lights sometimes used at night.

Fasten It to Anything

A handy little bolt has been invented that has a square flat plate instead of a head. Several of these can be glued to walls or woodwork to support towel racks, medicine chests, mailboxes and other things to be put up around the house or office. A special adhesive is furnished with the bolts, that solidly fixes them to brick, tile, metal or wood surfaces and gives each a holding power of five pounds. The new method of fastening wall appliances will be a great convenience to housewives, eliminating unsightly and insecure screws in plaster and making convenient locations in kitchen or bathroom available regardless of the kind of wall surface.

Fingers Will Have Protectors

Finger skill is the mainspring of factory production, yet the gloves that must often be worn to protect workers' hands interfere badly with finger dexterity. To overcome this difficulty a new cutaway glove has been designed for a variety of mechanical jobs. Some gloves will have palms and three fingers only, some two; some will protect the thumb alone, or one side of certain fingers. Rawhide is to be used, securely fastened to webbing bands to hold it in place. Fingers are thus shielded from cuts and abrasions but left free to handle the most delicate jobs. Any kind of semiglove can be "built" to suit the needs of special hand operations in industrial work. ★★★

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SATURDAY NIGHT

BY BENJAMIN SIEGEL

It was not as if he had to choose between his wife and his mother—not exactly

IT WAS Saturday and he worked only half a day. He was in no hurry to get home so he considered walking through a department store or going to a matinee: something to give point to the free afternoon. Until he thought of his mother living by his schedule.

When he opened the door the smell of the house came to him, the smell that he had known all his life. When his mother came to the door, he bent to kiss her. The shock of his wife's absence was still in the air.

After he had washed he sat down at the kitchen table. As always, there was just a little too much to eat; but after she had finished serving him his mother sat down to watch him and he ate more than he wanted.

"It's a month," he said. It was strange that he had never discussed it with her at any length, barely the news that Ethel had finally decided to get a divorce. "You're better off. She was no good for you."

Wasn't she? A hundred memories flooded back, but he didn't want to tell them to his mother. "As long as you're happy," he said.

"Me? What has it to do with me? It's your life, and your happiness."

That's what everybody tells me, he thought. It's my life. What would happen if he were to begin acting as if he believed that?

She came over to him and put her hand on the top of his head. "Tell me, Byron, aren't you better off now?"

She could never use his first name without making him realize that she had given it to him. He had made everyone else call him "By."

"At least," he said, "all that fighting's over."

She patted his head and Byron was six and had just brought home a prize won at school. Then he was thirty again, so he said, "You never liked her, not even from the beginning." There wasn't any answer and he said, "I think I'll lie down for a while."

HE WENT to his room. Ethel was still there. She had walked out with some of her things; the next day an expressman had called for the rest. But lying on the desk were three cards bearing her handwriting; and on the wall hung the prints they had bought together.

Byron removed his shoes and lay down on the bed. He clasped the back of his head and closed his eyes.

He could feel her lying beside him, although he could not touch her because she was stiff and removed. She was crying very quietly, and he was pretending to be asleep. They had quarreled again in tense whispers until their nerves were tight and twisted and ready to break. (Continued on page 87)

Byron got his coat and was in the street, not quite sure what had happened, when Ethel hurried out

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



BAR-H-
BAR NONE!

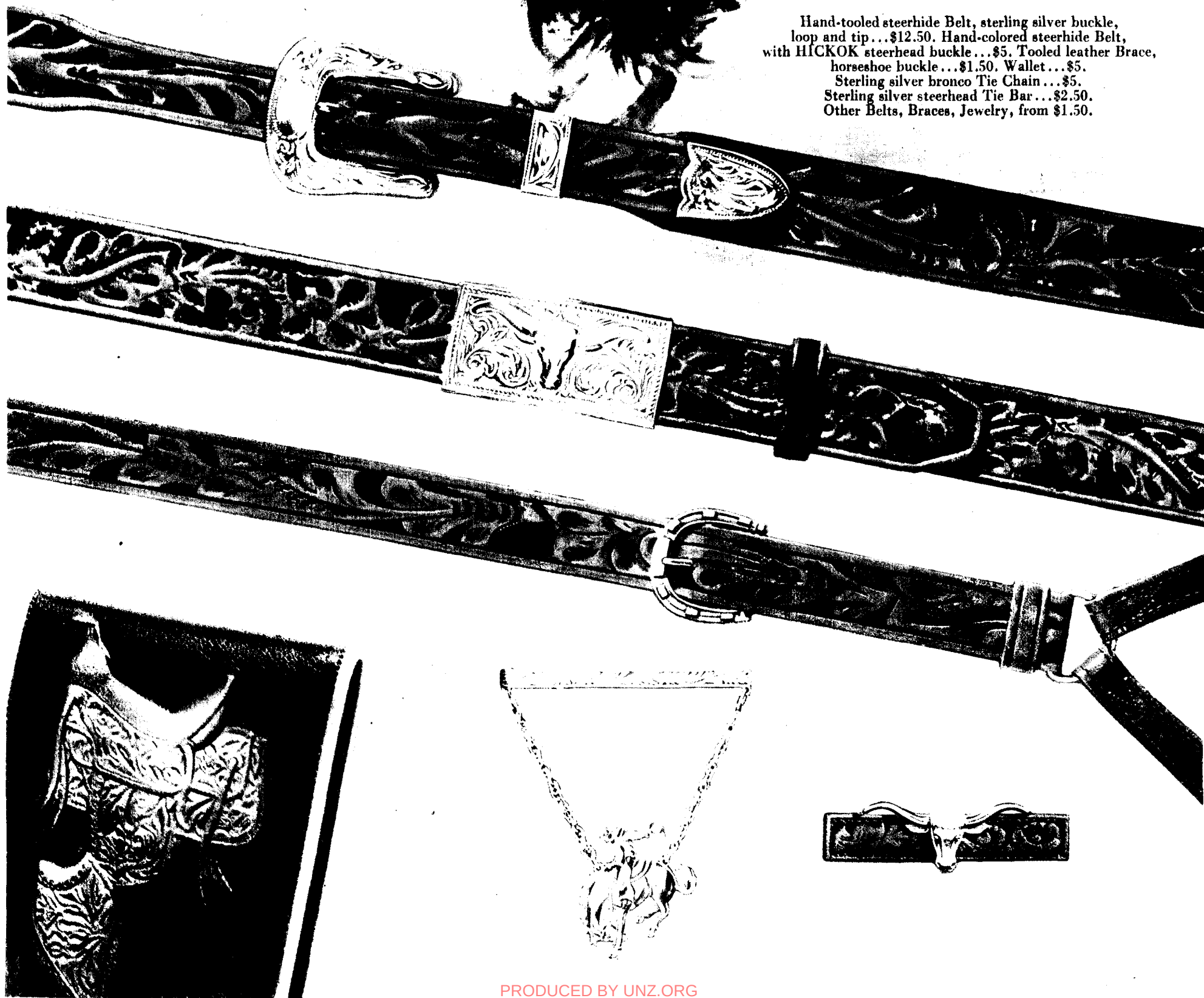
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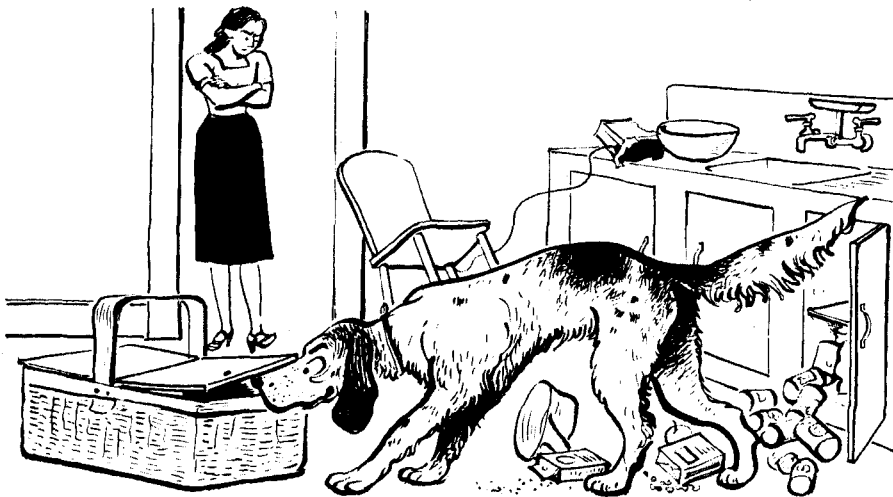
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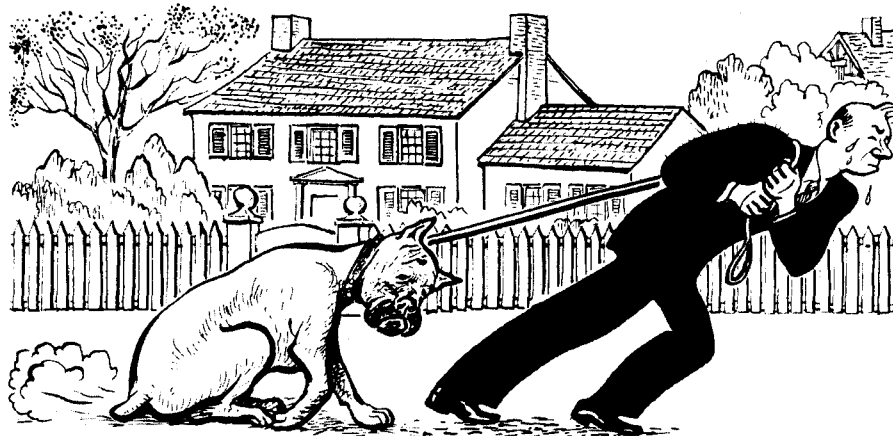


Dogs I've Known... by CARL ROSE



Snoophound Looks everywhere for a bite to eat—except in his feed pan. If only his mistress would fill it with crisp, toasted Gro-Pup Ribbon! These tasty, appetizing

ribbons are different from any other dog food. Dogs really go for the flavor of Gro-Pup Ribbon, according to a recent survey of owners who've fed it.



Glue-foot Too weary even to walk. But who can blame the poor dog if he isn't fed right? Gro-Pup Ribbon would give him every vitamin and mineral dogs

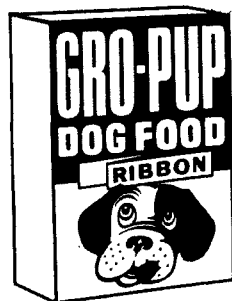
are known to need for vigor and vitality. 23 essential nutrients are combined in Kellogg's tested, scientific formula! There's no other dog food like it.



Playful Pooch Loves the whole world—and his food, too! He thrives on a basic diet of Gro-Pup. And what a thrifty dish! One box of Gro-Pup Ribbon

supplies as much food by dry weight as five 1-lb. cans of dog food. Ask your grocer for this nourishing food today. Made by Kellogg's—a name you can trust.

Dogs Go For GRO-PUP



P.S. You can give your dog the same tested, scientific formula as Gro-Pup Ribbon in popular Gro-Pup Meal, or in crunchy, bite-size Gro-Pup Pel-Etts. For variety, feed all three.



MADE BY
Kellogg's
OF BATTLE CREEK AND OMAHA

PASSPORT TO THE GOLDEN AGE

Continued from page 15

grant him. Thus—and again for the first time—in history—Congress wrote compulsory licensing into law.

To clarify this provision of the Act, Senators Arthur Vandenberg and Brien McMahon gave a dramatic illustration of the way in which unrestrained development of atomic energy can affect the lives of all Americans. Suppose, they said, that a man suddenly announced he had invented an atomic locomotive which could run from New York to Washington on a few dollars' worth of atomic fuel.

All railroad and coal company stocks would be worthless, they said. Insurance companies with railroad investments would go broke and there would be pretty general financial chaos. This, they admitted, was rather an extreme case, but you have to guard against extreme cases when you are dealing with atomic energy.

What monopolistic controls and extraordinary grants of power will do to our free economy in the years to come, no one today can even guess. To protect the country from too-arbitrary use of this great power, Congress reserved to itself a large share of control of atomic development. It retained a kind of veto power over the Atomic Energy Commission, and separated the Commission from the authority of the President—an extremely rare thing to do with an administrative agency. Congress will exercise this control through an eighteen-man Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. The five-man Atomic Energy Commission will report regularly to this Committee.

The freedom Americans enjoy will depend to no small extent on the wisdom and probity of these twenty-three men. Take the matter of security, for example: The Atomic Energy Commission was directed by Congress to enforce security regulations against the dissemination of scientific and technical information that are stricter, if anything, than those imposed by the Army's Manhattan Engineer District. It was told by Congress that it could employ no one who was not first screened by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and that this prohibition should extend to all other organizations working for the Commission under contract.

The Investigation Is Thorough

Screening by the F.B.I. means more than filling out a questionnaire and being fingerprinted. It means that government sleuths dig into a man's past, his family, his connections, his friends and all the organizations he may have been a member of. It means examination not only of his character, but also review of his statements and writings, for utterances disloyal to the government.

Men who have had experience with government-security operations see plenty of danger in this. They wonder how much chance there is that an over-enthusiastic investigator might decide that a man's past utterance was disloyal to his government when it was, in fact, disloyal only to a party then in power. If such things happen, these observers cannot see a great deal of difference between this kind of screening and the acts of the ill-famed Japanese Thought Police.

At present this type of investigation affects no more than 45,000 persons, employees of the Commission and its contractors. But in five years the number will be something like 200,000, and after atomic energy development really gets going the total is anybody's guess.

Security regulations may affect America's future in another way, too. Scientists who have worked for the Manhattan District will not be able to go back to

their laboratories and classrooms and teach young men and women what they have learned if their knowledge is something that might benefit a foreign power. While this cannot be avoided, under the circumstances, it may hurt America at a time when she needs scientists as she never needed them before in her history. The scientists themselves feel this deeply.

"Scientists are very sensitive to style and fashion," one of the nation's top physicists said recently. "They like to do things beautifully. They cherish their freedoms. Many of us feel we are living in a kind of intellectual concentration camp. It is not good for a scientist to be away too long from his laboratory, his students and his thoughts."

Hard to Keep Politics Out

Unquestionably the men who imposed these restrictions on American freedom knew what they were doing. There simply was no alternative. But they were not without misgivings, not only about restraints in the law, but about the ability of Congress to discharge its responsibilities without the intervention of politics so evident during Senate hearings on confirmation of members of the Atomic Energy Commission. During these hearings one senator said, "Congress is people, and people haven't changed very much. But science, in fifty years, has moved them ahead a thousand years."

A reporter, listening to the attacks by Senator Kenneth McKellar on David E. Lilienthal, said the same thing in another way. He looked first at the aged Tennessee senator, then at Lilienthal and said:

"From the Neanderthal man to the Atomic Age."

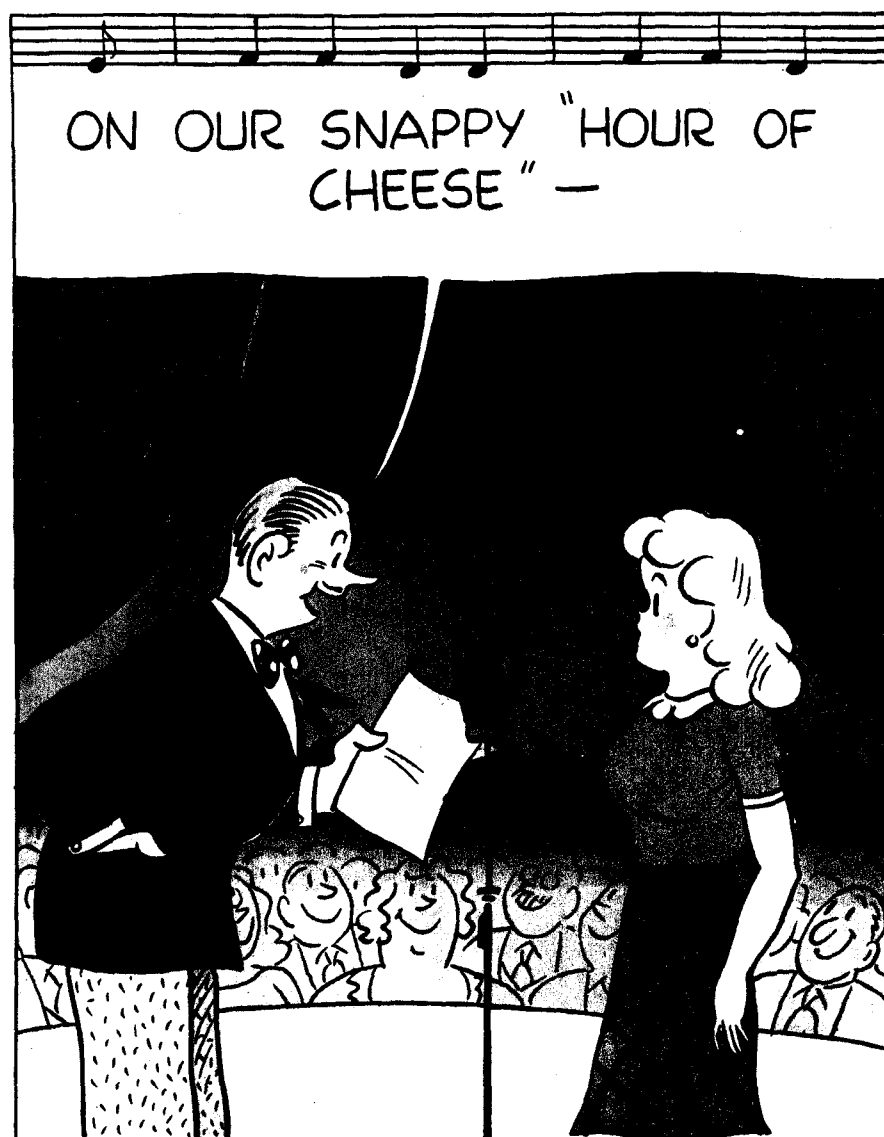
The same fears that moved Congress in writing atomic law for America moved American diplomats at Lake Success as they tried to write it for the world. And the pattern for control which they fought for was almost identical. Instead of a domestic Atomic Energy Commission, they wanted an international Atomic Development Authority. The men who made up this Authority would have powers very similar to those entrusted to the U.S. Commission.

They wanted the international Authority to own and control atomic energy plants wherever they were located in the world. Along with this power they wanted the Authority to be able to tell the United States—or any other nation—that it could not build atomic power plants, and that it would have to open its borders to inspectors from the Authority, no matter whether they were American, Swedish or Russian. These inspectors would need such rights in order to examine our atomic industries, mines, and refineries so that they could satisfy the Authority that we were not hiding atomic explosives with the intention of making war.

The proposed restriction on which nation may build how many atomic plants was designed to maintain a rough balance of atomic war-making power between the nations of the world. Bernard M. Baruch and the others who wrote the American plan well know that at some future time this could interfere with America's freedom to develop its own resources.

For instance, in relatively inaccessible regions of our West lie about 58 per cent of our total phosphate resources. They are undeveloped because power is not available to work them. Some years hence it might be possible to extract the phosphate with atomic power. And, while it isn't likely, it is possible that the world Authority would prohibit such use of atomic power on the grounds that

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it would give us too many such plants and thus upset the world balance in national capacities to make atomic bombs.

For when you have made fuel for an atomic power plant you have gone about 85 per cent of the way toward making an atomic bomb. It was this fact more than any other which convinced the Americans that the only hope for world security lay in policing the production of atomic fuels from mines through refineries, and to the atomic industry plant itself. They knew that the operations of the international Authority would limit each nation's independence to do as it pleased inside its own borders, that it would, in short, limit the sovereignty of each nation.

Hiroshima Changed Opinions

When the United Nations Charter was hammered out at San Francisco, Americans had been as adamant as any other of the Big Five in refusing to surrender any sovereignty to the world organization. But that was before the bomb was dropped over Hiroshima. Their understanding of the implications of the bomb had wrung a historic concession from Bernard Baruch and his colleagues. It had brought the same concession from representatives of ten other nations who sat on the Atomic Energy Commission of the United Nations. But it was on this point—the surrender of some sovereignty to a world authority in a kind of international Socialism—that the Socialist Russians balked.

Russia's U.N. delegate, Andrei A. Gromyko, made this very clear in his speech before the Security Council in March. "I deem it necessary," he said, "to emphasize that granting broad rights and powers of such a kind to the control organ is incompatible with the state sovereignty. Therefore, such proposals are unacceptable and must be rejected as unfounded."

Gromyko then went further to explain why Russia refused to surrender such sovereignty: "The Soviet Union is aware that there will be a majority in the control organ which may take one-sided decisions, a majority on whose benevolent attitude toward the Soviet Union the Soviet people cannot count. Therefore, the Soviet Union, and probably not only the Soviet Union, cannot allow that the fate of its national economy be handed over to this organ."

Later in the same speech he came back to Soviet fears. "In reality," he said, "to grant the control organ unlimited rights and possession and management of the atomic establishments (everywhere in the world) cannot be looked upon as anything but an attempt by the United States to secure for itself world monopoly in the field of atomic energy."

Mr. Gromyko clarified his socialist nation's fears of the international socialization of atomic energy when he said, "It remains only to add to such a proposal [that the Authority own and manage atomic plants throughout the world] the further suggestion that the international control organ should share profits of establishments under its management in accordance with the quantity of shares belonging to one or another country. Then the picture will be complete."

Mr. Gromyko pinned Russia's hopes on the unanimity principle written into the United Nations Charter: the principle that international action must be taken by the Security Council, and, as everyone knows, the Council can't act unless the Big Five all agree. Under this principle, of course, no nation surrenders any of its sovereignty.

Such suspicions as Mr. Gromyko expressed are not unlike those with which the South regarded our more populous and industrial North when our own Federal Constitution was written. They are not unlike the apprehensions of many of his fellow isolationists in America to-

day. One can almost hear such a speech being made in the Senate of the United States when that body debates the treaty, if one should be drafted, for international control of atomic energy.

It was this address of Mr. Gromyko that caused many a delegate to the Security Council to despair that the Russians ever would agree to anything like effective rule of the atom.

In subsequent weeks, however, black feelings of despair among Western delegates were lifted by a faint hope. From utterances of the Soviets, and assuming there was no real significance in the shadings of their language, it seemed that their position then could be stated thus:

1. They would accept an international control organization operating under the Security Council with powers defined for it by convention or treaty.

2. The control agency would have its own voting procedures with the way left open for use of the veto to protect a nation from being overridden by bloc voting of nations. (It would be fair to observe that our Federal Constitution also seeks to protect minority rights.)

3. Control and inspection should be limited specifically to avoid "interference with those branches of industry which are not connected with the production of atomic energy." It is conceivable that such a limitation, strictly applied, might reduce effectiveness of controls.

4. The international Authority should not have the right to own either primary production plants or the explosive fuels they produce. These should be entrusted to national operation.

5. Peaceful uses of atomic energy should be promoted with national authorities having the right freely to engage in research, although the Russians recognize the inseparability of peaceful and military applications.

6. Punishment of violators of the control convention should be by national law with enforcement at the international level by the Security Council through unanimous decision of the Big Five.

7. The control body should be responsible for preventing military use of atomic energy and should promote the exchange of knowledge of its peaceful employment among nations.

8. But the Soviet Union still insists upon destruction of stocks of atomic weapons as an essential part of a convention, to be drafted immediately, for prohibition of their production and use.

Neither Side Inclined to Yield

On this last point the Soviet Union and the United States remain as far apart as ever, with no sign of yielding by either side. The ultimate Russian position on this issue cannot even be guessed. But there is no doubt where the Americans stand. They will never agree to disposal of our stock of atomic bombs until effective international controls are in operation. Insistence of nations outside the Soviet orbit of influence is equally strong on this point. They agree with us that the Russian proposal would mean unilateral disarmament of the United States with no assurance whatsoever that the world will not be plunged back into war once we dispose of our bombs.

It has been suggested by persons close to the deliberations at Lake Success, but not directly involved in them, that unilateral disarmament of the United States is what the Russians really seek. No one believes they fear outright aggression from us, although, it is reasoned, they may have speculated on the possibility that atomic bombs may be used against them should other powers interpret a Soviet action as aggressive.

The possibility also is suggested that the Russians may be fighting a delaying action in the United Nations to give their scientists back home a chance to make atomic bombs.

Despite Russian acceptance of the prin-

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ciple of international inspection, many diplomats believe the Soviets would look upon thousands of outsiders running over their country as a threat to their hold upon the masses. One diplomat put it this way:

"The Russians have an Oriental despotism. Despotism does not survive if the light of knowledge is let in upon the people. The light of knowledge will be shed in Russia when the people have direct contact with the outside world."

But persons who have sat with the Russians on the Atomic Energy Commission are convinced that what they fear more than anything else is being outvoted.

"We are always in a minority and usually a very small minority," they were quoted as saying, "and we fear penetration of our economic system by the capitalistic imperial system. We are afraid that decisions of an atomic agency may not always be influenced by concern for world security so much as by desires to disrupt a political and economic order which capitalist nations do not like."

On at least enough occasions to give them grounds for suspicion, the Russians have been the victims of parliamentary conspiracies among anti-Communist delegations at Lake Success. Last November, for example, most of the representatives on the Atomic Commission, except the Russians, were informed in

advance that the chairman, Colonel Mohamed Bey Khalifa, of Egypt, was to propose that the Commission report to the Security Council by December 31st. A deadline was something that Mr. Gromyko most certainly did not want and, had he known of the move, he would have been present to fight it. Instead, he went to the meeting of the United Nations General Assembly, sending a deputy to the Commission. In his absence the chairman's proposal was quickly put through.

No one would dare to guess how long it will take Russia and the Western powers to get together on atomic controls. And no one would dare to predict agreement never will be reached. With a formidable segment of world opinion marshaled against them, the Russians ultimately may conclude that an atomic control treaty of the nature proposed by the Americans may be less onerous than the alternative. The alternative could be an atomic alliance against them.

It would not be reasonable, however, to expect great progress toward agreement on atomic energy to be achieved while we and the Russians are continuing to quarrel over settlements in many other parts of the world. More than enough bitterness is being generated in Korea, Germany, Austria, Greece and Turkey to postpone agreement at Lake Success for many months.

THE END

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

Continued from page 21

you fifteen minutes. Take it apart if you have to." Then Ritch took Lizbeth's arm. "We'll go crazy if we hang around here." He ushered her across the highway to the Tarpaulin, a junky café, where they ordered coffee. Ritch suddenly remembered something. "Jerry said Steele checks your mileage gauge. You think he's been monkeying around with something else on your car?"

"I don't know."

There was a clock above the counter; they watched it for a while, neither of them saying anything. Lizbeth didn't seem so nervous any more. She sipped her coffee. She even took out her purse mirror and looked at it.

"You seem to have gotten hold of yourself," Ritch said.

"I'm used to it. Every time something like this happens, I think: Well, this is it—really it."

"Have such things happened before?"

"Little things—getting home late, no excuse. Once or twice it's been just the telephone. It rings; Fred answers it and whoever it is hangs up. That's always good for a long sulk, sometimes a fight. Fred doesn't believe people can be rude or lazy and just hang up when they realize they have a wrong number. Only this time I won't have any explanation for anything."

"You'll get home all right; stop worrying now."

"I told you you should never have looked me up," she said after a moment. "Have you thought what happens if I have to leave the car here?"

"What makes you think that?"

"You're thinking about it, too, aren't you?"

SHE had caught him again. He'd been thinking of it. If they couldn't get the car running that was what they'd have to do, just leave it here. The only other possibility would be for him to tow it, but how far would they get with that cop cruising up and down?

"If the garageman can't fix it, I'll drive you up myself."

"And if you do have to drive me up?" She could be very persistent sometimes. "What do I say about the car?"

"I'll think of something. I'll drive you

up, then come back for it. He'll get it fixed tonight."

"And in the meantime?"

"You couldn't possibly have come down for a drive along the shore and had an accident—and somebody drove you home?" He wasn't really very hopeful about it.

"Not possibly. Not with your boat down here."

"You think Steele remembers that?" Ritch asked.

"I know he does," Lizbeth said. "We talked about it that Sunday night after you left."

"I meant to ask you what happened."

"It wasn't pleasant. He was sure I had some interest in you, and in case I had he said I should know that you were a bum who ran after anything with skirts—"

"Where did he get that idea?"

"He was just guessing, I suppose—just to be insulting. He said that sailboat of yours was famous for what went on aboard it. He argued: Why did you keep it, otherwise—you said yourself you hadn't sailed it much."

"The harbor was closed during the war; I haven't had much time since. The Cybele isn't a skiff you take out for a Sunday sail."

"You don't have to explain to me. I'm just telling what he said."

But he wanted her to know. "Anyway, that's not true. I don't take girls down there. I never have." He hoped it would mean something to her, but she went on drinking her coffee, without looking up.

After a moment she said, "I hope you won't think I'm rude, but I want to ask you something. I think Marta Thorne's very nice. Are you two going to get married?"

Ritch didn't answer.

"If you do, don't ever be jealous of her, will you? If she doesn't play fair with you, just kick her out. She should do the same with you. That's the way it should be."

There was a small silence. Ritch was searching for a way to explain to her about Marta, and to explain the fact that he had completely forgotten her. But just then Lizbeth looked at the clock. "Fifteen minutes," she said.

When they got back, the garageman

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was under the car. He hadn't found anything, he said.

"Then keep at it," Ritch told him. "I'll be back for it in a couple of hours."

"I leave off at five-thirty."

"Couldn't change your mind?" Ritch handed him a twenty-dollar bill.

"But suppose I get it fixed and you're not back yet?"

"Leave it outside, with the keys under the seat."

"But I mean, suppose I got to put in expensive parts?"

Ritch took back his twenty, handed him a fifty, and led Lizbeth to his car.

AS SOON as they got up off the coast highway onto the mesa, the fog let up, giving way to a dry hot wind. But there was still a murkiness; the day seemed dark early. More than ever Ritch felt the press of time. He set the car at a steady fifty, watching out for cops.

And yet there was something pleasant about it. Ritch had always felt there was a certain intimacy about two people driving in a car. Not the kind of intimacy Ritch had felt as a kid, when he first had a car and had started taking girls out—the hand on her knee, looking for parking spots. This was a more mature kind of intimacy: cars with out-of-state licenses—two people up front, their clothes in the back on hangers; the girl sitting close to the man, her head on his shoulder. He always wondered where they came from, where they were going. Maybe even they didn't know, he liked to think. Just traveling, with trust in each other.

He felt that intimacy now with Lizbeth. She did not sit close to him; her head was not on his shoulder. But there was something which shut them in here, bound them to each other. Could danger do that as well as love and long habit? Perhaps; perhaps that was their only tie. He hoped not. He glanced at her.

She looked quickly away, guiltily. "I was staring at you. Excuse me," she said.

"Go ahead. I like it."

She seemed upset. She lighted a cigarette, and her voice, as she continued, had a strained note in it. "It's so strange. It's been so long since I've looked at a man. I used to—truck drivers, cab drivers—in desperation; any man in a car when he was going one way and I was going another. But I gave that up, finally. Suddenly I didn't want to any more. He's done that to me, too." Her voice broke; it had been an effort for her to say it.

Damn that man, Ritch thought to himself. He thought he knew what had happened to her. A man with jealousy can rob a woman of her most natural instinct. He can make all men unbearable, because she is frightened of all men. Was Ritch unbearable to her? He wondered.

All the rest of the trip she did not look at him. Ritch didn't force it. He changed the subject. Until four miles from the ranch they talked of Carol. Then he said he thought he ought to put Lizbeth into a taxi, if they could find one.

"There aren't any at Northfield."

"Isn't there a golf club on the Valley River road? Sometimes around clubs—"

They were lucky. An empty cab was coming back from the club. Ritch whistled, drew up alongside it. "Will you take this lady to near Northfield?"

The driver growled. "I suppose so."

"Give us a minute," Ritch drew up ahead of him, so he and Lizbeth could talk.

The driver flipped on his meter and settled down to a paper.

Ritch was all business now. He wished he knew what time it was exactly, but he knew there was no time to waste. He spoke rapidly. "I've figured out about the station wagon. And don't look worried—it's very simple. Where were you supposed to be this afternoon?"

"Beverly Hills. Shopping."

"On your way back the car began acting up. You left it at a garage to be fixed."

"What garage? He'll want to know."

"I'm coming to that. Is there a garage in Northfield?"

"Yes, one. Jensen's I think it's called."

"All right, you took it to Jensen's. When you got there Jensen's was closed. So you left the wagon outside, with the keys under the seat, planning to phone down about it in the morning. Then you took a taxi."

"A taxi in Northfield?"

"Yes, today there was a taxi in Northfield. Understand?"

"Suppose he wants to go down to Northfield with me and get it?"

"Talk him out of it. Until about nine o'clock anyway. I'll be back with it by then."

"I hope it works." She sighed faintly.

"Why shouldn't it, if you stick to your story?"

"Suppose you don't get back?" She searched his face for a long moment. "I'm trying to catch your confidence."

"You'll catch it. All set now?"

"All set."

Ritch helped her out of the car, hurried her back to the taxi. "Maybe he won't even notice you haven't got the car," Ritch suggested.

"Maybe. I'll close the garage door."

He put her inside the taxi. "So soon?" the driver asked disappointedly. "I thought it'd take you two a long time to say goodbye."

"This isn't goodbye," Ritch said, his eyes on Lizbeth. And suddenly he knew it wasn't. He leaned into the cab and kissed her.

She didn't pull away from him, but she didn't give anything either. She just looked startled, not quite sure it had happened. As Ritch stepped back, she sank back against the seat and the cab pulled away. He saw only her profile as she went past him. Was she alarmed, angry, revolted? He couldn't tell.

FRED phoned Lizbeth from the studio at six-fifteen. He said he was going to look at some background shots with Farnol, the director, and would be home about eight. "You have your dinner."

"Okay, if you don't mind."

"Have Ella fix me a sandwich. How's the weather out there? It's hot here."

"A little windy." Why did he have to be so chatty? Why couldn't he hang up?

"What kind of day did you have?"

"Terrible—I'll tell you about it later."

"What did you do?"

"Tried to shop."

"Well, see you later."

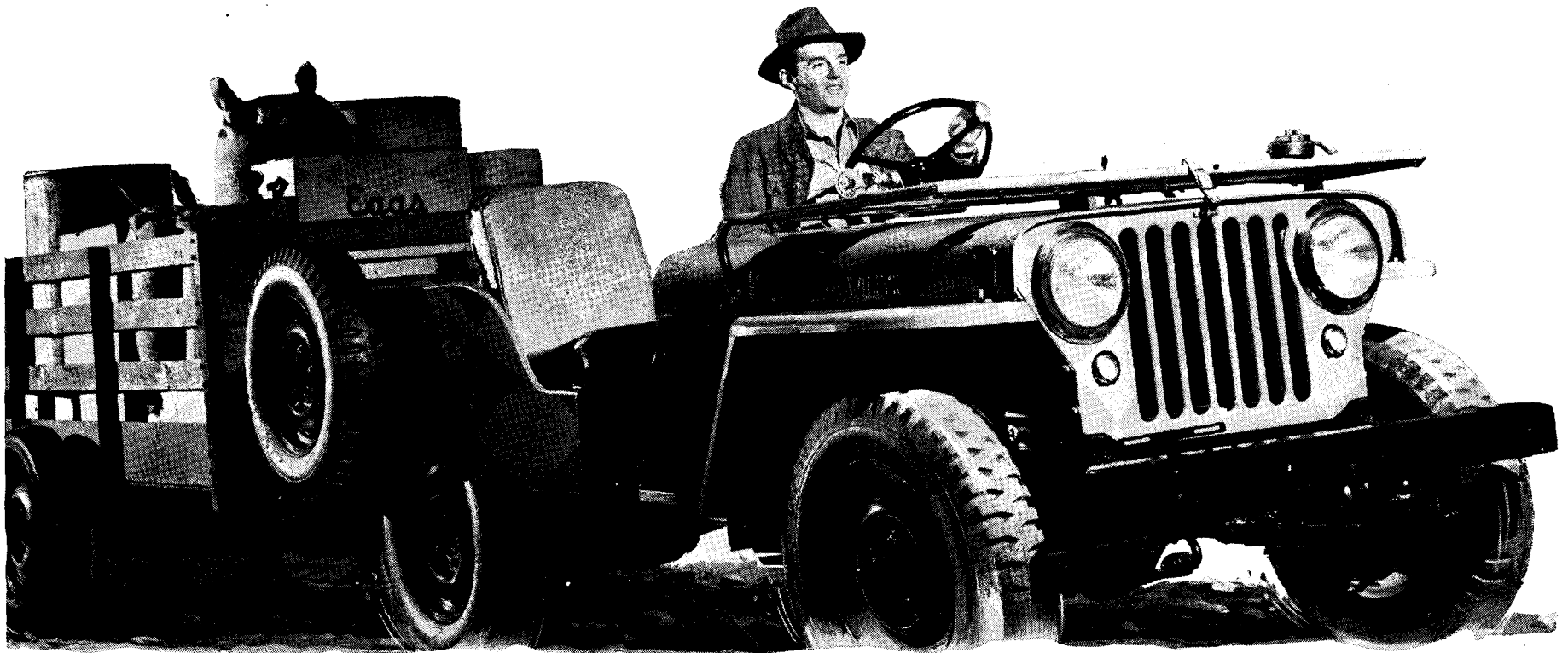
With relief, Lizbeth hung up. Almost two hours' grace, anyway. She looked toward Ella, across the big kitchen. "I'll eat out here; Mr. Steele won't be home."

"It's pretty hot out here."

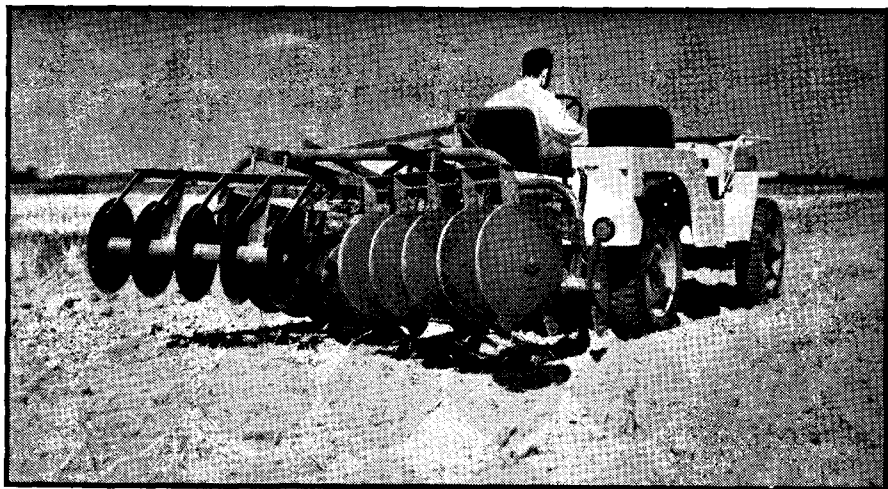
"But I like the kitchen." Lizbeth had always thought it the nicest room in the house. It was L-shaped and had two stoves, including one that burned wood. A rocker stood in front of it, a merry little china clock above it. And in the alcove were the long table and benches where they always used to eat, until they added the dining room to the place. But it wasn't only that it was the kitchen—the girls were here. They were cheerful; they were company.

Right now Lizbeth was not enjoying being alone. Her thoughts were too guilty. This afternoon something very terrible had happened to her. She had slipped out to meet a lawyer, but she slipped home after having met a man. And the man had kissed her. It was something she couldn't forget. It hung in her mind, frighteningly—more frightening even than the problem of the station wagon, because she couldn't understand it. If a man kissed you it must mean that he was interested in you. But how could a man be interested if you didn't give him encouragement or return for his interest? She was quite sure she hadn't; she couldn't have. The twice before when she had seen him she had scarcely been aware of him as a man, except to think, "This

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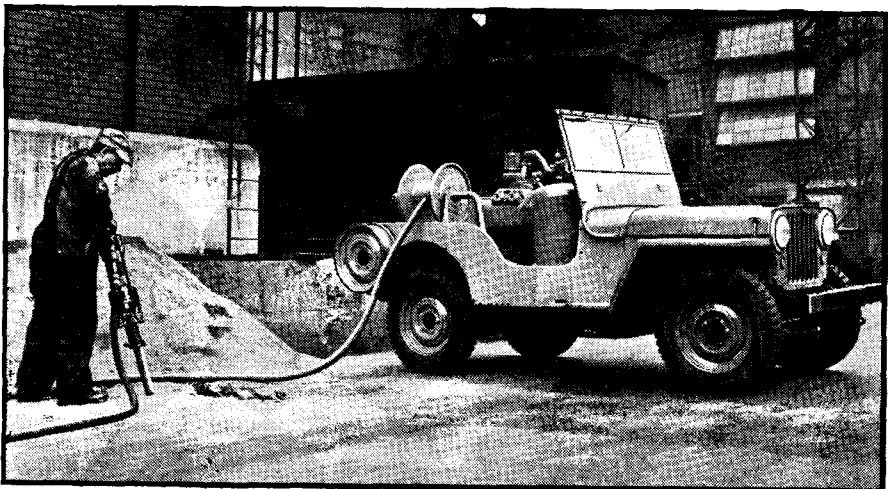
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man is handsome, young. If Fred finds out I've talked to him, he'd be suspicious. I mustn't get this man into trouble." And this afternoon she had also told him plainly that the thought of all men sickened her. What could have encouraged him then to do that?

There had been something odd about the kiss. Lizbeth tried to recall it, tried to analyze it. It hadn't been passionate; it hadn't been fresh or suggestive. It had had no shopping-around quality. Had it been a kiss like that, Lizbeth would have hated him.

But she didn't hate this Mr. Alvin. His name is Ritch, she reminded herself. Ritch—Ritch Alvin. Family name, she supposed. She tried it several times until she got used to it. No, she did not hate Ritch Alvin. And even more surprising, to recall the kiss did not upset her. It just puzzled her. The only thing she could think of that the kiss had seemed to say was, "Take heart. Courage." She tried these words, too, over and over to herself. "Take heart. Courage." Saying the words and remembering the kiss brought no physical response in her. She would have been surprised if it had. That sort of thing was over for her forever. But the memory of Ritch's kiss and its meaning did do something to her spirit. She did take courage. And that was what she was afraid of.

WANDERING through the house, she stopped in the living room and looked in a mirror. She looked different. Her eyes seemed brighter, defiant. Fred would be sure to see that; he would know that something had happened this afternoon. Suspicious, he would beat it out of her. It's horrible, she realized, that suddenly, because you have courage, you are more than ever lonely and afraid. She must hide this new emotion which was struggling in her. She could hide it with Carol, she thought. Only with Carol would she be safe. Perhaps she could impart some of it to Carol; put her arms around her, sing to her, tell her stories, make her know somehow that life was going to be different, better. She had talked for nearly an hour this afternoon to Ritch Alvin of how worried she was about Carol. How uncommunicative the child seemed, how shy, how awkward in her relationship even with Lizbeth, her mother. Sometime Carol was going to have to face the world and it would be a shock to her. She was almost six. Sometimes she seemed like three or four.

Lizbeth moved on to the nursery door, knocked and then opened the door. You always knocked first. The nursery was Miss Dearborn's room too. "All finished?" Lizbeth asked.

"Yes, you may come in." Miss Dearborn's attempt at cordiality was, as usual, dreary. "Soon as we do our bathroom chores we'll be right with you."

Carol was already in her pajamas. Miss Dearborn always put them on her right after her bath, which was at five-thirty. Her hair was in braids as usual, not a curl allowed to escape. Her face was shiny and clean but it was white, dreadfully white. Her eyes looked big and dark and pathetically serious.

"I'd like to take Carol to my room for a while. I have a new book for you—want to, dear?"

"As you like, Mrs. Steele," Miss Dearborn answered for her.

Lizbeth went to her room to wait, and she was quivering. Yes, there was the reason for it all; she had just seen it. Oh, she had noticed it before, but never quite so strongly. No wonder Carol didn't talk. Why should she? Every time anybody asked her something, Miss Dearborn answered for her. Lizbeth had only worried about it before. Now it made her furious. A woman like Miss Dearborn, a nurse, an expert, should know better about children! A child gets lazy; she'll ask for what she needs, but not if there is no need for asking. And there

was no need for Carol to utter even a syllable. Her food was always there when she was hungry. Water and fruit juices were handed to her at hourly intervals. If the thermometer went up, Miss Dearborn was there to take off her sweater; if it went down she was there to put it on again. When she got tired of one plaything, Miss Dearborn was there with another. The only thing which Carol was ever required to say—and often Lizbeth had heard Miss Dearborn prompting her at that—was "Thank you, Miss Dearborn. Thank you, Mama. Good night, Mama; good night, Father."

Lizbeth could cry. Because it was her fault too—you couldn't blame it all on Miss Dearborn and Fred; but she had been so helpless for so long, so strait-jacketed. And she wanted so much for Carol. Lizbeth tried to think back, of her own childhood. In spite of her parents' wealth, she had experienced something of a normal life. She remembered going with her Nannie into the kitchen; Nannie sometimes let her help wipe her own dishes; the cook often let her stir cake batter and then lick the cake bowl. The handy man at their Duck Harbor place used to let her help wash the dogs or clean the aviary with him. But the ranch kitchen, here, Miss Dearborn looked down upon. The rabbit warren was also to be given a wide berth: "They carry the vilest diseases!"

Carol had no pets. And those pigtailed. Only once Lizbeth had heard Carol ask for something: "Couldn't I have curls, Miss Dearborn?" "Your hair hanging all over the place picking up heaven knows what kind of filth!" had been Miss Dearborn's reaction. And they lived on a ranch for that—so that Carol could be confined, inside, to the four walls of a room decorated with pink and blue rosebud wallpaper; outside, to within the radius of Miss Dearborn's scrawny arm!

Lizbeth tried to remember something else. When she had been six, she remembered quite distinctly that Nannie had faded out and Mademoiselle had come into her life. Books and French and music and spelling. Most children went to school, or had tutors. Lizbeth's case had been different because her mother, she recalled with irony, had always seemed to be off on honeymoons. Lizbeth had loved Mademoiselle eventually and had hated her mother. This put a new panic into her mind now. Could Carol possibly love Miss Dearborn? Would Carol suffer, being taken away from her? Lizbeth's mother heart quickly answered that that was impossible.

Oh, how many times she had argued with Fred: "Miss Dearborn is ruining her; let me take care of her!"

He had made all the obvious excuses. "I suppose you'd like the disciplining, the pottyng—all that disagreeableness," he had said once to her. "Who'd take care of her clothes, for example? You can't send her things to a laundry, and try to get the average servant to take care of them! No, my dear, you keep yourself fresh for her—for her playtime. You be the fun-person for her; let Miss Dearborn do the dirty work."

IT HAD almost nauseated her because this words were so false. She had no playtime with Carol; it was impossible for her to be a "fun-person"; they would not let her be anything to her. "But you don't understand, Fred—there is no such thing as dirty work as far as children are concerned, if you love them."

"Besides Miss Dearborn is a trained nurse," he had reminded her. "Look at Carol's excellent health."

"She's puny, she's undersized."
"A stage they go through. She'll start growing."

He seldom mentioned the real reason that he kept her from Carol. Lizbeth was unfit to be a mother; her child had been conceived out of wedlock. "What happened to you is never going to hap-

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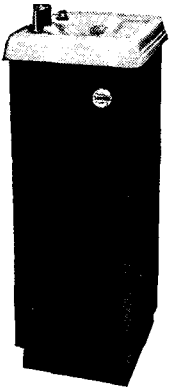
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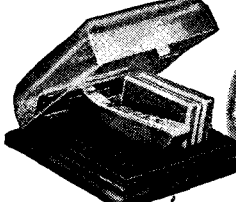


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Collier's for May 3, 1947

pen to Carol," he wrote her once. She had written back, "Don't you realize that love is more important sometimes than certificates?"

He hadn't answered. He realized nothing. His purity was a bore; it was a demon.

Ritch Alvin had said that afternoon, "Good God, if it's gone on like this for so long, why have you endured it?"

It was something she couldn't explain to him. But she felt that something of the same kind must happen to a lot of marriages. First you think you love someone, as Lizbeth had thought she loved Fred. She had been grateful to him; she respected him. He had married her and her child; and he had married her without thought of her money. He had even insisted, when they married, that she give up the allowance her mother had always provided for her. He had said that if they were really to love each other, she must live as he lived, on what he made, which wasn't much, sometimes nothing. Lizbeth realized now of course why he had done that; it was all part of his ego. He had said he wouldn't like to be talked about, as they surely would talk about him if he had moved with Lizbeth into the old Faulkner place on upper Fifth Avenue. But he was talked about; he knew he would be—and he wanted it. People said he was proud; a man to turn down all that Faulkner money! That showed guts, courage, ambition.

Later, Lizbeth further realized that it was not only *not* pride, but that by cutting Lizbeth off from her family, he could cut her off from her old life. He could wean her completely away from her mother, whose influence he felt was bad—Lizbeth could never disagree with him on that. But more important, he could cut her off from leisure and friends, a dozen or so young men who were her admirers, and from everything which was a part of her normal life.

In their stead, Lizbeth began washing sheets in the bathtub of their one-room walk-up. In the evenings she sat with Fred in cafés, with his friends, mostly impoverished musicians. To the rich the poor sometimes look glamorous—if it is an artistic poorness; this was, and it

had a certain fascination for Lizbeth. A new world opened up to her—theater, backstage, the struggles of talent—and this world revolved around Fred. She sat with him by the hour while he talked to his gang, holding court. He always held her hand, or his arm was along the back of her chair. It lulled her, deceived her.

He did not show her much passion that first half year, and that too she respected. That began only after Carol. It came with such suddenness and intensity that it swept her off her feet. She gave herself over to this new phase of her life with Fred with full response. That was the part which would be especially hard to explain to a scarcely known man like Ritch Alvin. That she had been passionate once, and that her physical life with Fred for a long time covered a multitude of small miseries and aches. There were Fred's moods of torments, times when he remembered Dick even more than Lizbeth did. There was his anger and hate for Carol occasionally. Lizbeth tried desperately to excuse it; it was only natural, Lizbeth told herself. A man looking constantly at the face of another man's child.

THERE was something else which filled her horizon and blinded her vision—Fred's music. It was a spellbinder. Once a critic had used the word in connection with one of Fred's earlier shows. Lizbeth had resented it. The phrase implied that Fred's music was false, that you were lured and cheated by it. Well, the man had been right. At least Fred's music had deceived her. It didn't any more, but there had been a time when he was struggling up when all she needed was to come into the room and see him at the piano to know his mood and to respond to it. He fought the piano when he was angry, clung to it when he was sad, caressed it when he was enamored. Sometimes he sobbed against it, cursed it. He seemed enslaved to the piano. A good heart is always touched by slavery. Lizbeth was touched; she, too, became defiant about Fred's luck. He must be somebody; the world must recognize him!

And it began to. Fred got a song in one show, a ballet in another. He composed a modern symphony which was played at



Collier's for May 3, 1947

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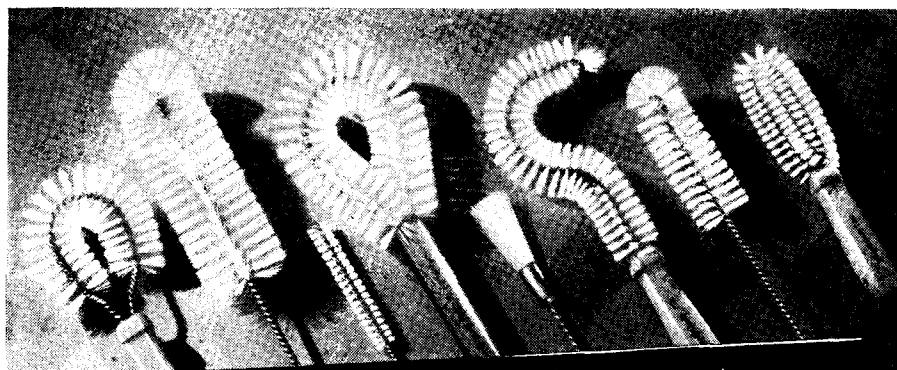
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

the Lewisohn Stadium. He began to work on a complete score, words and lyrics, for a musical. He could find no story he liked, so he wrote the book too. It was then that he began to develop the myth of his dependence on Lizbeth.

He consulted her on every phrase he composed. He would turn to her constantly, asking her opinion of this and that. At first she demurred, saying that she didn't know anything about music, but he persisted. He would cleverly seem to force her to make decisions, give advice. That enabled him to say, later, "You see you are responsible for even my music! You can't leave me, Lizbeth!"

It was after Fred had come back from the Army that Lizbeth made her first effort to leave him. The two years that he had been away had been almost unbearable, and for the first time had shown her the real ugliness of his jealousy. It had begun in his letters, the agonized outpouring of his fears as to what she would be doing while he was away; whom she would be seeing. The letters got worse: filled with threats and warnings. Then he began popping up at odd times, expecting to find God knows what—shaking her, questioning and accusing her for hours. "Whom have you been seeing, tell me?" It was impossible to repeat even in her own mind some of the questions he had asked her. "How can you love me if you can think such things of me?" she would plead with him. It was no use; the whole thing was hopeless, miserable, degrading. "Fred, try to understand—it isn't because of any other man, but I can't be with you any more."

Fine way to treat a man when he's been away two years, giving up his wife, his career, his home, for his country. He even pulled that. It had made her livid. "You didn't have to go; you went because you wanted to—out of some very selfish reason, I'm sure." She would not even give him the benefit of some vague patriotism. There was no room for patriotism in him. No room for anything except his suspicion and his fear and his desire for complete and horrible power over her. Two years later, during an argument, she found out why he did go into the Army. "I wanted to see what would happen if I left you alone." It sounded typical. Give her rope, feed it out to her bit by bit, hoping she'd catch her neck in it. And she was certain that in his way he had enjoyed it. He fed on his jealousy. It was his sustenance, emotional and physical.

But that first time, after he had come back from the Army, he had persuaded her, by a magic of words, to try once more. She remembered that it had been after two days, the most awful and emo-

tional days. They were both fatigued, low, spiritless. Fred was playing the piano. He played for a long time, quietly, listlessly, then he stopped and came over to her. He sat down beside her. He was very calm, his eyes level, sincere.

After a moment he said, "We've gotten out of the habit of each other, Lizbeth. But give it another chance. I have only you to come back to. I'm at the bottom again as far as my music is concerned. There's no money even. We'll have to start over. Are you afraid of that?"

He knew it would shame her, and it did. She made to herself, all the excuses for him. He was back at the bottom again. The Army, they said, did do things to people, even if you weren't fighting. It was an unnatural life. What had he gone through? She didn't really know. He'd get better, she thought. She didn't like the idea of throwing a man out when he was already down. "All right," she told herself, "at least I'll stay with him until he gets on top again."

THE on-top moment was a long time coming but it came finally the night of the preview of his first picture. It was after that that she had told him she had had enough. "Not alive you won't leave me, Lizbeth," had been his answer.

Six months had passed since then, and here she was now, right back where she had started.

Not quite. She had done one thing about it. She had made her first move about Carol. Ritch Alvin would draw up the papers. In fact, that was something else good which had happened—she had found someone to help her. But she must not think about Ritch. Fred must not become suspicious—for all their sakes, and especially Carol's. That reminded her. It couldn't possibly take that long for a child to go to the bathroom.

Lizbeth went back to the nursery, went right through to the nursery bathroom. Carol was at the washbowl, and Miss Dearborn was leaning over her. "Up and down, dear, not back and forth. Now open up—the under side. There—now let me see your nails—"

"Never mind the nails tonight," Lizbeth said coldly. "Come along, Carol."

She had barely gotten Carol settled with her on her bed, when Effie appeared in the doorway: "Your dinner's ready, Mrs. Steele." And right behind her, Miss Dearborn said, "I'll take over now, Carol, so your mother can eat in peace."

"But I don't want to eat in peace. I'll take her to the table with me."

"But Carol hasn't put away her toys yet. We have to put away our toys, don't we, dear?"

Something cautioned Lizbeth. I'm on



COLLIER'S

IRWIN CAPLAN

Collier's for May 3, 1947

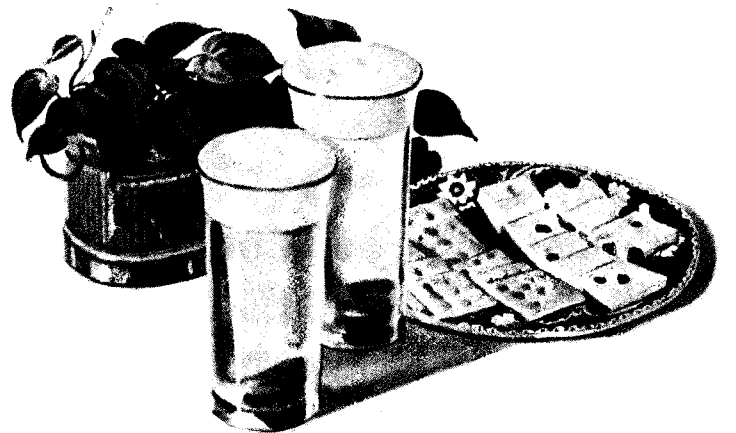


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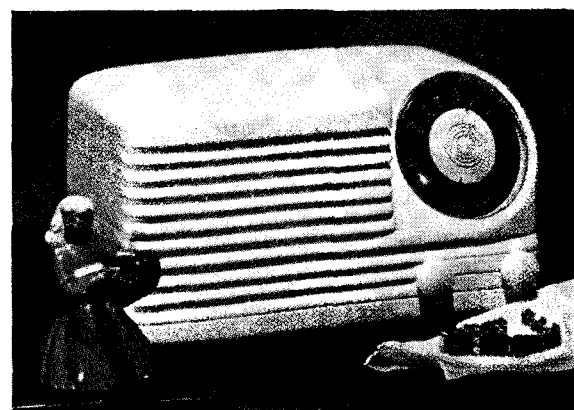
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we won't discuss it further." Lizbeth turned away, moved toward her dressing table.

There was the sound of Fred's car in the drive. Almost immediately Miss Dearborn began to whimper: "I don't know what you expect of someone. Heaven knows it's no picnic to be stuck out here so far from everything. I've tried to do my best—"

"I said that'll do, Miss Dearborn."

"I've just lived for that child—" She went on mumbling and whining, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief. She had managed to work herself up to tears by the time Fred appeared in the doorway.

He almost always entered his own room via Lizbeth's, ignoring the door in the hall which led into his own room, so it was not unusual to see him there. What was so unusual was that he was in such a good mood. The sight of Miss Dearborn in tears didn't at all upset him.

His tone was gentle, practically parental. "What's this?"

"Mrs. Steele is trying to get rid of me!" Miss Dearborn sobbed.

"I'm doing nothing of the kind. I suggested a vacation. Will you make her stop, Fred?"

Fred walked to the woman, put his arm around her. "Now, what is it? What's troubling you?"

"She's been fussy and picky ever since she came home late this afternoon. The good Lord knows I do my best; I try."

"Of course, you do. And we're very grateful." Fred was moving her gently toward the door. "If Mrs. Steele has been fussy I'm sure she's apologized." He patted her. "Now there—you don't look very pretty crying."

Miss Dearborn looked up at him soulfully. The idiot's in love with him, Lizbeth thought.

"You know how I just live for Carol. And Mrs. Steele's so upset tonight—I just thought—because she's worried she needn't take it out on me and Carol!"

"Whatever you did I'm sure was right. Good night now."

Miss Dearborn went off down the hall, sniffing. Fred closed the door, moved over to Lizbeth, kissed her on the cheek. "Can't you stop picking on her? She's probably having a change of life or something." He moved on into his own room, closing the windows, taking off his coat. "I know her personality isn't exactly exciting—"

Lizbeth scarcely heard; she was wondering. Could it be that Fred hadn't noticed about the station wagon? She had closed all the garage doors, including Fred's, hoping that he'd be too lazy or tired to open his—but the hope had been desperate. Fred was too fussy about his car, had too much owner's pride, as he had about all his possessions. The station wagon and the ranch pickup truck could stand out and rot, but not his custom-built roadster.

But apparently it had worked.

"What, Fred?"

"I said did you have any luck shopping?"

"So-so. Cotton things for Carol are hard to find—nighties, things like that. But a salesgirl promised to call me when they get some. How about you? Your day, I mean." That's right, keep it going.

BY NOW Fred was in his house jacket, sitting down to the sandwich tray which Effie had left for him. Lizbeth could see him through the open door, but she wasn't really looking at him or even listening. She was still wondering at her luck. She caught sentences here and there: "First time anybody has completely prerecorded a picture—going to cause a lot of comment . . . actors act to

music. This way everybody has it; the music is the design of the picture; not put in in snatches afterward to bolster it. . . ."

Lizbeth sat down at the dressing table, began putting a fresh coat of polish on her nails.

She heard it twice, or thought she did: "By the way, Liz, where's the station wagon? By the way, Liz, where's the station wagon?" The second time, she realized, was only the echo in the hollow cavern of her mind.

"I had trouble with it." She said it quite calmly; she was surprised at herself. Perhaps she hadn't answered very quickly, but she had answered.

"What was wrong with it?"

"It choked and sputtered. . . . I don't know, just acted up."

"You left it someplace?"

"At a garage. At Jensen's, in Northfield." She dipped the brush again into the polish bottle. The bottle quivered a little.

"At Jensen's?"

"Yes, they were closed, but I left it there. I'll call them in the morning."

"Lizbeth—Jensen's hasn't been there for several months."



JOAN AND THE WAIL

Career girls, when they're badly harried,

Think perhaps they should have married.

Married girls, reduced to tears,

Regretfully regard careers!

—Rod Maclean

"Oh, this stuff!" The bottle had spilled. Lizbeth reached quickly for a wad of face tissue. "I'll just ruin this table."

"Lizbeth, did you hear me? Jensen's hasn't been there for months."

"Well, whatever the garage's name is. And I don't even have any polish remover to take this off! Do you think turpentine—"

"Lizbeth!" His tone was so demanding that she had to turn and look at him.

"Fred, can't you see I'm—"

"There isn't any garage at Northfield any more. That's why I've been having all my work done at the studio. Jensen's is a big antique store now. Don't you remember?"

She did remember—of course, now, too late. That big barn of a garage, bulging with furniture and junk. The Northfield Grab Bag it was called now; out front there was a tremendous spinning wheel. No one could possibly mistake it for a garage. In her mind Lizbeth saw Ritch looking for Jensen's, driving around and around.

"All right, Liz," Steele said quietly.

"Let's start over."

Lizbeth said and did the only thing

she could think of. "Not if you're going to use that tone!" She strode to the door connecting the two rooms and banged it hard. She hoped she had looked like innocence outraged, instead of just frightened.

She waited.

She couldn't understand it. She sat down on the edge of the bed. She got up. She walked around. She finished cleaning up the polish as best she could. Still he didn't appear. It couldn't be five minutes; it seemed like an hour. She decided she'd take a bath. She went into her bathroom, ran the water. The running water and the sweeping whining wind helped to fill up the silence. She returned to the bedroom, undressed.

SHE was slipping into her robe, when Fred opened the door. She saw the empty tray behind him. He had been casually finishing his supper.

"I'm waiting for you to tell me." His face and voice were without expression.

"All right," she started bravely, "but what right have you to question me in that tone—as though I'd done something wrong? I told you I left the wagon at Jensen's. Well, obviously I didn't. But it's only because you think I'm so careless that I hated to tell you what did happen!" It had a fine defiant ring to it; she was quite pleased with herself. She wasn't sure where it was leading, but the point was to make it sound as though it were leading somewhere.

"Go on. So you're afraid I might think you're careless."

"I didn't say that. I said you do think I'm careless. I didn't want you to scold me."

"I won't scold you for just carelessness. Where's the station wagon, Lizbeth?"

It was maddening, but she could really expect nothing else; he'd keep on asking her that. Where's the station wagon? Where's the station wagon?

"I don't know. That's why I can't tell you!" She said it snippily. She went into the bathroom and flipped some bath salts into the tub.

He followed her to the bathroom door. "Lost! One station wagon; that's interesting."

She didn't answer. She pretended to be very busy with the bath salts. Their fragrance was overpowering. Maybe I'll faint, she thought hopefully.

"All I'm asking you is: Where is the station wagon? Is that such a disturbing question? Lost, strayed or stolen, Lizbeth?"

"Stolen." There, that was it; almost with relief she looked at him. She managed to temper it, though, somehow, with apology.

He looked relieved, too. But for the first time Lizbeth felt a suspicion. "He doesn't believe it; he knows I'm lying." It was his old cat-and-mouse game, and he was loving it.

"I don't understand why you didn't tell me right away."

"Because you're always warning me to lock it up and I left the keys in the ignition. When I came out it was gone." She put the salts back on their shelf and went past him into the bedroom.

"Out of where?"

"Out of Starr's." She began brushing her hair.

"Well, at least they're responsible then. Have you got the parking-lot ticket?"

"I wasn't in the parking lot. It was right out front on Wilshire Boulevard."

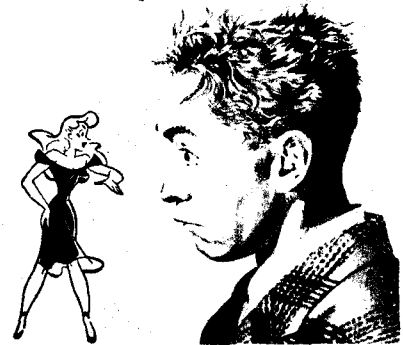
"Did you report it?"

"What, Fred?" She knew what he had said though. "Turn off the water. I can't hear you."

Fred turned off that bath water, came out.

Suddenly in the way he was looking at her, she knew that she should never take

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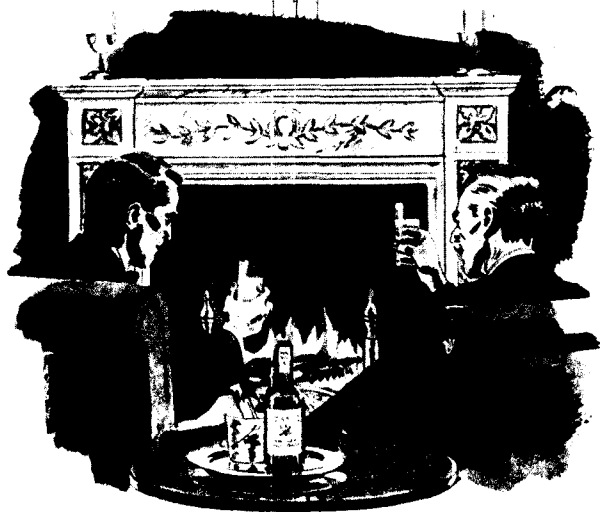
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that bath. He'll hold my head under the water until I tell him what happened this afternoon, and then when I tell him, keep holding it there. There'll be no marks on my throat; he'll do it with a soft wet bath towel. *Mrs. Steele, in a tub too hot for her, fainted and was drowned last night at approximately 8:20.*

"Did you report the theft?" Fred asked again.

"No, I didn't. I spoke to the policeman on the corner. He said I'd have to go to the police station. It was late; I didn't feel like going all the way downtown. I'll do it in the morning."

"There's a police station in Beverly Hills."

"I didn't think of it."

"I suppose the best place to report it is at Northfield, since we live here."

I SUPPOSE, thought Lizbeth, after a while you get used to the processes of guilt, even get slick at it. Ritch had said, "Stick to your story." She should have, she realized—Jensen's or no Jensen's. "Yes, I left the car at Jensen's. I didn't notice it was a red barn now. It was late and I knew it was closed." Only the unreasonable sounded reasonable—if you made it reasonable by repeating it over and over. And Ritch, when he discovered that there was no Jensen's, would also do the unreasonable thing, and would leave the car there anyway. But now: Suppose Constable Gifford told Fred, as he surely would, "You'll have to come down here to the station." Ritch, about now, would be returning to Northfield. Fred would drive down. Suppose—good Lord! if he saw Ritch—!

Panicky, Lizbeth emptied her night vacuum bottle into a flowerpot and followed Fred to the kitchen.

He was already at the wall phone, talking to Gifford. Lizbeth went to the refrigerator. "That stupid Effie, always forgetting to give me water."

"But can't you let me do it over the phone?" Fred was asking. "Or bring the papers up here?"

"Offer him a drink," said Lizbeth. "He'll come up."

Fred seemed to think it was a good idea. "Look, Gifford, I'm already undressed—I got in late—I was just having a Scotch and soda—"

It was as good as done; Gifford said he'd be up.

Lizbeth didn't wait for Fred to hang up; she went on back to her room. She went into her bathroom and locked the door. She felt safe for the moment. She let herself down slowly into the tub and lay back. What would happen when the police found the car in Northfield? "A coincidence, Fred. I swear to you; all I know is that when I came out of Starr's the car was gone. . . ." Sticking to your story a little late, wasn't it? Oh, it was a mess, a mess. She found herself again wondering about Ritch. Suppose they hadn't been able to get the car started? No. She wouldn't let herself think that. In an hour or so he'd be home, safe. At least, she realized, it was a relief to worry about someone else for a change.

But the worry after a while got to be more than she could stand. If she could call the garage at Newport and find out if he left there . . .

There was only one chance to make such a call. About twenty minutes later she heard Fred's voice in the bar off the den, and Gifford's voice. She slipped quietly through the dark house to the kitchen. She didn't know the name of the garage, or whether it had a phone. She could try, that was all.

She kept the kitchen unlighted. She shook as she stood at the phone, straining up to it. The Newport Beach operator reported to the Northfield operator that there were eight garages in Newport Beach, and at least three of them were on the highway.

"Tell her that it's across from a place called the Tarpaulin."

"Do you have that address?" the operator asked.

"Naturally not, or I'd know where the garage is, too. Look, just give me the Tarpaulin. It's a restaurant, a café."

A moment later she got the Tarpaulin on the phone and asked the name of the garage. The waitress Lizbeth remembered from earlier in the afternoon had answered. "It's just called Bill's as far as I know."

"Can't you look? It's just across the highway."

"That's right—Bill's Garage. But it's all dark there now."

Lizbeth flashed the operator. "It's called Bill's Garage; can you get it now?"

Lizbeth began listening in another direction; through the dining room, through the living room. It wasn't so much that she heard anything; she felt a vibration on the floor.

Then she heard the phone ringing at Bill's Garage. It rang and rang.

"They don't answer," the operator reported.

"Operator—"

But now she knew what the vibration was. She quickly hung up, sped across the kitchen to the back door. It was locked; she fumbled for the bolt.

The main door into the kitchen swung open, and the kitchen sprang into merciless light. Fred and Mr. Gifford paused in the doorway, startled.

She said, quickly, "I was just checking to see if the girls locked up." Sure, she had cat's eyes; she always went around in the dark. She didn't dare look at Fred to see if he believed her.

"How are you, Mrs. Steele?" Gifford greeted her pleasantly. He was a big man; the kitchen shook as he crossed toward the phone. He had the station wagon's registration in his hand. "I'm just going to phone in the report now. Funny they'd take your convertible wagon, Mrs. Steele—too easy to spot. If it's on the road we'll have it home in a couple of hours. If it's hidden away"—he cuddled up to the phone, dialing—"it'll take longer."

Lizbeth went back to her room. She got into bed, turned out the lights. It was just some place to crawl to. Then she noticed that she could see the kitchen, the sleeping wing and the kitchen wing being opposite each other, separated by a patio. Through the lighted kitchen window she could see Fred walking up and down, his hands in his pockets. She wished she could see his face. Or did she really want to? If she could just lie here, quietly, peaceably—forever.

The kitchen light went out shortly. Then she heard their voices at the front door.

"I'll call you first thing in the morning, Mr. Steele."

"Call me tonight if you hear anything. I'll be working late anyway. Good night."

If he only would work—anything, so he wouldn't come in and talk to her. A moment later Lizbeth heard the piano.

FRED played softly. The music-room door was closed. Ordinarily Lizbeth wouldn't have heard the piano—not because of the distance between the two rooms, or the closed doors, but because she had trained herself not to. Just as she had a long time ago begun fighting Fred's physical appeal for her, and had been able finally not only to deny its existence, but was filled with loathing at the thought of intimacy with him, so she had consciously fought the appeal of his music. There had been moments when she would say to herself, "I have to forgive him because of the talent in him." But after a while she had reasoned how ridiculous that was. Fred claimed that the talent in him was a torture. Other people had talents which were joyous, bursting with love and beauty. In Fred's case it was not the talent which troubled him; Fred troubled his talent. It was an-

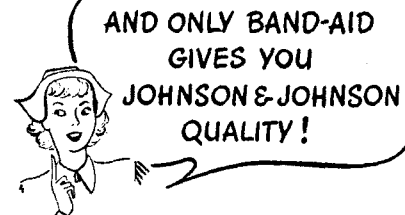


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other possession, as Lizbeth was a possession, to be guarded lest it sicken and slowly die, or lest Lizbeth in her threat to leave him would destroy it—or that others would steal it from him. He watched the work of other musicians suspiciously. Lizbeth knew that was one of the reasons he had hit upon prerecording his picture. He felt safer that way; the sooner his score was put onto film, the less likely other composers would be to borrow from him.

The whole subject of his music had eventually disgusted her; she had shut it out of her being. But tonight she listened, trying to divine his mood.

She listened for a long time and could tell nothing. He was running through the picture score, the main themes. His playing was controlled, precise, as though he were playing for timing, not for emotional values. Rehearsal playing. After a while, though, he seemed to change; fear started up in her again. There was emotion now in the music; it began to build and build. The music was building as the picture story did. The "chase" music; that's what it was. In a class picture such as Fred's they didn't call that particular sequence a chase. It wasn't cars and trains and sirens screaming through the night; emotions chased one another, not vehicles. But it was a chase, in effect. It was the picture's excitement episode, the suspense. Suddenly Fred broke off. It was the usual break. Lizbeth waited. Now was where the sunset-road music should begin—that was what Fred always bitingly called it: that last sequence in which the two lovers are reunited and walk away from the camera into the sunset or into the rising sun, or into whatever state the sun was. Not that that actual scene was in Fred's picture either; what happened was that the man went one way, and the woman another, but it was still sunset-road music.

Lizbeth waited breathlessly. Fred played no more. There was a silence.

She heard him come into his room, from the hall; she heard him get into bed. His reading light showed in a yellow strip under the door. Often he read at night, dropping off to sleep, the light continuing to burn until morning. If that would happen, how was she to know when he was asleep? And she had to know. She had decided that she must try once again to reach Ritch.

SHE lay there worrying, wondering. One thought kept repeating itself: Ritch had been right. She should have gone to the police about Fred a long time ago. Yet she had often thought that out; tonight as she imagined the scene again it had a particularly ridiculous ending.

"I want to have my husband locked up. It's for my child's sake and for my own physical safety. He's going to kill me."

"Not so fast. You'll have to prefer charges. What charges can you make?"

"He's jealous of me."

"That's no charge. What proof have you he's going to kill you?"

"He's said so."

Laughter. "I've said I'm going to kill my wife, too. I am, some day, if she don't stop nagging me. So go on. Does he ever hit you?"

"He has, once or twice."

"Let's see the marks."

"Not lately."

"Too bad. Look, lady, the best thing for you to do is keep out of his way."

"You don't know Fred."

"Well, this isn't the first time a lady says she's afraid of her husband. You sure you haven't been giving him the slip? Maybe he just wants to hold you in line."

"I went to see a man on his boat today, but only on business."

"On his boat? On business? Come now. Doesn't this fellow have an office?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go to his office then?"

"I didn't want my husband to know—"

"There. You see!"

"Because my husband's suspicious of him, and if he finds out I went to see him he'll think—"

"What's he suspicious about?"

"He thinks we know each other, that there's something between us."

"Isn't there?"

"Well, there is now; at least he kissed me, but there wasn't then."

"What do you mean, lady? Explain yourself."

Lizbeth tried the scene several ways, but it always wound up the same: the policeman looking at her suspiciously.

Suddenly Lizbeth sat upright; the telephone was ringing. She heard Fred go down the hall, and then it stopped. She glanced at the clock. It was quarter after twelve.

It seemed forever before he came back.

Then she heard him moving about his room again. A few minutes later he opened her door. He was fully dressed. His voice sounded apologetic at disturbing her. "Lizbeth, you awake?"

"Awake? How could she ever sleep. The phone woke me."

"They found the car in downtown Los

really didn't matter where he left the car. The obvious explanation would be that the car had been stolen, not from in front of Starr's as Lizbeth had told it, but from in front of what had been Jensen's. It didn't matter that the two things didn't check, because there was no way of checking. All Fred would know was that Lizbeth's story was right; the car had been stolen and they had found it. Oh, blessed luck! Lizbeth was so relieved that she didn't want to move again, ever.

But she must move. She must make sure that Fred had really left and she must call Ritch at his home. Fred's phony exits she had had experience with before: going out, slamming the front door hard, starting the car, driving it down the road a ways, then sneaking back, hoping to find her on the phone, or crying, or laughing, or writing a letter, or heaven knows what.

The house was built on a slight slope. The garages were under the kitchen wing. Lizbeth, in her nightie, stood in the dining-room window and looked down. Fred was leaving all right, but not in the roadster. What pulled out of the garage was

into tough downtown Los Angeles. He had taken the truck because it was handy, and because the roadster was polished and beautiful, and there was too much dust in the night wind.

She went to the kitchen, glanced into the Beverly Hills phone book and called Ritch.

The Chinaman answered. Mr. Alvin was not at home.

"Do you know where I can reach him?"

"Not possible. He phoned an hour ago he stay on his boat tonight."

"Thank you. Good night."

She felt more than ever relieved. If Ritch had had any trouble, if he had been worried about the outcome he would have gotten a message to her somehow. He was safe, miles away on the peaceful bay; and she was safe.

On her way back to her bedroom, Lizbeth listened at the nursery door. The room was quiet, except for Miss Dearborn's snoring.

In bed again, she thought briefly of Fred, realizing that she had learned her lesson; this must be her last experience with him. As soon as the papers about Carol were prepared, she must leave. She thought of Ritch, too. She thought of Ritch's kiss. It was the last thing she thought about, and then she slept.



"Too bad, Mr. Fripp—we'd have approved of you"

SYDNEY HOFF

Angeles. I'm going down to claim it." He waited. "Well?"

It didn't make sense to her. She couldn't understand it.

"I'm glad." Her voice sounded like Carol's; no timbre to it. "That was quick. Where did you say they found it?"

"Down in Los Angeles. I'm going down to claim it."

She wanted to believe, she had to believe him. Ritch had found out there was no Jensen's and so had just ditched the car. "Do you have to go now?"

"Wilding is coming out here at ten to go over wardrobe sketches. I won't have time in the morning."

"I could do it."

"The car's in my name; they want me. I'll just sign for it and send someone from the studio tomorrow to pick it up."

"Oh. Well . . ."

"Good night, Lizbeth."

"Good night."

She had tried to see his face, but the light was behind him. She went over each of his words; he had been calm, almost unconcerned. She asked herself why Ritch would have left the car in Los Angeles. He had not been able to find a Jensen's; he must have reasoned that it

the pickup truck. That was odd; Fred hated the rattly truck, wouldn't ride in it if he could help it. But at this hour of night, in that rich-looking car—an average of fifty holdups a night in Los Angeles alone! Fred often talked about it; said a man should carry a gun after ten.

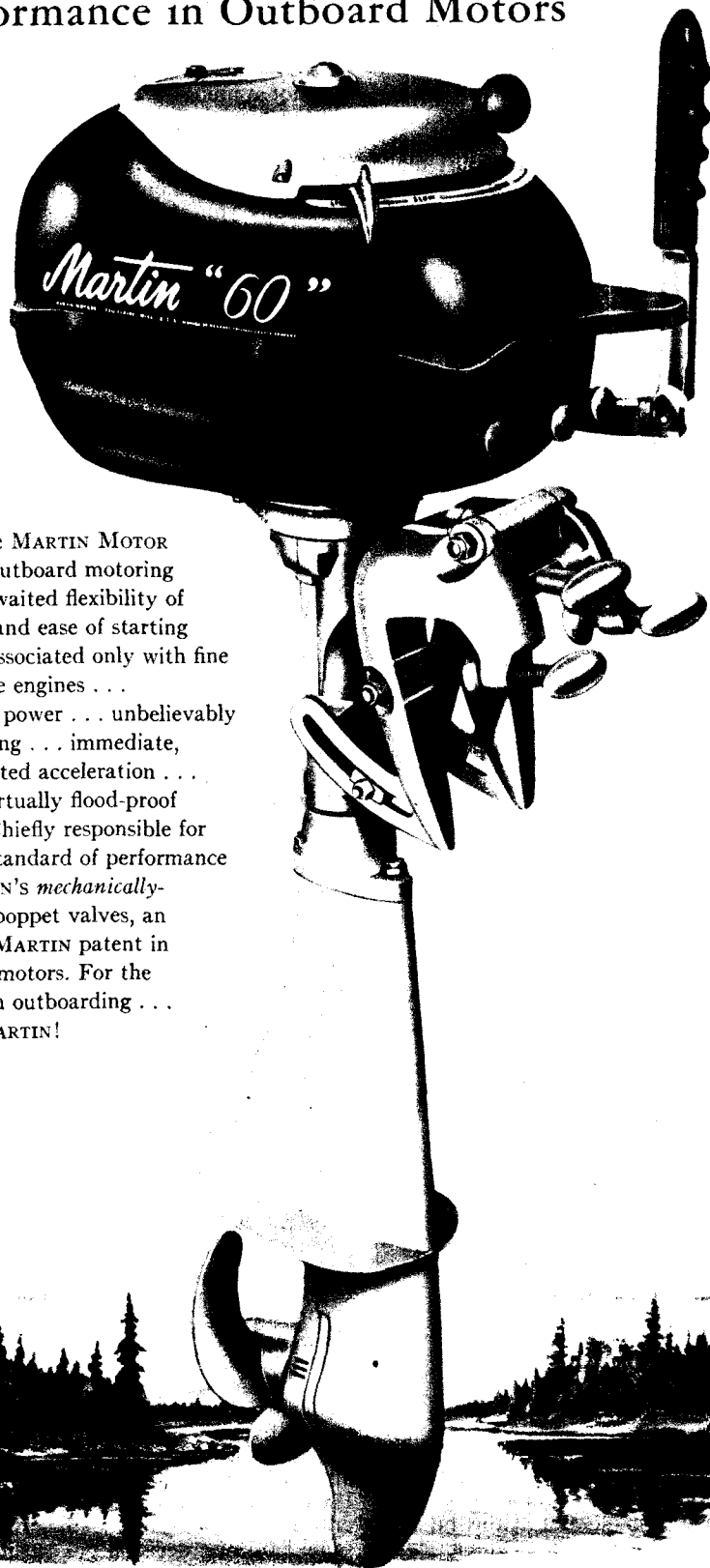
Then with frightening clarity she knew. It's strange how one can see an object for two years at least, know of that object's existence, yet never really see it. She remembered how it had startled her at first, two years ago when they had come to the ranch. Lizbeth had seen the gun in its holster, strapped to the truck's steering wheel. "Mrs. Steele, you get into as close quarters with rattlers as I have, you'd be glad to have something to reach for too!" the foreman had said. Lizbeth also remembered that once, long later, Jerry had said he had trapped a wildcat and shot it. She had never thought to ask what he had shot it with. Even when she had ridden in the truck she hadn't seen the gun. It was as much a part of the truck as its wheels.

But if she hadn't been aware of the gun's existence, why should Fred be aware of it? And suppose he had? He wanted it for protection only, on his way

HAROLD WILDING had been waiting half an hour. He was a slim, blondish young man, and inclined to be impatient. When he was impatient his long, sensitive hands moved restlessly, bothered his necktie or his hair, or just moved about touching objects. He was very responsive to touch. Other people looked at fabrics or paintings or furnishings for their colors. Wilding had to feel of them to know if they were beautiful. He moved about Mr. Steele's study, touching things now. The heavy, carved mahogany of a console table disturbed him. The dark brown monk's-cloth draperies were equally unpleasant. He felt further; the whole room was just too masculine, heavy, overpowering. Even the piano. Now if Mr. Wilding had his way, the piano should be ivory, with a mirror-like sheen, and there should be crystal on it, tinkling, delicate, catching the light—instead of that heavy-framed picture of Mrs. Steele, which just flashed its glass covering at you. Although Mrs. Steele was a very pretty woman. But the whole room could be lightened, made into a joyous singing thing. The ornateness of the Chinese rug—disgusting. For a moment Harold let himself relax into a sensuous dream of plush and velvet. Then he again glanced at his watch. It was twenty-five minutes of eleven.

Usually Mr. Steele was punctual; usually you found him waiting for you. Harold was annoyed because he had promised Mr. Farnol, the director, to get some kind of a decision out of Steele by eleven. It was Saturday and Miss Thorne's gowns, for the first scenes at least, had to be put into work over the week end. Harold untied his large sketch portfolio, and began to place his sketches around, on chairs, on the floor, along the couch. He placed one on the piano, in front of Mrs. Steele's picture. He hadn't planned to display his sketches so flagrantly. He had meant to hand them to Steele one by one, working up to a climax of the best ones. You had to do that with Steele. You had to sense him at every mood, trick and delude him if possible. He tricked you; he was the worst kind of person to work for. Harold was still burning because just yesterday he had discovered by accident that he, Harold, was not the only costume designer on the picture. Mr. Steele had also asked Marion Short to show him "what she had in mind." Pitting two people against each other, without either of them knowing it. It was unethical, cruel. A man like that doesn't deserve to be where he is; but there he was and you had to put

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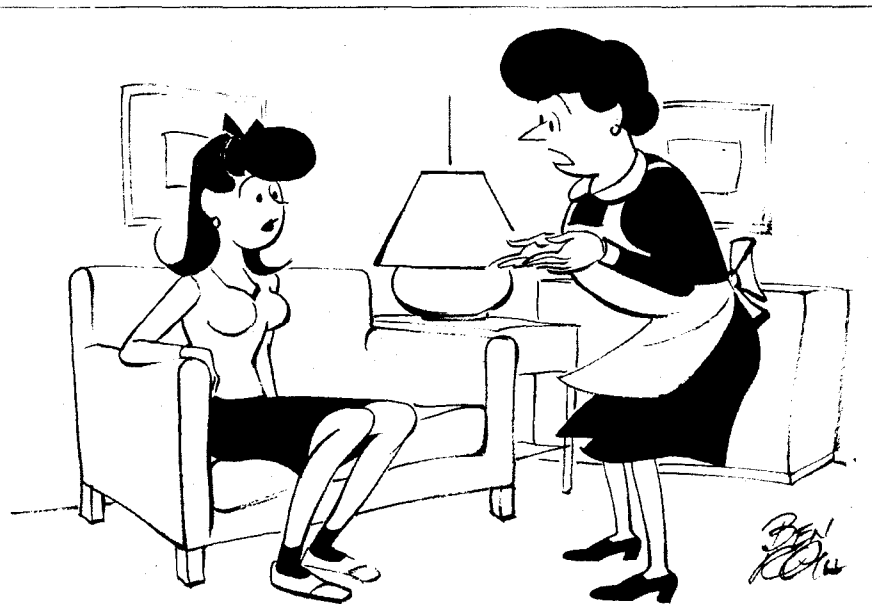


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"I think you should know more about him before you get too serious. After all, he is a college boy, and is probably married and has a family!"

COLLIER'S

BEN ROTH

up with it. And so long as it was already so late, Harold might as well save time by placing his sketches within quick view. They looked quite impressive, at that. There were certainly a lot of them.

The door opened. Mrs. Steele came in. Wilding suddenly realized that he had a reservation to make about her—pretty, yes, even beautiful, but her carriage was all wrong. He noticed it now especially. No authority in it. A woman had to have authority to wear clothes. He had just been thinking that he might draw up some designs for her. She could take them to her own dressmaker, or perhaps have them made up at the studio. Women liked to have originals. It would be a politic move. But he wondered if she would do his creations justice. Her shoulders tight and knotty, a strained look about her entire body. Head up, shoulders back, he wanted to say to her. Don't cringe at the world; look how bright and rapturous it is. And her color: that was the trouble with suntans. Last time he had seen her, there'd been some copper in it. Now, as though she had been under a stone someplace, her skin was just gray, lifeless. She also looked bad around the eyes. Perhaps she was under the weather this morning. Harold decided to excuse her. He smiled pleasantly. "Good morning, pretty lady!"

"Mr. Wilding, Mr. Steele is sorry, but he can't see you today."

It was a shock. Harold did what he usually did when he was shocked. He took out his little tortoise-shell comb and combed his hair. He fought to keep his voice from trembling. "But, Mrs. Steele—"

"I know, it's a shame—your coming out all this way."

"If it's just that he isn't up yet, I'll be glad to wait. Mr. Farnol says it's very important."

"You can leave your sketches here." "Couldn't you take them in to him? The tea gown has to be chosen today—absolutely."

"He just can't see you. He apologizes." Mrs. Steele's tone was unnecessarily curt. She could at least be sympathetic. Perhaps if he tried taking her into his confidence. That usually worked with women.

"Mrs. Steele, you know what an important picture this is—how we'd all just nearly die to get a Steele credit! Costumes by Harold Wilding—"

"I said, if you'll leave them here, I'll show them to him."

Harold strove for dignity, his eyelashes fluttering: "Mrs. Steele, if Mr. Steele has already seen Marion Short's stuff—"

"I don't know anything about that. Mr. Steele doesn't feel well this morning. He'll phone you as soon as he's up."

Mrs. Steele was as bad as her husband. Harold allowed her to show him to the door, because there was nothing else to do. He went out mumbling to himself: cheats and deceivers! And he had wanted to see her gowned in his inspirations! She could go naked first. He turned and called to her in the doorway, using his own particular epithet for untrustworthy females. "Thank you, madam!"

As she closed the door she seemed scarcely to be looking at him.

LIZBETH went back to her room, sat in a chair by the window, stared dully at the morning landscape. Her mind was quite blank except for a few words which marched across it with ticker-tape precision: What happened? What has happened?

Shortly she heard Ella moving down the hallway toward Fred's door.

Ella was about to knock, when Mrs. Steele spoke to her from her doorway: "Don't wake him, Ella."

"But the studio's on the phone. Mr. Farnol—he says it's important."

"Tell Mr. Farnol that Mr. Steele'll call him back."

Lizbeth returned to her window. She knew now that she'd have to get the girls out of the house. She would like to get Miss Dearborn out too, but that was impossible. At least if Ella and Effie left, Lizbeth would have access to the kitchen and to the telephone. She didn't suspect that they watched her, but there was no need of arousing their suspicion. Wasn't tomorrow their day off anyway? Lizbeth moved over to her bed and rang the buzzer.

It was Effie who appeared after a few moments.

"Effie, Mr. Steele and I are going out tonight."

"Oh, that's nice for you, Mrs. Steele." "As long as you won't have to cook dinner, wouldn't you like to have the entire week end?"

Effie showed her shining white teeth for an answer.

"Isn't there a bus around noon you could catch?"

"Twelve-eleven, I think."

"Then you'd better hurry. Oh and, Effie—the only thing is, the truck isn't here. Neither is my car—"

"Oh, we can walk. There's always somebody to give us a lift to Northfield."

"I could take you in Mr. Steele's car."

Effie laughed. It was a wonderful laugh, splashing like water. "And get the devil for it? No ma'am, we'd rather walk than have him nosing around that car and saying 'Who's been sitting in my car!'" Her paraphrasing was from Carol's book about Goldilocks and the Three Bears. It didn't amuse Lizbeth, be-

cause she was not in the mood to be amused, but it touched her. Twenty minutes later, as she saw Effie and Ella breezing off down the hill, between them carrying their overnight case, suddenly Lizbeth loved them. They were the only two people she knew in whom unhappiness didn't exist. And yet they had such cause for unhappiness. It was baffling and wonderful.

Lizbeth went at once to the kitchen, but Miss Dearborn was already there starting to prepare Carol's lunch.

"It's such a nice day," Lizbeth observed, "why don't you and Carol go on a picnic?"

Miss Dearborn didn't answer. Lizbeth realized that, after the scene of last night, the woman wasn't speaking to her. Let her sulk then, only for heaven's sake, let her be quick about this lunch business.

Lizbeth began to move about, pretending to prepare a tray for her husband. She found some cold chicken; she made tea. She saw Jerry come up to the back door and beckon to her. She hoped if she ignored him he'd go away, but after a moment he called, "Mrs. Steele?"

She went out, giving a backward glance at Miss Dearborn. Miss Dearborn was at the stove, didn't seem to be noticing.

Lizbeth led Jerry a few steps away from the house; they both tried to look as though they were consulting about ranch business.

"Mrs. Steele, I saw you coming home in a taxi last night. I've been worrying about you."

She wanted to freeze up on him; she knew his concern was not for her, but for himself. But she didn't dare. "Yes, I had some trouble."

"And then the truck being gone." Jerry glanced toward the garage—the closed section where the roadster still was, and the empty open section from which the truck had disappeared. "Didn't I hear it going out around midnight?"

"You couldn't have, possibly. Mr. Steele took it this morning to the studio. Some repairs he wanted made."

"Oh. Mrs. Steele, you're not being honest with me."

She forced a laugh. "You're being very ridiculous. What are you getting at?"

"You know—about yesterday. Your seeing that lawyer fellow. Did you meet him like we arranged?"

"Oh, you mean you're still worried he'll go to the police? Oh, no. You know lawyers—always looking for trouble. You needn't worry; you're not in any trouble with Mr. Steele." She gave him a bland smile as the phone rang inside. "Excuse me, there's the phone. Oh, and, Jerry, you might as well take the horses up to the upper pasture today. We won't be using them this week end." The latter was for Miss Dearborn's benefit.

JERRY was well out of earshot by the time she answered the phone. Her heart was pounding nervously. It was Mr. Farnol.

"Mr. Steele's not sick, is he?" Farnol said.

"No, nothing serious; just taking it easy."

"Then why wouldn't he see Wilding? We've got to get started with a wardrobe. Marta Thorne refuses to shoot any scenes until her clothes are tested. That only gives us Monday and Tuesday."

"I'll have him call you; really."

"Well, go ask him now, can't you?"

Lizbeth said, "All right, just a moment." She let the receiver dangle.

She went through the house, back to the bedrooms. What a miserable mess of lies she had told. Now she had to act them. She stalled around her room for a while, then she returned to the kitchen. Carol, eating her lunch, put out her hand to her as she passed. Lizbeth didn't take hold of it—if she did she would cry. She just said, "Later, dear; I'm busy now."

She reported to Farnol: "Mr. Steele says the black one'll do, but that's the only one he wants to decide on today."

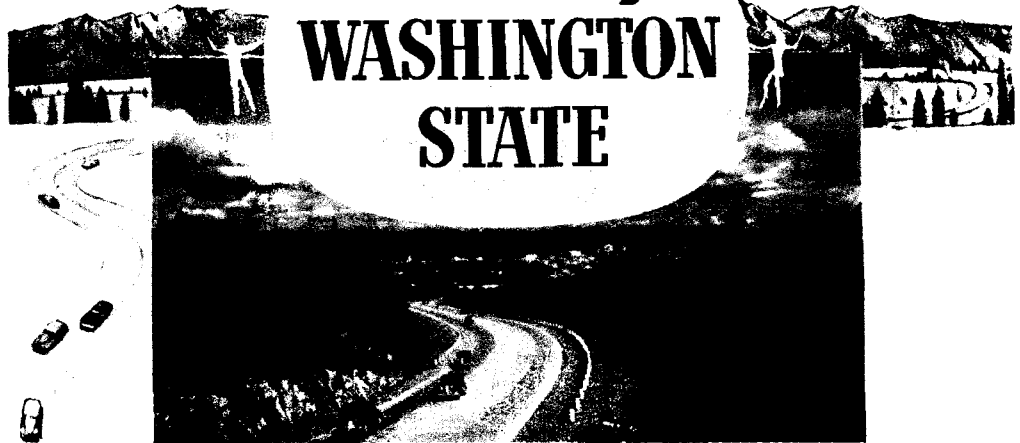
"At least that's something. Thanks."

Lizbeth turned away from the phone, picked up the tray, left the kitchen.

In her room, she sat looking at the tray. She had to eat some of the chicken or Miss Dearborn would get alarmed and say if he wasn't eating he must have a doctor. But even one small bite of the chicken choked her. She laid her head down on the dressing table; but tears wouldn't come. There was just that awful dryness in her throat. Her head, resting against her wrist, reverberated with the sound of her own pulse beat. Why had she had to make inquiries? Why—this morning when she had awakened at seven-thirty and had peeked into

Fascinating

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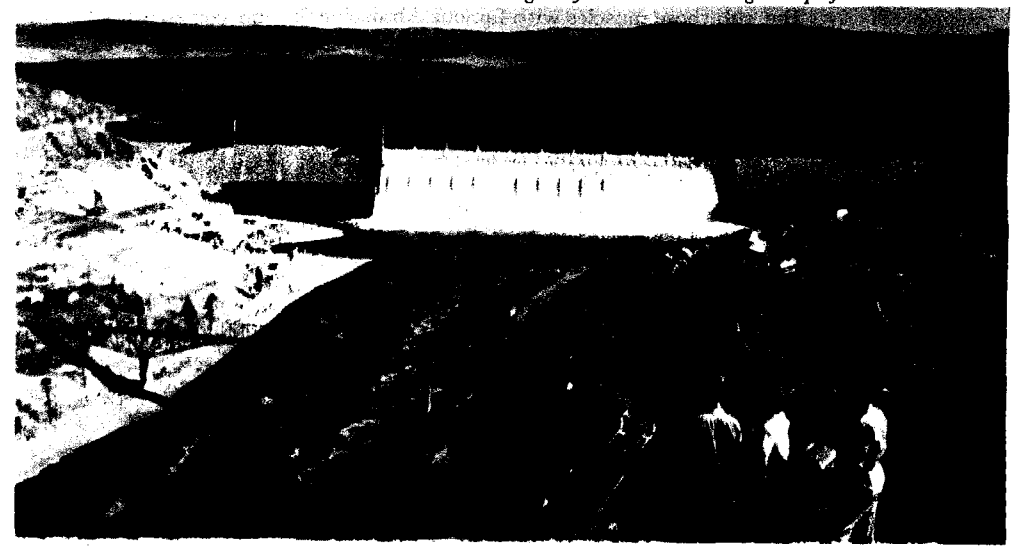
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"We never see the children any more now that they have that world of their own!"

COLLIER'S

FRANK OWEN

Collier's for May 3, 1947

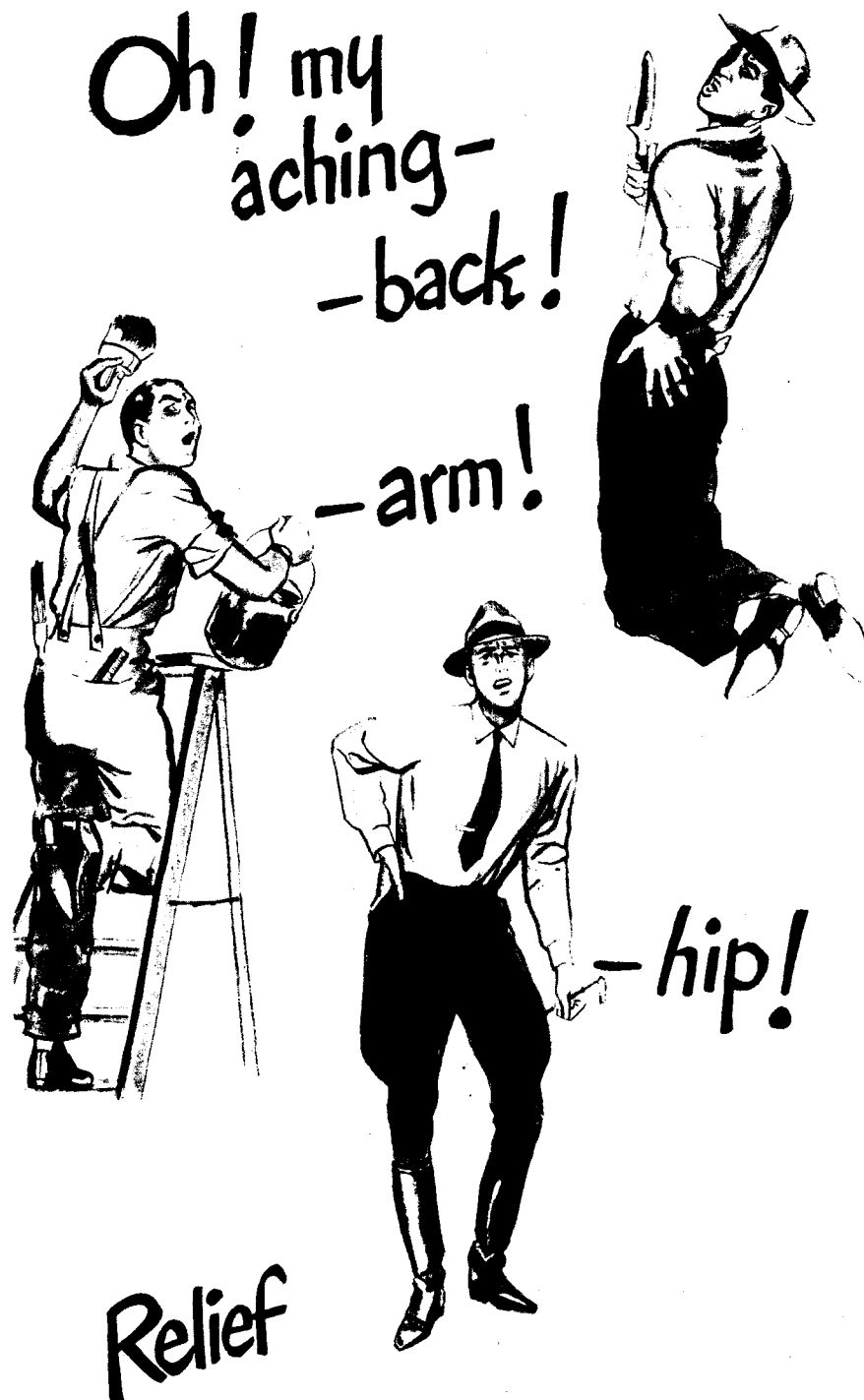


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Gentlemen: Kindly send me your free literature on Washington State.

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Help feed famished muscles
with fresh invigorating blood!

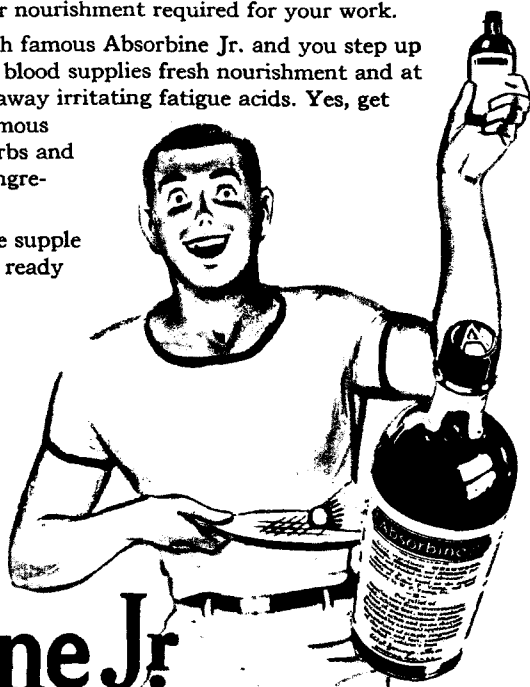
● When muscles seem to shout with pain after unaccustomed exercise, get busy! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see *tired* muscles are often *famished* muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for your work.

But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up your local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Yes, get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands.

Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed and ready to go. At all drugstores, \$1.25 a bottle.

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-ah! my
Absorbine Jr.



Fred's room—hadn't she just gone into the nursery, and announced, "Mr. Steele isn't in his room. He went out last night and he hasn't come back yet." Then at least this degrading and nerve-racking subterfuge would have been avoided.

But she hadn't done that. Instead she had gone into the empty kitchen, straight to the phone, and the only person she could think of calling was Gifford. Very probably Gifford had met Fred at the Los Angeles police station or they might have even gone down there together; Gifford would know.

He had been surprised at the earliness of her call when she finally reached him at his home. "What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Gifford, when you called last night about the station wagon and told Mr. Steele where it was—"

"Oh, now, Mrs. Steele, I am sorry. I hope I didn't get you into any trouble. I would have talked to you first, if I could have. . . ."

IT WAS an instant or two before Elizabeth had understood what he was saying.

"I know how those things are. My wife's uncle—he's got a girl friend; every time she gets a few drinks in her she can't remember where she was, much less where she left her jalopy. I'm not saying that—"

"What exactly did you tell him?" She was not impatient or angry, just suddenly ill.

"The truth. No way out of it. I don't say *you* were drinking, but I guess there was some reason you didn't want him to know where you left it. Except I must say he was mighty understanding about it."

"Where did you find it? Where was it?" Her voice had come from a long, long way away.

"Well, if you're interested in the process of the law, if you mean *how* we found it—I guess you know *where* we found it—it was simple. Remember that policeman you nearly rode off the beach highway yesterday afternoon? Well, he gets the broadcast about nine-fifteen. He remembered the car all right; not the exact license number, but that it was a

station wagon, green fenders and green hood, with a valley county plate on it. So he takes a hop around to where he last saw it, at some garage down there. And there it is, locked up inside. So he makes inquiries. The garage owner has just closed up and is sore about something and is across the street at a joint called the Tarpaulin having a beer on his mad. Know what was the matter with your car, Mrs. Steele?"

"No."
"It had no gas in it!" Mr. Gifford had laughed pleasantly. "The gauge said so, but not the tank. The garageman finally got round to putting a stick in the tank and finding out. That's what riled him up; said he was going to have it out with that Mr. Alvin—anybody bringing in a car, not knowing it had a broken gas gauge—"

"Mr. Gifford. . . ."
"Yes, Mrs. Steele? Now look, Mrs. Steele, I'm sorry if—"

"You told Mr. Steele?" It was like lifting weight to get the words out.

"I'm sorry, but what else could I do? I even let him talk to the policeman down there, connected him through, and to the garage fellow. Gosh, that fellow was mad; I had to laugh myself to hear him. Said he worked nearly four hours on the car because this friend of yours, named Alvin, said the car was dead and he'd give him fifty dollars if he could fix it. He said no money could pay for wasted work like that. Not often you hear a mechanic talk like that. Usually they take the money and to hell with it; usually *all* their work is wasted." Again Mr. Gifford had laughed. "But I guess he wanted the pleasure of telling him off personally."

"Mr. Gifford, where is the car now?"
"Well, still in the garage I guess. Mr. Steele said he'd get it up here later. Now look, I'm sorry if—"

"That's all right, Mr. Gifford. . . ."
She had gone blindly back to her bedroom and it was then that the lies had started. She didn't know where Fred was. She didn't know where Ritch was. She only knew that there might be, or have been, a gun between them.

(To be continued next week)

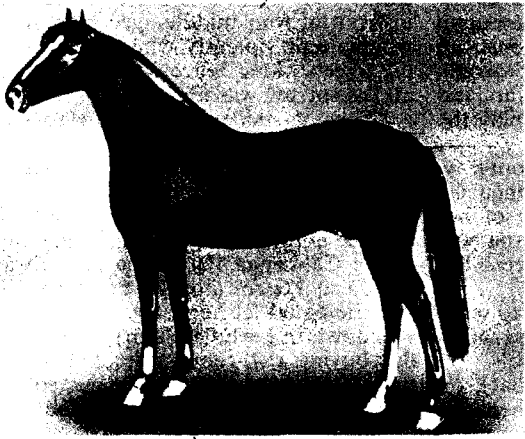


"We ransacked every nook and corner for them as your radio appeal requested"

COLLIER'S

ROBERT DAY

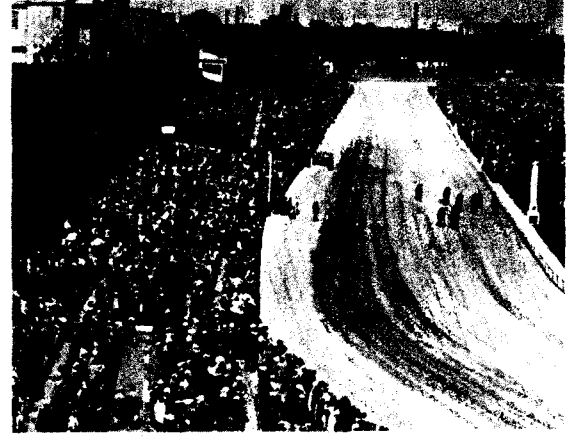
Flashes from the Kentucky Derby



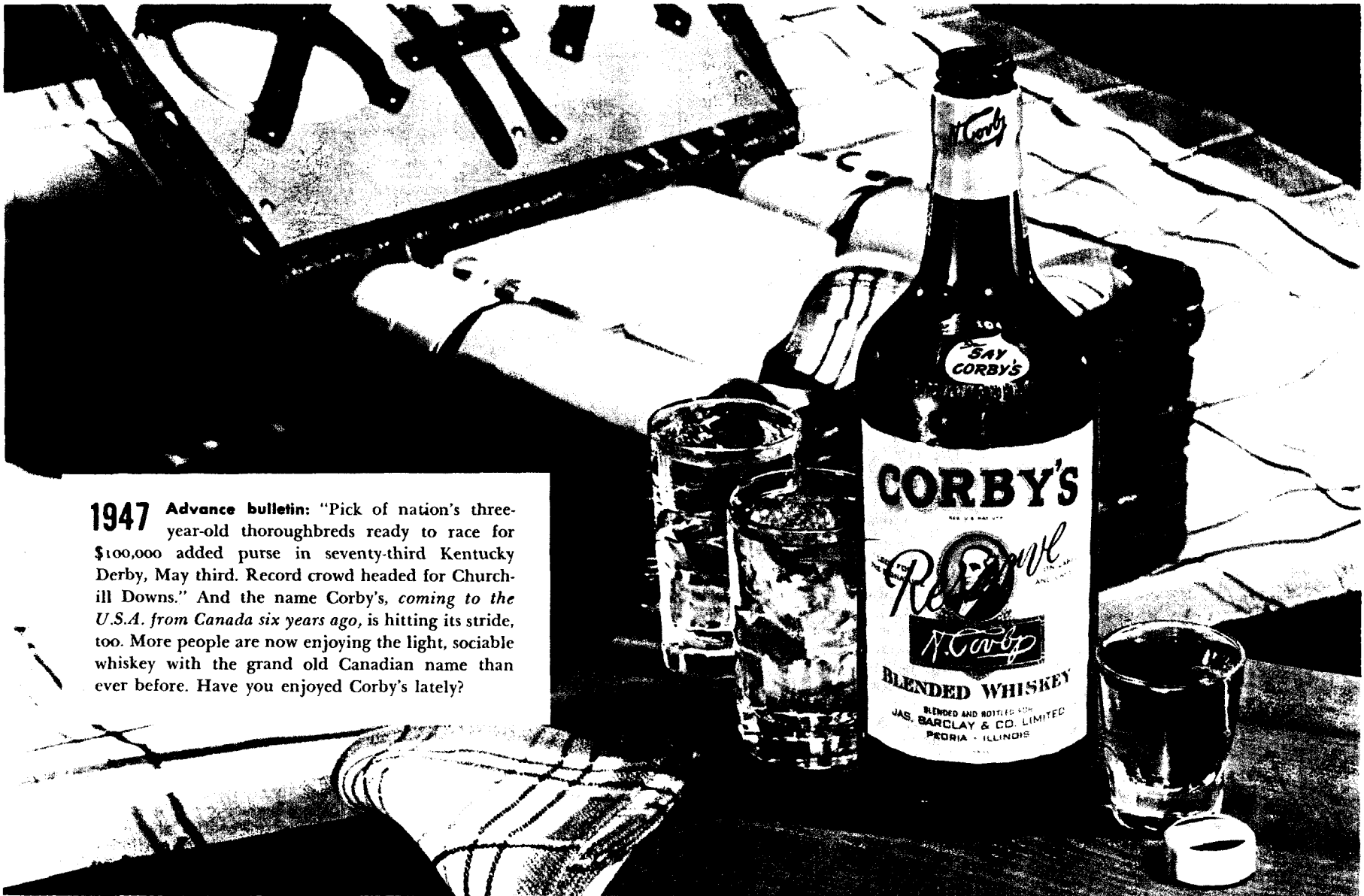
875 **Telegraphic flash** from Churchill Downs: "Aristides winner first Kentucky Derby, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in $2:37\frac{3}{4}$, best for 3-year-olds in U.S. \$2,850 purse. Ten thousand people at fast track." This Blue Grass classic was launched in Corby's 17th year of fame as a Canadian name.



1903 **News flash** from Louisville: "Judge Hines takes 29th Derby, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 2:09 for \$4,850 purse. Twenty thousand in stands and enclosure." New management had just taken over at Churchill Downs as Corby's reached its 45th year as a renowned Canadian name.



1941 **Radio flash**, Louisville, The Downs, May 3: "Seventy thousand see Whirlaway set new Derby record of $2:01\frac{2}{5}$ for winner's net purse of \$61,275." Whirlaway's record, made in Corby's 83rd year as a great Canadian name, still stands as trainers prepare for this year's Derby.



1947 **Advance bulletin**: "Pick of nation's three-year-old thoroughbreds ready to race for \$100,000 added purse in seventy-third Kentucky Derby, May third. Record crowd headed for Churchill Downs." And the name Corby's, coming to the U.S.A. from Canada six years ago, is hitting its stride, too. More people are now enjoying the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name than ever before. Have you enjoyed Corby's lately?



CORBY'S...A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

HONEY FROM THE B'S

Continued from page 22

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Magnificent

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WEAREVER

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EXCLUSIVE COMBINATION OF FEATURES

- ◆ 14 Karat gold point
- ◆ Rich satin finish metal cap
- ◆ Lustrous, colorful plastic barrel
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- ◆ Pen and matching pencil — \$2.75

By America's Largest
Fountain Pen Manufacturer

DAVID KAHN, INC., North Bergen, N. J.
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there," said the driver sternly. "That's against the rules."

"Well," said Miss Jeffreys, always a quick thinker, "so is cigarette smoking by bus drivers. Suppose we compromise."

Anne got the cats out of their basket and gave them the freedom of the bus all the way into Needles—and from there on into Los Angeles there was no trouble. California bus drivers were so used to practically anything up to hyenas, mule, deer and pet burros that they ignored the cats.

And so Anne and her mother came to the bus depot and got off, with \$18.55 between them. About ten minutes later Anne determined to wait right there and take the next bus East. She was deterred by two things: her determined parent and the \$18.55. So they got a small apartment, instead.

After a while, Anne got herself a job in a musical show at El Capitan. She rehearsed four weeks at \$19.50 a week, which—with a dinner or two from boy friends—kept them alive and paid the rent. The show opened, with Anne one of eighteen principals and only a case of ptomaine poisoning between her and solitary stardom. She picked up the ptomaine the night the show opened.

At the end of two weeks the show closed and she got a bill for \$109. She asked how come, and they said, well, the initiation fee into Equity, the theatrical union, was \$100, and two weeks' dues were \$9. Since her salary was \$50 a week, she had done fourteen shows for a net loss of \$9. After that, even Mother began to wonder if show business was all it was cracked up to be.

The show seemed to have no wardrobe department, so she wore a \$200 costume she'd worn in her operatic days in New York. She ruined this in the two weeks the show lasted. At the end, her balance sheet showed that in six weeks she'd taken in \$178, paid out \$109 and expended an expensive frock.

"It seemed if I wanted a nice hillside home and a swimming pool, there had to be some other way," Anne said.

As a crowning touch of irony the show was titled *Fun for Your Money*.

Figuring that Equity was the only thing that had any fun for her money, she went home to Mother, penniless. By now her sister and her sister's baby had joined the family; the rent was due and there was no dough to buy milk for the baby, let alone the cats. So she took the family silver, valued at \$600, and pawned it. She got \$35, cash.

But an agent had seen her in the musical piece and heard her sing. He dragged her down to Metro, and she was hired at \$150 a week to play with Nelson Eddy in *I Married an Angel*. This was swell, because she would have played with Eddy for nothing, having had a kid crush on him for years.

Frustration and Green Apples

"The day he got married I went and cried in an apple orchard at Asheville, North Carolina," Anne said. "I ate a lot of green apples, too: I just wanted to die. . . . So here I was playing with him and singing with him."

When *I Married an Angel* was in the cans, a studio official expressed some doubt about her acting ability. Her agent bet the official \$50 he could get Anne a job that afternoon. He did, too, at Republic, out in the San Fernando Valley.

He collected his \$50 all right—but when Miss Jeffreys went to draw her weekly check, they handed her \$75. She asked how come the cut from \$150 and they said, "Well, that's what your agent sold you for."

She figured out that the fellow had sliced her salary \$75 each week so he could win a \$50 bet once, and thereupon acquired a great hatred for agents, an emotion not unknown in Hollywood. Cast an agent for a heel in any film, and half the stars in Hollywood will play the role for nothing.

And with gusto. And pay a bonus.

This job lasted six weeks and then she was off salary. The main result of her agent's determination was that she was out \$450—the difference between her Metro and Republic salaries.

After this, Mother, too, began to wonder how movie players managed nine-room homes with swimming pools.

Shortly thereafter, Anne got back on the pay roll with a raise, and then, for picture after picture she was a gun moll, a brassy blonde or a bandit's babe. She felt she was getting typed, complained, and found herself in a picture with Buster Crabbe, a large athletic fellow. The plot of this picture was so obscure that it was known simply as *'Buster Crabbe No. 2'* and played all over the country under this title.

Following this, she played nice, homey Western girls in nice, homey Westerns with Wild Bill Elliott and others of God's

She objected to this until one night at a movie she sat next to two old ladies and in front of four middle-aged men, all of whom wept violently when she died on the screen. Miss Jeffreys wondered what all the sorrow was about.

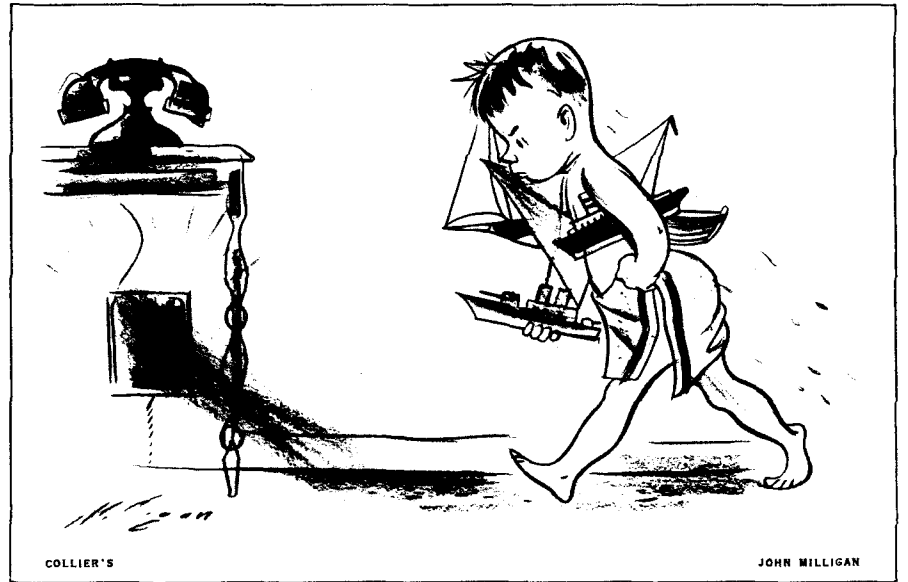
"Then it suddenly occurred to me," she said. "They were crying because I'd got killed. . . . It certainly pepped me all up."

This gave her confidence and she started home-buying, getting one high above Cahuenga Pass. She had always been a sucker for a bargain and now she felt she could let herself go a little. She was down in a wholesale drug house one day buying a 40-cent bottle of shampoo, when a salesman got her interested in a large, boxlike machine labeled *The Little Giant Synthetic Vitalizer*.

Quite a Costly Bargain

This interesting gadget included infra-red and ultraviolet lamps, massage rollers, a steam cabinet, needle sprays, hair dryers, bubble baths and probably radar. It was tagged at \$600, but she argued it down to \$325 and told them to lug it up to the house.

Eight men sweated up the steps with



noblemen. She was a schoolma'am, a postmistress, the daughter of the ranch, the sheriff's girl, Mother's Little Helper, never got kissed, sang *Home on the Range* or its equivalent in every film and got sick and tired of looking at whitefaces. Her great moment came when, as an Indian girl, she found an outlet for her operatic ability: Her only line in the picture was: "Ugh!"

But, you understand, *con amore*.

She thought after making thirty B pictures at Republic she was worth a little more money. But one of the head men gave her the old ice routine:

"Now, Anne, there are thousands of girls like you. You're not very pretty; you are just a fair singer; you haven't the best figure in the world; you can't act much. Why not just string along, and then get married and forget all this?"

She went home and cried among the cats. Then she got mad and went out and got herself a job at RKO, at \$100 a week more than Republic was paying her. But her Republic contract still had four weeks to run. She went back to the ice-machine operator and said:

"Look, you don't think I'm any good. You still have to pay me \$600 for four weeks under the contract. Why don't we call it square right here?"

He did—and she took four busses and showed up at RKO that afternoon.

In some of her RKO pictures, Miss Jeffreys has had to die, often violently.

the thing and then found it was too big to get into the house, front, back or side-wise. So she had it set up outside and built a new house around it. It has only cost her \$2,500 so far. Not counting what it'll cost to move it when she gets into a new home still farther up the hill—a home with large, wide doors the *Synthetic Vitalizer* will go through. Seeing that Anne probably is the last person between Azusa and Malibu to need vitalizing the whole thing is mildly screwy.

But so is her whole life. . . . She had to leave her beloved cats when she came to New York, but she'll be going back to Hollywood, the movies and the cats, when her job in *Street Scene* is over.

Some time after she first landed in Beverly Hills the cat Mimi was stolen. Musetta carried on the line. The family now includes Manon Lescaut; a brother and sister called Butterfly and Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, from *Madame Butterfly*; Tosca and Mario, from *La Tosca*; Rodolfo, from *La Bohème*; and Alfredo, from *Traviata*. There is also a yard-child, called Felix; he has a touch of gray here and there. Once, also, there was Violetta, also from *Traviata*.

"Violetta played it straight, and died," said Anne.

Anne swims, rides horseback, never eats breakfast, wants a family, dances and plays badminton. She has a make-up secret, too: soap and water.

THE END

Collier's for May 3, 1947

Do people like to
come to your house?...

If you have a home where people just naturally like to come . . . you and your husband ought to take a moment every now and then to salute each other. You're swell people. And you have things to share that others enjoy. Chances are there's a Stromberg-Carlson for music . . . dancing music...background music...listening music. You bought it because you had found out that Stromberg-Carlson has built its reputation on tone, quality, on faithful reproduction of music. You bought it because you wanted complete and flawless FM and the latest advances in radio and record reproduction. You bought it because you knew nothing could contribute more towards making your home a place where you like to be, and others like to come.

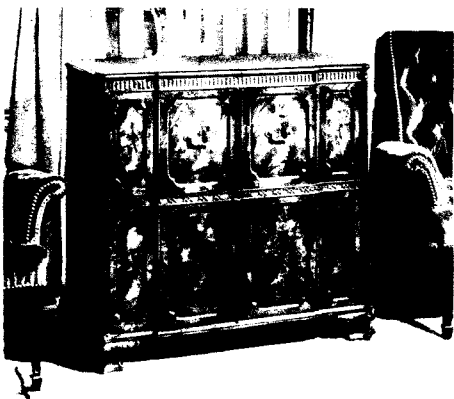
BELOW YOU SEE "THE AUTOGRAPH" A STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIO PHONOGRAPH OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION, MODEL 1135PL



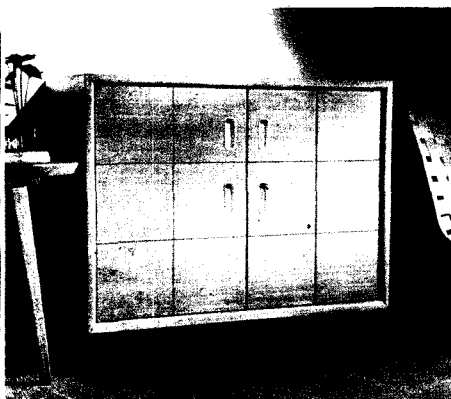
For the main radio in your home . . .

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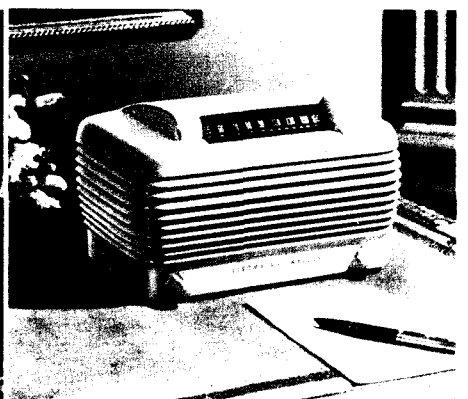
THE GRACIOUS "GEORGIAN"...



THE SMART "NEW WORLD"...



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Justin heard her dial. "Hi, this is Sally . . ." Her voice was like a breath of fresh air blowing through Justin's booth

THEIR SKIRTS ARE MADE OF GINGHAM

BY PATRICK BRECKENRIDGE

JUSTIN stood in the telephone booth imitating galloping horses with four fingers of his right hand against one side of the cubicle. The number he was calling signaled busy. The dome light was off, but on the wall he could make out scratched names and telephone numbers. Looming large across one whole side was the frantically chalked announcement: *Kilroy was here*. Feeling the concealment, the secure isolation that only a telephone booth can impart, he looked through the finger-smudged glass of the door into the hotel lobby, noticing the somber furnishings of the high-ceilinged room.

Then he saw the girl in gingham. She was walking through the lobby only twenty feet away, standing out like a gem on a piece of dark, rich velvet. Here was spontaneity. The gingham dress, freshly starched, with the skirt billowing gently, was out of place among the leaden tones and textures of the lobby. It was an out-of-town dress; the girl was from the country. No city girl, no matter how skilled, could assume the air of pastoral freshness this girl carried with her.

She was with a man in a blue suit—a little too blue, thought Justin immediately—and as he watched, they stopped in the lobby, talking. He decided that they had not known each other very long, because the man's gestures were exaggerated in the odd little ways of a stranger explaining himself.

The blue suit was making the gingham girl laugh now. He was laughing too, but as if he had told the joke a lot before; he was watching the girl's reaction shrewdly.

The girl seemed about to move away. She made tentative, backing movements, nodding and smiling to him as he talked. Free, she came toward the line of telephone booths, and

Justin was glad. He turned back to his telephone and dialed. Busy. He heard the sliding creak as the door of the next booth closed behind the girl. There was a crack between the partition and the top of the booth, and he could hear her dial a number.

"Hi, this is Sally . . ." her voice was almost literally like a breath of fresh air blowing through Justin's booth. It rang with a crisp, ingenuous faith. He inclined his head in mock acknowledgment of the introduction.

" . . . I called to ask you something—no, not to ask you really, just to tell you, I suppose. I guess I won't be home to dinner. You see, I've met a boy. I met him in a revolving door."

Justin looked out at the man in the blue suit. He was reaching into his breast pocket, making the gesture look almost conspiratorial. He took out a comb. Then, like a magician plucking something out of thin air, he made a forward, shooting-of-cuffs gesture with both hands, drawing them back to his forehead. The right hand guided the comb through the shiny black hair, and the extended fingers of the left followed it, flowing smoothly with the waves, dogging the comb all the way to the nape, where the two pale hands he loved met and patted down the last curl.

Justin watched, fascinated. Then he dialed his number. The busy signal again, raucous and insistent.

"Do you think it's all right, I mean on such short acquaintance? He wants to take me to a night club," Sally was saying. Then her voice changed. "Oh! Run and turn it off . . . All right, fine. I'm at Plaza 7-9127."

Justin reached up to dial again, but a sudden impulse made him stop. Stepping out of the booth, he walked swiftly across the lobby. He looked closely at the blue suit, lounging lizardlike against a column, and felt a great need for fresh air.

Outside, under the marquee of the hotel, Justin jammed his hands into his coat pockets and frowned. Why does a girl with the bloom still on have to get taken for a ride by that haircut, he wondered. Why do people who believe in all the right, shining things always land so hard? Then, in the middle of a shrug, Plaza 7-9127 flashed on the screen of his mind.

WITHOUT stopping to ponder, Justin stepped into the hotel drugstore, into a telephone booth, and dialed.

"Hello, Marie—did the roast burn?" The freshness of Sally's voice in his ear was not staled or dampened by the fact of talking over the telephone; it still had that out-of-town buoyancy.

"This isn't Marie, Sally."

There was only a slight pause. "Then who? How did you know my name?"

"Look, bear with me a few minutes," Justin said quickly. "If you're bored, hang up, but I can't explain who and how. All I know is that you're wearing gingham, and you're in a hotel lobby that's a mixture of the Orient and Paris, that reminds me somehow of a 1928 automobile. A nice place for the first stages of a casual seduction."

The girl said nothing. "There's a man in a blue suit," Justin went on, "leaning against a pillar out there, toying with his fingernails."

"Who is this?" the girl demanded suddenly. Then: "Hold the wire a minute." Justin held it.

"Hello?" She was back.

"Where were you?" asked Justin. "Checking on the other booths?"

"They're empty," said Sally in a small voice. "You scare me."

"Good. Listen, the man in the blue suit is like a lot of men in the city. He's got one dodge, and he's very good at it, and he's at it all the time.

I never saw him before, but he looks like a revolving door specialist to me. It's no good, Sally. Don't ask me why, or how I know. Just look again yourself, look hard!" He hung up.

Justin came back to the lobby and saw the girl turning toward him at a slight, appealing angle. The padded bulk of the man in the blue suit stood by her.

Justin stopped. Then he started again so quickly that the stop had been only a stumbling change of pace. He felt naked, as in a dream. She doesn't know me. He forced himself to the realization: She doesn't know me.

The girl was half apologetically, half angrily saying something to the man, something that had the cumulative effect of the word goodbye. The blue suit shrugged dropped his cigarette and ground it into the carpet with a tapped heel. And then, with much use of the hands and wrists, and a touch of very worldly disdain, he left.

Justin moved closer and was awakened by his own voice. "Hello, Sally, I—"

She smiled. "It was you over the telephone, wasn't it? I recognize your voice. I'm glad it wasn't God, or someone."

"It's different over a phone," Justin began awkwardly.

"Is it? You mean different from a revolving door?"

"Aah," said Justin, "what I mean is, I've always been fond of gingham, and when I saw you standing out there—well, look, how did the roast come out?"

"I don't know," she smiled. "Like to take a chance?"

"Is your roommate a good cook?"

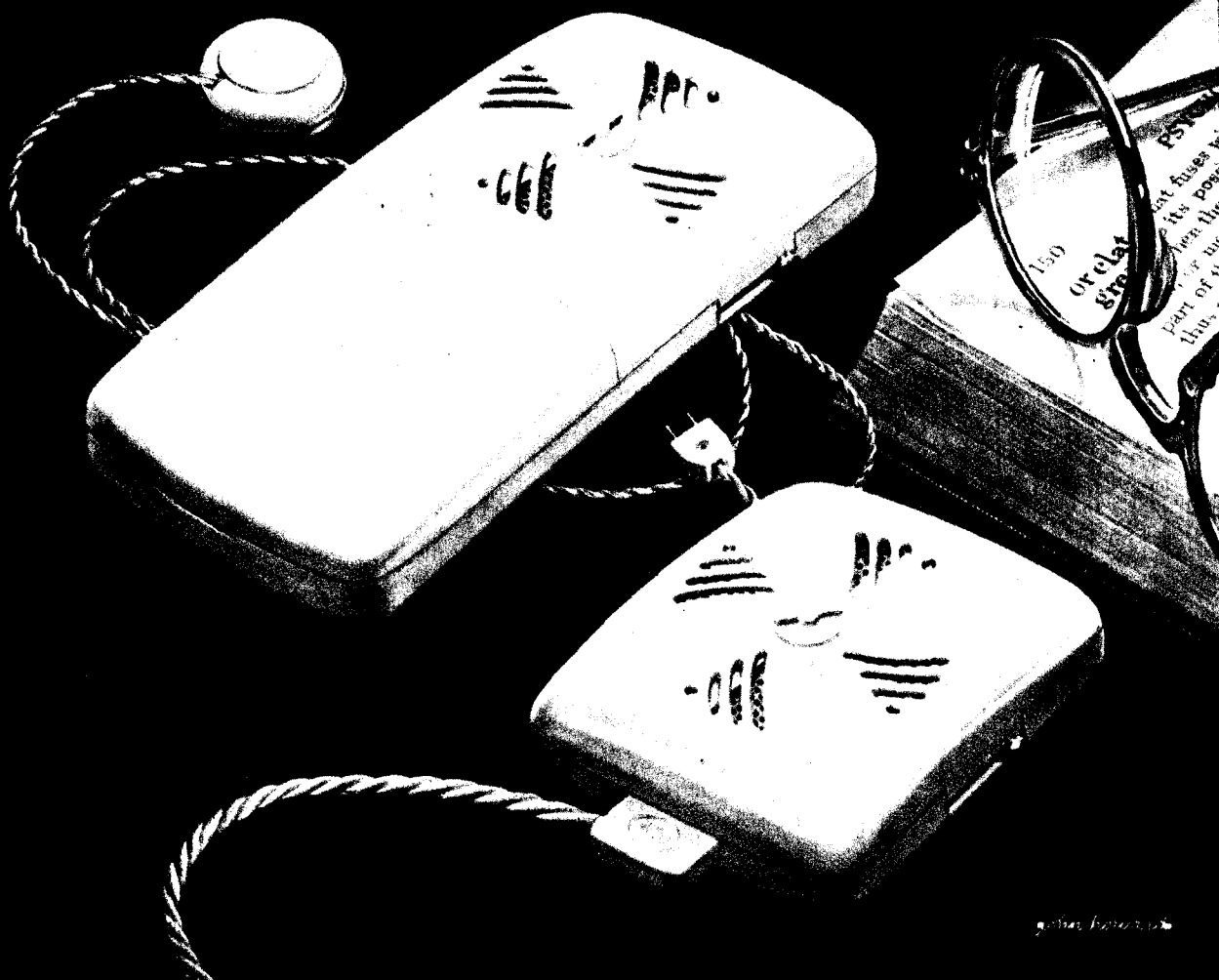
"Almost as good as I am," said Sally. The gingham dress rustled as they walked out together toward the marquee.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES A. ERNST

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Two new model hearing aids



1. The Aurex Model "F"—A single unit instrument for use with miniature, self-contained batteries. Weight, with batteries, $6\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. For those who want maximum convenience and those who do not wear a hearing aid all the time.

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Why we believe these two new instruments are a real achievement vital to those with impaired hearing

In 1938 the Aurex organization developed the first sub-miniature tube. This invention made it possible for Aurex to produce the first practical wearable vacuum tube hearing aid, the greatest advancement up to that time. Now Aurex takes two important steps forward.

First, with the new Aurex available in two models, we answer the different needs and preferences of different users. Some want the convenience of a single unit instrument, others want the economy and long-life of standard batteries. The user who wears a hearing aid only on certain occasions finds the single unit a wonderful advantage. To the user who wears his instrument all day, this feature may not be important.

Second, we have made improvements in the two

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Because the Aurex is sensitive to a wider range of sounds, it brings you each sound in more perfect form. Thus, the spoken word is more understandable, clear and natural. And music comes to you in its full beauty.

Aurex is unusually dependable because of its simplicity. By making different instruments—for different types of losses, Aurex makes it possible to fit your particular needs more accurately, without complicated adjustments. No matter which Aurex model you choose, you will have a simple, precision instrument that will serve you faithfully and dependably.

Walter H. Huth

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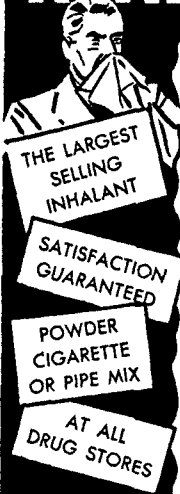
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THE ATOMIC ADVENTURE

Continued from page 12

in this work a broad variety of institutions, industrial and academic, and encourage them to operate under separate directions and with their own separate slants. It is toward this end that the Commission is making contracts with companies and universities and establishing advisory groups in many fields.

The Atomic Energy Commission should not become an atomic czar. It should not hold all the reins tightly, making all the decisions, and like any dictator, diligently covering up its own mistakes. It must not be said that people working in this pioneering field are afraid to try out new ideas simply because there's a chance those ideas may not work. The Commission should have no place for scientists and industrial technicians who would rather do nothing than run the risk of making a mistake. That's the way of most monopoly, whether in government or in business. The Commission wants to avoid what is often the case in government-agency directions—a hierarchy of decision—with everything coming down from the top of a pyramid of bureaucratic control.

Spreading the work among diverse groups, then, is the first step away from the danger of centralization over atomic energy. The second step is to create new tools of management in government undertakings to fit a new situation. The Commission needs management tools that will not depend upon a concentration of power at a bureaucratic top, yet encourage efficiency and permit participants in atomic energy development the latitude to plow their furrows in the way that they think best.

Should Encourage Initiative

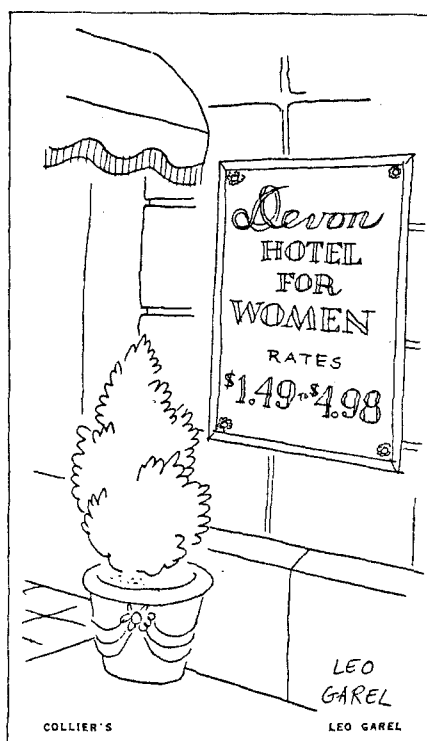
For instance, the universities and industries associated with the Argonne Forest Laboratory at Chicago, the Brookhaven Laboratory on Long Island, General Electric Company at Schenectady and the Clinton Laboratory in Tennessee should not have to pass up every detail of their operations through channels to Washington for approval and direction. They ought to be encouraged, on their own, to try their own ideas and to be held accountable for results. Ideas should travel a two-way street, from the Commission to its agents, and from these agents to the Commission.

The conventional government way is to issue uniform regulations to govern all work under the direction of one agency. If Congress required the Commission to operate in this traditional way in this untraditional field, the results would be a stereotyped cookie-cutting wherever work was done on atomic energy. The Commission must furnish stimulus and direction. The Commission must be responsible to Congress for expenditure of public funds. But its hundreds of contractors should be encouraged to operate as if they are running their own show.

In government, the responsible head of an agency must, of course, be held accountable for the mistakes of everybody who spends a dime under the direction of his agency. That's the way it should be. But that is why too often you find in any bureaucracy, whether in public or private enterprise, a human reluctance to stick one's neck out. Such timidity would be fatal to America's chances of continued pre-eminence in this new field of science. The Commission should give its contractors latitude to do things, even things its members might not do if they were in the contractors' shoes. The prospect of Monday-morning quarterbacking by critics must not terrify Commissioners and make them over-timid. This is no job for fainthearted men.

An important part of the management job is to decentralize. I believe in decentralization. I have fought for years to avoid government concentration in Washington. The accomplishments in the Tennessee Valley, a regional project, could not, to my mind, have been done without decentralization, without delegating responsibility to men in the field, and without that widespread public participation that decentralization encourages. If decentralization was necessary for TVA in the development of a region, that principle is even more important to the development of atomic energy under the Atomic Energy Commission.

To realize the need for placing responsibility for results on the people in the field, consider what would happen if the Commission operated along more traditional lines. The atomic energy projects are scattered throughout the four corners of our country, from Hanford, Washington, in the Pacific Northwest, to Brookhaven, New York, on the Eastern seaboard, from Chicago and St. Louis in the Middle West to Oak Ridge, Tennessee.



Lessons In Freedom From Fear

The trustees of these universities and the scientists explained to the people of Chicago, of Urbana, Illinois, Ames, Iowa, and the other communities the atomic work that will be done in their regions. In the area near the laboratory some fears were expressed that atomic research might endanger the near-by towns. It was the local administrators and scientists who provided citizens the reassuring facts and in so doing they went further. They brought to local communities greater understanding of atomic research, and a regional pride in becoming a leader in atomic development.

No one wants to glorify the Commission in Washington. True, this Commission has a nation-wide responsibility. But it should operate so that local energies are stimulated, that throughout this whole country new ideas come into being, that there is determination to persist no matter how unyielding the problems appear to be.

How far and how fast can the Commission develop this new technology and win public interest when the heart of the work must be kept secret?

The development of America's technology has always been through the widest possible dissemination of information, through the cross fertilization of ideas. When the first crude gasoline engine came along, for instance, restless men with a gleam in their eyes went to work in a hundred woodsheds and bicycle shops to make a better automobile. The capitalist system, the chance for profit, the competition of ideas and products, took care of the automobile's development. Everybody tried to develop something he could sell at a profit. That brought forth energy, ideas.

The same sort of energy, imagination and risk-taking are needed to develop atomic energy. Yet right now there's nothing that can be sold. As a matter of fact, we must make dead sure because of security reasons that nothing is sold and that little is known.

This is a horse of a different color. How then does the Commission enlist the devotion and enthusiasm of America's incomparable industrial teams for this task?

With wartime incentive gone, men want to go back to making things they can sell. The cost-plus contract, suitable during war, is a clumsy, unimaginative

see, in the South, and Los Alamos, New Mexico, and Berkeley, California, in the West.

If a tight grip were imposed on these projects, ultimately more and more decisions about how work is to be done at Hanford, at St. Louis, at Chicago and elsewhere, would have to be cleared in Washington. The paper work would be mountainous. And as everyone knows, pieces of paper requiring initialing and detailed decisions breed timidity and delay. Pieces of paper won't keep this country ahead in atomic development.

In an effort to avoid this the Commission must seek to develop policies to carry out the law's mandate, policies as broad and as clear and as wise as it can make them. To carry out those policies, it should set up what will be in effect deputy general managers in charge of whole regions and give them broad authority and responsibility to cope with problems in their own bailiwicks.

Hanford, Washington, for instance, the site of the great plutonium producing plants, is a new federal city of 15,000 people, living and working on a half million acres of land. Schools, roads, libraries must be administered. The city and the atomic energy work will be largely administered out there, subject to broad policy decisions by the Atomic

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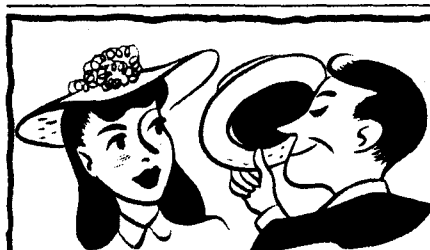
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device in time of peace. "Cost plus" tends to be expensive, but even more important, it may defeat our purpose: to develop useful applications of atomic energy at a reasonable price. The reason is simple. When you cover all of the producers' costs—as you do in a cost-plus contract—you take away or water down the usual incentive for cost cutting, namely a product that can be sold for less than a competitor's. We must find an answer to this new problem of business incentives, an answer that will enlist our industry's energies, even though industry, for a while at least, won't have salable products to show for its labors.

That, I admit, is one of the toughest problems, and it's because of tough and novel problems like this that the Atomic Energy Commission must somehow be able to enlist in its staff high-caliber men with imagination and common sense, despite the inadequate salaries and frustrations of government service.

What about incentives for scientists during peacetime in this highly secret field? This too is a new and tough problem. If we are to keep ahead in atomic energy we must depend upon the very best scientific brains the country affords: actually a fewscore men.

Less Incentive to Secrecy

In wartime, scientists were more than willing to work under conditions of secrecy, to live anonymously in remote areas, to avoid discussing scientific matters with their fellow scientists, to forgo publishing the results of their research—to do many things that are not natural to the ways of science. What will be their incentive to such conditions of work in peacetime? Here, too, no one knows the answer. Yet the country must somehow develop one.

Obviously, we have no answer to the incentive problem as yet. The solution probably won't be one formula. It must, I think, be worked out a case at a time. The solution may involve a whole new field of public policy and for that reason will require that Congress cope with it from time to time. Suppose a company that does work for the Commission succeeds in developing a use for atomic energy that can safely be marketed. Should that company get as a reward more than just the expenses incurred in the work plus a fee? Should it be rewarded with a chance to make a profit with a head start against competitors? This is one of the questions Congress will have to decide. And there are others.

The need for secrecy presents one of the toughest hurdles in the path of rapid development of the new atomic technology. It is obvious that there is a considerable area of atomic energy knowledge that at all costs must be kept secret for security reasons. It is equally apparent that secrecy applied in a dull, flat-footed way may stifle the whole effort. An indiscriminate hush-hush attitude of choking back any and all interchange of knowledge may do inestimable damage to our own country's progress.

In this problem of enforcing secrecy we are traveling a new road, trying to work out answers in a field for which there is little if any peacetime experience in the history of our country. It will take sense, not jitters, to solve it.

Overhanging all atomic energy problems is the central question of international security. If, instead of being able to reach an international atomic energy agreement with adequate safeguards, we find ourselves forced into an atomic arms race, of course everything that the Commission and its contractors do must have defense and security as its primary guide.

Even so, this doesn't mean that weapons alone will be developed. Everyone must realize that general development work in atomic energy and in weapons are pretty much the two sides of the same coin. For when you produce nuclear en-

ergy in a power plant you go about 85 per cent of the way toward the atomic bomb. Indeed, in building a better power plant you perform a step in improving the developing of atomic energy for military purposes.

The problems I have discussed here will be part of the day-to-day work of the Commission. But the most important, the most pressing job of the Atomic Energy Commission at the outset of its work must be to make plain to the whole of American society how great the stakes are. All Americans—for we are all in this together—must get this atomic energy development into majestic perspective. This must be done through every medium of self-education our people have.

To me, atomic energy is more than something that in an indeterminate period will light electric bulbs, run factories, provide radioactive materials for our doctors and tracer tools for our industries. I don't underestimate these coming advances. To be able to double the energy of our country at low cost—as we may well be able to do—is important.

But far more than this is at stake. We will miss the point, and the whole effort will slacken and lose its drive if we think of it only in terms of immediate, practical gadgets and benefits. For as I see it, in the atomic adventure we sight one of those great mountain peaks of history, a towering symbol of one of the faiths that makes man civilized, the faith in knowledge. I look forward to atomic development not simply as a search for new energy. To me it could be a beginning of a period of human history in which this faith in knowledge could vitalize man's whole life.

The people throughout the whole of American society must realize that we have in the unfolding knowledge of the atom the means for making our time one of the two or three most vital, most intense and stimulating periods of all history.

In the world's history there have been long, dark stretches where ignorance dominated men's lives. There was no interest in learning about nature, in finding out what went on beyond the hill. There have been other periods of slow, cautious development which saw an occasional Copernicus, a Galileo. Then there have been dazzling periods, when suddenly the drive to know becomes the obsessive feeling of all men. The period following the long sleep of the Middle or Dark Ages was one such era, the period in England of Queen Elizabeth, in which the people of a confident little island roused the imagination of men everywhere and pushed back the frontiers of the whole world.

May Revive Elizabethan Spirit

Today we have an opportunity for such a period. Developments in the nucleus of the atom can by their force and example and stimulus spread to advances in all fields of knowledge. By the contagion of achievement these advances may appear quite outside the physical sciences, in skills of statesmanship and human relations, and in the development of imagination and the spirit. In Elizabethan times England not only produced great explorers and great merchants, she also produced William Shakespeare. In times like this, men rise above the plains of history.

Yet in our own day, our chance for great adventure can be lost to us. If this feeling of living in a very fruitful and special period is not sensed by our people, the atomic adventure may be stifled in the throes of routine, of sluggishness and apathy.

There is the danger that the shock and excitement of the Hiroshima blast may induce a continuing atomic neurosis, a constricting fear and hysteria that would blind us to the scope of the atomic development. Or we may get momentarily so

Collier's for May 3, 1947

excited about sensations—the myths for example of automobiles running on atomic energy pills—that we would exhaust our interest, and thereby we might miss the grand significance of the atomic prospect.

Atomic energy development might then become dull, routine, flat. The high stakes would be lost sight of. We would find ourselves preoccupied with pinch-penny economies instead of make-wealth creative efforts. The dash, the style that pushed back other American frontiers would be missing.

Only a great people, a people alive to the meaning of what's happened in our own time, can make this a great adventure. And I believe we are a great people.

Until quite recently man knew of only three kinds of forces: gravitational forces which hold the universe together; electrical forces; and magnetic forces. The newest kind to be discovered—the fourth—and the kind about which scientists still know next to nothing are the nuclear forces in the atom. And atoms are the infinitesimal building stones of which everything about us—all substances alive or inanimate—is constituted.

This force is everywhere. Nothing is more pervasive. Yet knowledge of it goes back only a few years. This is hard to realize. I had lunch recently in a cafeteria here in our building with Enrico Fermi, one of the first physicists to lay the groundwork for the chain reaction of uranium atoms. It was like having lunch with Isaac Newton. In the lifetime of men of my age there has been discovered virtually all that is known of the fourth and major force, atomic energy. That in itself is fantastic. But we can learn much more, vastly more, if we live in a faith in knowledge in terms of its effect on all human life.

Let's look at this thing as laymen. I do perforce, for I am not trained in chemistry and physics, and when physicists explain things to me I wear my garden clothes, make them speak a simple language that can be understood.

To my mind, here is what has happened. When the first chain reaction was produced, the hypothesis—what men thought would happen—was actually confirmed. We learned that atomic energy can be let loose in an uncontrolled way in atomic bombs, or in a controlled way, in an atomic furnace.

More important than either of these in terms of finding out new laws of nature, pushing back the darkness, was the demonstration that man can find out.

The first wave of searchers, the fundamental scientists, have found the new energy. They have made a beginning—but just a beginning. The second, third and fourth wave of searchers, the applied scientists, the engineers and other technicians, will find ways, many ways we cannot now foresee, of putting the new energy to work.

In a slave society, or a political gangster society, where men with power run the show, decisions about what to do with knowledge are easy to make. You simply put it to work for the men who run the show. The people are permitted to know only what the leaders want them to know. But it can't be that way with us. The people have a right to know. If the people don't know what the stakes are, they can be shunted off, sidetracked, and atomic energy will fail to advance the well-being of mankind and the promotion of individual liberty. It may even turn upon man and destroy him.

Something New in Lawmaking

Congress sensed how great the stakes are when it enacted the McMahon Bill which asserts that "tapping this new source of energy will cause profound changes in our way of life." That is why Congress fashioned a quite new kind of law, one that broke with precedent and set up a day-to-day *continuing relationship* between Congress and the administrators of the law.

In most legislation Congress says: "Here's the policy. Here's the money. Here are the men to carry it out. That's that." In the Atomic Energy law Congress acted with the humility of wise men who say, "We don't know the answers, or even the questions. No one does. Here is a beginning." The Act uses the terminology of experiment, of tentativeness. It is a law explicitly open to review and change, suitable to a pioneering effort. The mood of vigor and high stakes is in the law that Congress enacted and the President signed last August 1st. The problem is one of sustaining that mood.

Congress has indicated that the development of atomic energy will be worked out between itself, as representatives of the people, and the administrators. That is why we have, working alongside the Commission, a joint Congressional committee of eighteen members.

Similarly, Congress provided, to work with the Commission, a military liaison group, with its staff, and provided for advisory committees to the Commission. All this apparatus can prove to be gears for forward movement or it can become a set of complicated brakes. If people are convinced this development is vital, they won't permit shortsighted politics to tamper with it or a static, administrative agency to stifle it.

In the first tests of the people's concept of the scope of the atomic energy development job the American people have disclosed that they sense in atomic energy something greater than gadgets. The men and women of industry, of science, and those on the Commission's staff must not fail a people who have instinctively sized up the true magnitude of our common undertaking.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

Continued from page 54

The same theme. "It's no good," she had said. "It's just no good. It's not that you have to choose between us. I wouldn't expect that; she's your mother. But this feeling you give me that she's always first, always ahead of me—"

He had kept quiet as he always did for not knowing how to say what he felt. That she should have understood his mother's dependence on him and—because she was his wife—shared his problem instead of accentuating it.

It had happened before, the lying in rigid silence, hearing the muffled sound of her sobbing. With it came the frustrating certainty that it could be allayed by a word if one could find the right one. He turned to her and whispered her name. She didn't answer, and he put out a hand to her and she froze away from him. When she got up and climbed out of the bed, over him, he didn't try to stop her. She padded into the bathroom. After she had stayed there a very long time he went to the door and knocked softly and called her, wondering if his mother were listening. He could hear Ethel weeping, but she didn't reply to him and he went back to bed.

Sleep was impossible and he began to get angry thinking of the early rising and the irritable stretch of the day to come. Then Ethel came out of the bathroom and said quietly that she was leaving him, and he lay like a stone, unbelieving . . .

HIS mother touched his shoulder. "Byron!" she said. "Supper's ready. It's late."

He dropped his feet over the side of the bed and sat up. "Was it Ethel, Mother, or would it have been any girl?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I guess I'm not quite awake. Okay, I'll be in soon."

When he came out of the shower, wearing a robe, he found that his mother had prepared his dinner and left it on the table for him. Then while he sat, she hovered about and put condiments and eating utensils within reach. "Mother," he said, "I'm not a baby. You don't have to wait on me hand and foot."

"You're a baby to me. I still see you in knee pants, going to school for the first time."

Annoyed, he thought: She's never grown up. What a funny idea to get about one's mother!

Byron liked the way his shoulders felt under the robe after the shower and he wanted to put on clean clothes and then he realized what he wanted to do was to go out. It was not simply that he wanted to go out—he had to.

That was how Ethel used to feel about her "special" night. She had said, "There's something about Saturday night, I don't know, an uplifted feeling like nothing else. I like to go somewhere and stay out late—" He'd even met her on a Saturday night.

Byron lighted a cigarette and went into the living room. His mother had turned on the radio and was sitting in an easy chair with a newspaper spread out on her lap. The room was filled with a warmth from the lamp and the soft sound of the radio and it was a little empty and a little sad. She looked up at him and smiled. "The Boston Symphony is playing the Pathétique tonight."

"Mother, why don't you call up Cousin Julia and ask her to come over?"

She gave him the close-together smile that was never for anyone else. "We don't need company. It's so nice and comfortable here—"

"I don't think I'll stay at home tonight, Mother."

Her smile remained. "Of course—"

In quick explanation he spoke: "I

thought I'd go to a dance or something. I just feel like getting out for a while." He had to fill her silence. "I don't like to leave you alone—"

"I'll be all right." Her smile was now tired, uncomplaining.

He was fixing his tie when his mother came into his room. The knot came out wrong at first, and he undid it and tied it again. She said, "You won't have much trouble finding another girl."

"I'm not looking for a girl."

"Maybe you are better off the way you are. These young girls, they don't want to take care of a husband."

Byron felt a sudden coldness, but he was afraid to feel that way about his mother and he twitched the feeling away. Hurriedly he looked in the paper to see what was advertised, but the ads looked garish and uninviting. He decided to stop at the Y first and, if they had no dance on, to continue downtown.

His mother was standing in the door—

looked at the girls lined up to check their coats. The mass held all there was to desire—slender ankles, mouths and burnished hair.

Byron squeezed through to the edge of the crowded dance floor to watch the couples circling around. It had been years since he had done this and he saw that the girls stood around in small groups or, rarely, alone. They were all alike in their aloof unconcern with whether anyone cared to ask them to dance. The men were prowling and the atmosphere was market place.

He waited for a couple of dances, looking and judging, because he wasn't interested in dancing for itself alone and it was a waste of time to ask a girl to dance if she didn't have nice legs or if she were too heavy. Then he saw a profile and made his way to it as if everything around it were in shadow. She turned her full face to him as he came up to her and it was pretty.



way. "I wish you wouldn't stay away too long tonight, Byron. There's a reason—"

"What? Is anything the matter?"

"No. It's just that—well, I never spoke to you about this before, Byron, but"—she pressed her lips together as if to keep in pain—"tonight's the anniversary of your father's death."

"Mother! You never told me anything about it."

"You didn't know him, Byron; you were only two when he died. I never wanted to talk to you about it. It's just that I've been keeping the date each year, and having you with me has always made it easier."

"Mother, you should have told me. Of course I'll stay."

She put her hand on his shoulder. "No, you go." She nodded decisively. "I want you to. Just don't stay too long."

He hesitated. "You'll be all right—"

"Of course." She was very brave.

After a while Byron's feeling of guilt sank from the surface. He stood in the subway car, his back against the door, and surveyed the other passengers, his glance lingering on the women. He had been living like an anchorite. Ethel had gone of her own choosing and it was senseless to continue thinking of her. Byron looked at a girl and she lowered her eyes. He felt gratified and eager.

The feeling intensified as he came toward the Y. There were boys and girls in front of the building, and evidently a dance was in progress. He pushed his way through to buy a ticket and then

"May I have the next dance?" he asked.

"Sure." Together they waited for the music to begin again. She was chewing gum, and he hated that, but he was prepared to ignore anything that interfered with her obvious attractiveness. She danced very badly. After a while his right arm began to ache from the effort of leading. In a quick and flat voice she told him everything there was to know about her. When the dance was over he thanked her and walked away.

Although the music was loud and there was a lot of conversation, there was little gaiety. A group of five young girls that he had noticed before, all dressed with great care and all unattractive, were talking together animatedly. The boys kept circling and looking, and the girls didn't notice them at all.

He walked up to a blond girl with a large mouth and direct blue eyes and asked her to dance. Very calmly she looked at him and said, "No, thanks."

For a horrible moment he felt that he was going to be embarrassed and then he said, "Why not?"

She shrugged. "You're not my type."

He walked away fighting a feeling that people were looking at him. For a quick antidote he asked another girl without even the preliminary examination. She was skinny, and tall and had bad skin, but she danced well. He felt absurdly grateful that she hadn't refused. He thanked her at the end of the dance and left.

The emptiness of what he was doing

brought back his earlier feeling of dereliction. As if listening for the first time, he seemed to hear what his mother had told him about the importance of this particular night, and he tasted the sourness of his behavior toward her. If he hurried he'd be able to get back before she went to bed.

On his way to the coatroom, he had to walk around a group of people, three young men surrounding a seated girl. Byron tapped one of the men on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me," and pushed his way past. He looked down at the girl, wondering idly why she should have three men. The girl looked up and saw him. His heart began to thump crazily. She certainly was the most desirable girl in the big hall. And, until a month ago, she had lived with him as his wife.

THEY just stared at each other without even saying hello. Her escorts watched awhile. Then one of them, a broad young man, with wet curly hair, leaned a little in front of Byron and resumed a story he was telling. In the pantomime of it he pushed Byron a little and after a while he was standing right in front of him and Byron was staring at his clean-shaven neck that had traces of powder on it. The story ended and he heard Ethel laugh.

The band began to play an old one, Time On My Hands. Byron stepped in front of the storyteller and said to Ethel, "Dance with me?"

Before she could say anything another of the men said quickly, "Wait a minute, fella. This is my dance."

Byron looked straight at Ethel as if he hadn't heard the interruption, and she stood up. "I'll be back soon," she said and took Byron's arm and they went out to the dance floor.

They didn't dance close or sentimental and they didn't speak. Byron noticed that she was using a scent that was not familiar to him and that her hair was done in a new way. But he remembered the dress she had on. Finally he said, "Why aren't you wearing your wedding ring?"

He hadn't meant to say it that way, clipped and irritated, and he was a little surprised at himself.

Ethel said, "Why should I?"

"You're still married to me, at least for a while. The divorce hasn't gone through yet, has it?"

"That's just a formality."

"You seem to be enjoying yourself."

"Why not?"

"You used to have better taste."

"I did?"

Then he was too mad to say anything more. They danced well together and he felt himself relaxing and hearing the music. Ethel's head swayed a little in time and then rested against his shoulder. He put his cheek against her hair and his arm tightened around her a little and then the music stopped.

"Well," she said. "I'll be getting back—"

"You want to?"

He watched her walking away from him, her back very straight, her remembered body the most familiar thing in the world. He went rapidly to her and took her arm. "Wait. Can't we sit and talk for a while?"

Without any emotion showing, she said, "It's a little late for talk, isn't it?" This time he didn't try to stop her and he watched her go back to her three escorts. In a little while she was laughing again and during the next dance Byron saw her with the curly-headed boy. She looked happy.

Byron looked at his watch and the lateness of the hour was a compulsion to

get back to his mother. But he wasn't able to leave. For three dances he watched as Ethel alternated with her escorts, laughing all the time, being a belle, sought after. Now she seemed unfamiliar to him, a new and lovely figure he would like to know but who was beyond his knowing.

In desperate humility he approached her again. "Dance with me, Ethel?"

"It's no use, By. What's the sense?"

"Let me talk to you. Not here."

Curlyhead said, "Look, fella, why don't you leave the girl alone? She doesn't want to dance with you."

"You could," said Byron, "mind your own business."

The man laughed and his friends closed in. "Be smart," he suggested. "Run along."

Byron braced, and Ethel got to him quickly and led him away. They began to dance and after a while Byron stopped being stiff and mad. There were things he had to say to her but his tongue was thick and couldn't function. Because she didn't say anything either he started to feel angry and then he shook his head and said, "Oh, no. Don't start that again."

"What?"

"That was for me. A warning." He held her a little closer. "I'm not sure what I did that was wrong, but I want you back."

"That's just it, By. You're not sure what the trouble was. I can't make you see it. You're no good, not knowing."

"I love you," he said.

"I know. I guess, as far as that goes, I love you, too. But that isn't enough, not for marriage."

"My mother?" he said.

She shrugged. It broke the rhythm and he hesitated and then they got back to the mechanical shifting to the music. "She needs me," he said.

"She's got you."

He couldn't see it. If he could see it, clearly, if he could see the line—

Ethel said, "How come she let you go out tonight?"

"Let me?"

"Oh, By."

"I really shouldn't have left her alone tonight." He told her why.

He could see a little muscle in her jaw tensing at what he had said. "Sure," she said. "That should have made you stay."

He didn't know what else to say and she kept quiet, too. He couldn't get close to her again.

"Where are you staying now?" Impersonal talk, as if he had to match her withdrawal with his.

"My old room."

THE music stopped. There was a bad moment of indecision and then she started back to her friends and he followed stupidly. Curlyhead came to meet them and took Ethel's arm, cutting Byron out. Curlyhead turned to him and said, "I don't know what you're hanging around for."

Byron swung out. The man with the wet curly hair was sitting on the floor. His friends rushed over and people gathered and there was a lot of confusion.

Ethel said, "Get out, By. Leave!"

It was distorted. Split-second happenings stretched deliberately and could be examined at leisure. Curlyhead being helped to his feet, surprise on his face like a mask. Strangers shoving in curiously. Ethel pushed him toward the door. "Wait outside," she said. He got his coat and was in the street, pacing, not quite sure what had happened.

Ethel came out, her hat in her hand, her coat open. She looked around, saw him, and they came together with a common urgency. She took his arm and they began to walk. He stretched his fingers, and her hand slid down and their hands were together pressing hard.

After they had walked a few blocks

She disengaged her hand. "I'll have to be going home."

"Me, too," he said. "I've played her a dirty trick tonight."

"Yes," she said. "How could you have left your mother alone?"

He looked at her quickly but he couldn't tell what she meant. "Ethel—" He stopped and turned her to face him, his hands on her shoulders.

"It's not right, dammit!" His mouth twisted and he bit on the words.

"What can you do about it?"

All of a sudden it was clear. "Never let you leave me again."

"No matter what?"

He hesitated and then said quietly, "No matter what."

He looked down into her eyes and got lost and they were holding desperately to each other as if there were forces at each of their backs trying to pull them apart. After a while he said, "I'd better call her up."

Ethel said, "I think, By, that that's not the way to do it. Not—really—to do it. We'd better go up there."

"Won't it be a little tough on you, going with me?"

"Look," she said. "I want you back, too."

He held tightly to her arm as they walked. In the subway they didn't speak, but their hands were closely interlaced.

BYRON opened the door with his key. Ethel followed him in. There was a light in the living room and they saw his mother asleep in the chair. Byron spoke to her and her eyes opened.

"Byron! I was waiting for you."

Then she saw Ethel and stood up. Ethel said, "Hello, Mother." His mother didn't say anything. Ethel said, "Byron has something to say."

Byron stretched out his hand to his wife, but she didn't take it. She stood straight, watching him.

He stood there, looking from his mother to his wife. The silence was a heavy thing.

"Ah," his mother said, "it's late. If we're going to talk we ought to do it in the morning." She moved to the doorway.

He couldn't understand why she had been built up into an ogre. She was a small, old woman. She was tired. It wasn't right to keep her from bed.

"By!" Ethel said. And Byron remembered what he was to say. But still he said nothing.

Ethel's chin went up. She spoke quickly and coldly: "Mother, when you told Byron that this was a painful anniversary to you—that wasn't the truth, was it?"

Byron looked at his mother. She sighed. "In the morning, children—"

He said, "Mother—"

Her shoulders moved as if at a chill. "No, it wasn't true."

Byron couldn't feel anger. But it was as if the cord had snapped and now he could watch and understand everything she did without experiencing her emotion and needs as his own. He thought: She'll get over this, she'll be all right. Then he was surprised to see Ethel move to his mother's side and put her arm around the older woman's shoulders.

"I only wanted you to be happy," his mother said.

From his new sureness, Byron said, "We'll be happy."

Ethel said, "We'll come to see you soon, Mother. Maybe Sunday."

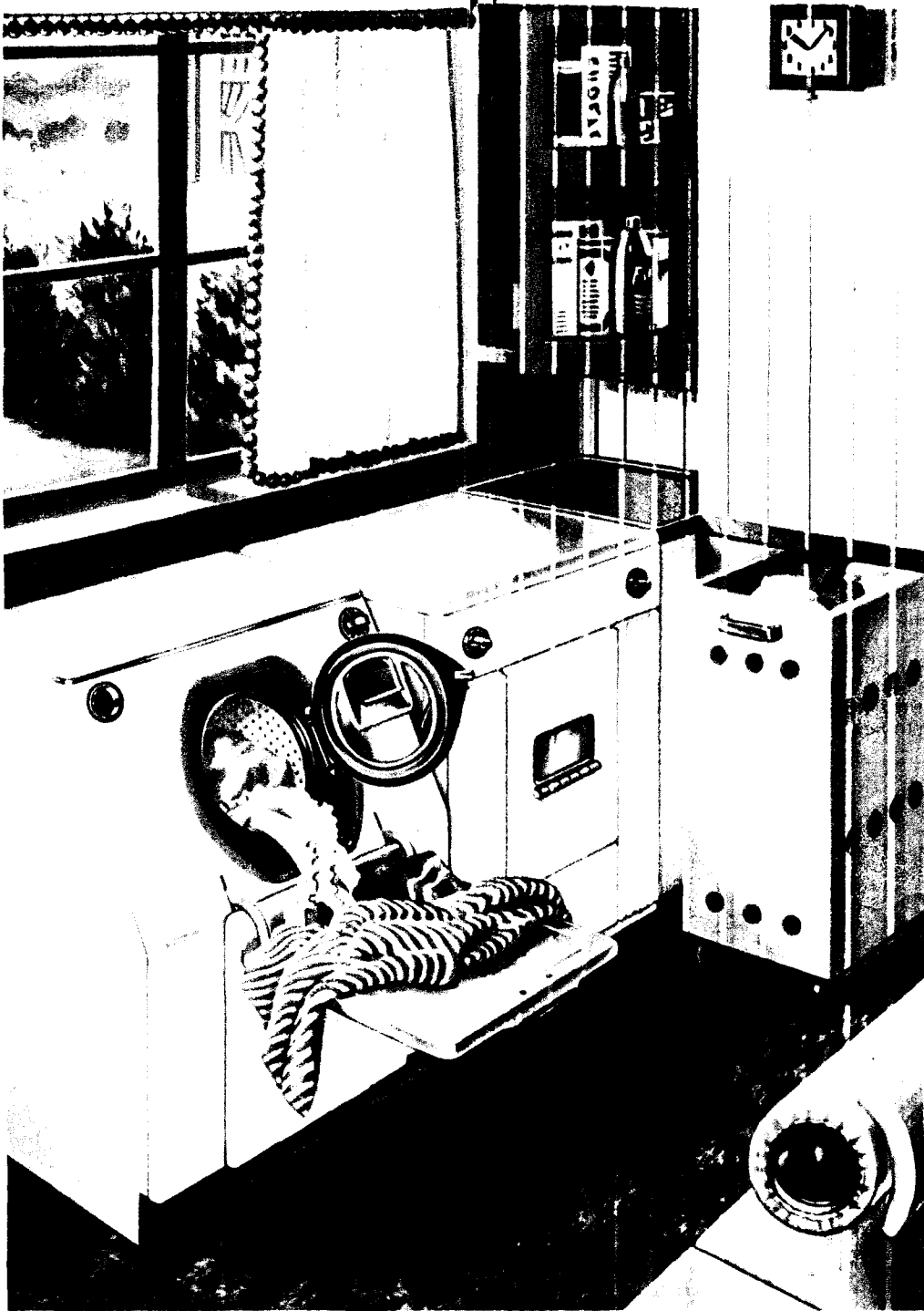
Byron felt older and when he walked down the hallway with his wife he felt that being older was a good way to be.

"How did you know my mother was lying? My father died when I was a baby."

"I was just guessing." She slipped her arm around his waist and walked with her head against his chest. "Saturday night," she murmured. "Always something doing."

THE END

Collier's for May 3, 1947



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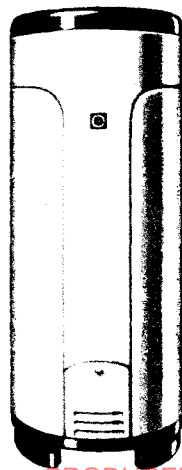
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THE BASEBALL BRAIN

Continued from page 19

repeated steals of home plate. "I'm not gonna tell you how long a lead to take off third base," Dessen said. "I'll keep my back turned so the pitcher won't know I'm thinkin' about you. When I see him get ready to throw, I'll yell: 'Subway!' or some such nonsense. That means 'Go!'" Seven times Pete scurried plateward, sliding in a cloud of dust, his fingers stroking the plate for a needed run—a feat never duplicated in baseball's long history.

In a critical mid-September series, Kirby Higbe and Joe Hatten had split two games against the Cardinals. "Our staff was shorthanded," Charlie relates. "Before the third game, Leo and I realized that left-hander Vic Lombardi was our only possible choice—and the Cards were bad news to southpaws."

"I remembered a '35 game, when I managed the Cincinnati Reds. I sent in a left-hander to pitch to the first Cub batter. I removed him for a righty who went three innings. Then, with every right-hand hitter out of their line-up, I finished with another lefty. The Cubs were so dizzy from shiftin' their batters around we won, 11-3."

"So I said to Leo: 'Let's use Ralph Branca as a decoy. He'll pitch to one batter, then we'll put Lombardi in the game. The Cards'll take out their dangerous left-hand hitters and we'll win.'"

Three Out on Five Pitches

Branca, a 20-year-old right-hander, had not finished a game all season. With the pennant at stake, he faced the first Cardinal batter, Dessen ordering his first pitch as Vic Lombardi warmed up in the bull pen. Schoendienst, Moore and the superstar Musial went out in order on five expertly delivered curves.

"Shall I tell Lombardi to start the second inning?" Charlie asked Leo.

"Naw, give the kid a chance."

Branca held St. Louis to three hits, won 5-0. Dessen called every pitch. The arm and glory were Branca's, the brain was Charlie Dessen's.

The Dodgers met the Cards in a post-season play-off, lost the first game, were trailing 8-1 in the final inning of the decisive second contest. Suddenly the old Dodger flame flared. Four Brooklyn runs were in, with the bases full, as Howie Schultz came to bat. A homer would win the game—and Schultz had hit one in the first encounter.

Three balls, two strikes—could Howie do it again?

Dessen peered toward the mound.

Shiftily Harry the Cat Brecheen scuffed the ball in his palms, concealed it in his glove. Thirty thousand fans shrieked. Charlie, icy calm, detected Brecheen's curve grip as his arm flashed high in the windup.

He gave Schultz the curve sign: "Let her go, kid!"

His words never reached Schultz's ear. The throng's thunderous roar drowned them out. Schultz, expecting a fast ball, waved futilely at the air. The game, the pennant, the World Series swag were gone.

It was Charlie's last attempt as a Dodger. Despite his success as a coach, he was unhappy.

His had been the tragedy of the little man in a big man's sport. At 49, his blue eyes still flickered as he boasted of his 201 bowling average, how he had starred in basketball, hurled semipro no-hitters, quarterbacked for A. C. Staley's first Chicago professional football team, predecessors of the mighty Bears.

"Ball, ball, ball," bawled his German-born father. "All you do is play ball." He learned the electrician's trade, managed Wabash boxcar traffic, dreamed of becoming a jockey.

Iron Man McGinnity, winding up his career managing the Staley Starch Company's team in Moline, Illinois, put Charlie in professional baseball.

"Only 130 pounds?" grunted big-league scouts. "He's too small for the majors."

"I'll get myself bigger," he promised Mike Kelly, St. Paul's manager. Weighing 142, he became Cincinnati's spry, light-hitting third baseman of the 1920s. He played in the shadow of huge brawny men: the hulking Babe Ruth, barrel-chested Hack Wilson, the behemoth Jimmy Foxx—home-run heroes all.

One day he discovered he could think his way on base. Outguessing pitchers, he stole second by taking big leads, then detecting when they would throw to the plate. But he never won fame as a player, and eventually drifted to the minors.

In August, 1933, Johnny Vergez, the New York Giants third-sacker, was stricken with appendicitis. Manager Bill Terry's team was winning a pennant—he racked his brain for a substitute wise enough to plug the yawning infield gap. He remembered Dessen.

Charlie, borrowed from Nashville, sat on the bench as the Giants snatched two games from Washington's Senators, lost one.

His name does not appear in the fourth



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"Miss Christie here is quite the sailor, too. Dinghy class"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



HAIG & HAIG

game's box score, but he won it nevertheless. That afternoon, Carl Hubbell and Big Jim Weaver matched pitch for pitch in a tense ten-inning 1-1 tie. The Giants eked out a run in their eleventh.

Fiercely the Washingtonians counter-attacked. A hit, another hit, a walk—the bases were full. Horrified, Terry summoned his infield to the pitcher's mound. Cliff Bolton, a newcomer, was at bat. "How'll we pitch to this guy?" Terry asked his worried men. None knew Bolton's strength, weaknesses.

Dressen wriggled nervously on the bench. To a teammate he muttered, "We can win this game." Suddenly he darted from the dugout, approached the gloomy Giants.

Terry snapped: "Now, what the heck do you want?"

"Bill," babbled the breathless Dressen, "this bum at bat, this Bolton, played against me down South. He runs like a rhinoceros with the gout. Pitch him low and inside—he'll ground to short. Play your infield back—he'll hit into an easy double play."

Terry turned to Hubbell. "What do you think, Carl?"

"Sounds okay to me. Let's try it."

As records attest, Bolton did exactly as the clairvoyant Dressen had predicted. He bounced a one-hop grounder to Shortstop Blondy Ryan, who converted it into an easy double play.

When Reds Lost 13 Straight

Leland Stanford MacPhail sat in Washington's grandstand that day. Eight months later, as Cincinnati's president, he watched his Reds drop twelve straight games. After their thirteenth shellacking he fired his manager, Bob O'Farrell.

Three weeks later, MacPhail engaged Dressen to manage his Reds. It was a thankless task: the Cincinnatians were player-poor, bankrupt. During the ensuing three seasons, Charlie lifted them out of the cellar, collecting many scintillating stars who were to win Redland championships in '39 and '40.

Dressen received no credit for his astuteness. MacPhail resigned as Cincinnati's president in '36; Charlie quit one year later, returning to Nashville and minor-league obscurity.

That winter, MacPhail bounced back to the majors as president of the Brooklyn Daffiness Boys. Dressen was chinning in a Chicago hotel lobby during the '38 World Series when Larry saw him.

"You're my man!" he cried. "How'd you like to coach for me and Leo Durocher?"

Charlie was still Brooklyn's coach when MacPhail resigned the Dodger presidency in 1942 to join the Army. From St. Louis came Branch Rickey to sit in the swivel chair of authority over Ebbets Field.

Soon after Rickey took office, a voice boomed over the telephone: "Commissioner Landis speaking. Now that you're in charge, how about cleaning out that nest of card players and horse-followers who masquerade as Dodgers?"

A head fell—that of Charlie Dressen. Among Charlie's less successful ventures into soothsaying was his almost daily effort to predict which thoroughbreds would win at tracks from Rockingham to Santa Anita and all points between.

Faced with facts of his association with touts, tipsters and Racing Form readers, Charlie told Rickey: "I'll never do it again!"

"I've heard that before," said the Dodger president. "Why, when I was in St. Louis..." And he told the sad tale of Rogers Hornsby, barred from baseball by Judge Landis because of a malady known as "playing the ponies."

That winter Charlie paid penance for his gambling sins. The little fellow turned to selling beer to thirsty Brooklynites, regaling them with tales of Dodger prowess and how he had helped

win many a hot skirmish with a whistle, a nod or a phrase.

But Charlie had seen the light, and he was re-engaged in June, 1943, placed on probation with salary cut from \$10,000 to \$6,500 and restored to his wizard's box back of third base.

His partisans in the current debate point out that during Charlie's exile Durocher's Dodgers drifted into the second division. They add that the team was rent with dissension, culminating in a brief sit-down strike that June. "Chuck came back that week," they assert. "An' the gang finished third."

Whatever the inside facts, Durocher reaped glory, publicity and juicy radio contracts. Charlie's salary slowly rose from \$6,500 to \$8,000, to its former level, \$10,000. As the 1946 season drew to a sizzling close, Durocher was hailed as the Manager of the Year. And Charlie Dressen was summoned to Branch Rickey's office.

"Charlie," Rickey said, "I want you to sign a two-year \$12,500 contract."

Across Charlie's mind flashed a warning—he was approaching his fiftieth year. He stood in the shadow of the Great Durocher, who would shortly proclaim to the world that, "I hope to manage the Dodgers as long as I live."

"There's a manager's job open in Pittsburgh," he told Rickey. "I'd like to get it."

Rickey picked up a telephone, called Pittsburgh. The job was filled.

"Okay," said Dressen, "I'll stay with you. But I want \$15,000 if we play to 1,250,000 fans next year."

"I'll make it \$15,000 flat," Rickey agreed. It was the highest salary ever paid a National League coach.

The verbal agreement was duly recorded in minutes of Brooklyn's board of directors. That week Bill Dickey resigned as Yankee manager. Within Charlie's grasp apparently lay a rich prize—rule over the erstwhile Bronx Bombers, now operated by his friend and discoverer, Larry MacPhail. Charlie phoned Larry.

Thus began the first scene of that thrilling baseball melodrama: "Dressen, Dressen, Who's got Dressen? or the Mystery of the Missing Coach."

Chuck Didn't Get the Big Job

"I haven't got him," MacPhail told newsmen. Charlie went fishing. The Yankee impresario staged a second scene. Secretly he signed the reluctant Bucky Harris as Dickey's successor.

Rickey vainly tried to get in touch with his vanished coach. At last he located him by telephone. "Are you going to manage the Yankees?" he asked.

"Maybe. Let me think it over."

Phone bells jangled, letters and telegrams were exchanged, checkbooks waved. As Brooklyn fans read the news, they split into two warring camps—henchmen of Dressen and of Durocher.

Charlie wrestled with his soul. In the privacy of their Flatbush flat his wife and he debated. They came to a decision: Charlie would quit the austere Rickey for easygoing, free-living MacPhail.

It was a heartbreaking decision. For, when Larry officially broke the news, Charlie was still a coach.

Rickey, preferring not to feud publicly with his fellow magnate MacPhail, grudgingly accepted the verdict. But his rankling resentment was to find an outlet later in his (and Durocher's) mudslinging brawls with the Yankee president during spring training, culminating a few weeks ago in hearings before Commissioner Happy Chandler.

Along the baseball grapevine, tales are being told: Bucky Harris, safe in a cushy front-office job, didn't want to manage the Yankees. Charlie Dressen's great day will yet dawn.

But for the present, the psychic Charlie, diamond sorcerer, is still only a coach. . . .

THE END

Collier's for May 3, 1947

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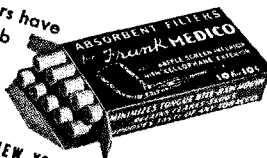
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Created 10 years ago, Gander Airport now is a halfway house for eight air lines connecting the New and the Old World. Next stop: Shannon, Eire

GANDER AIRPORT, NEW-FOUNDLAND: This is the Gateway to the Old World and the New, one of two major airports on which the security of North Atlantic flying depends. The other is Shannon, Eire, nearly 2,000 miles to the east over the ocean. Perhaps in five years, de luxe, extra-fare club planes will jump the entire 3,500 miles between New York and London without intermediate landings for fuel at Gander and Shannon. They could do it now, by cutting down the revenue-producing pay load of passengers and cargo, adding more fuel and increasing the tariffs. But the international air lines prefer to stop at this oasis in the Newfoundland wilderness and tank up for the flight to Ireland or the 1,100 miles that separate Gander from New York and thus carry more passengers at the present rate of 9½ cents a mile.

If all scheduled New York-London flying becomes nonstop, Gander and Shannon will continue to serve the smaller, slower planes, the air freighters and the private air yachts. These posts will always be held in warm regard by the masters of the big air liners as the first to provide refuge in either the Old or New World in the event of trouble for Gander and Shannon lie on the great circle route, and thus bracket the Old distance between New York and London. Gander airport was created 10 years ago, while the international air lines were still thinking of using flying boats for transatlantic travel. The original plan was to build a great seaplane base on Gander Lake with a supplementary airport on the adjoining plateau.

The main base was to be called Gander, after the lake; but shortly after the original decision was reversed and the land base was made the chief airport. When you drop in on this halfway house of the world lying 120 miles northwest of St. John's, the capital city, you wait in the spacious lounge of the Terminal Building while your plane is being refueled and the first thing that strikes you is that people laugh and talk a lot at Gander. Particularly in this true after planes arrive from Berlin, Copenhagen, Oslo, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rome, Prague and Vienna. Their passengers at first look for some one to order them around, tell them what to do. When they realize that their whims and goings are ruled entirely by the almost helpless; and when the helplessness has passed, they are drunk with the high feeling of freedom.

WING TALK
EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELEY

A new airport lounge is part of the large Terminal Building and was built by the air lines and the Newfoundland government, owner of the great air base. Gander has an annual operating deficit of \$750,000 which has handicapped the reconversion, but now that Great Britain has agreed to take over this loss, the work on the necessary improvements can get under way. . . .

RUPERT JACKSON
Collier's for May 3, 1947



"You can type 10 to 15 words a minute faster!"

by NORMAN SAKSVIG

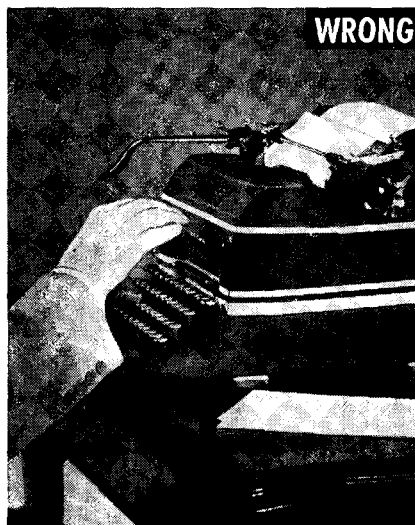
Authority on correct typing technique shows how the average typist can increase her speed and lessen fatigue. Over 200,000 secretaries have witnessed his amazing demonstrations of typing!



What's wrong? Just about everything—feet, back, head, arms, wrists. First rule of correct typing: cultivate good posture—a *must* if you wish to avoid back, neck, and eye strain, and lessen fatigue. But you can't speed up unless you *relax*!



See the difference? Feet flat and firm, one advanced slightly for body balance; back well supported, head erect, arms and wrists relaxed. Make this good posture a *habit*, and see how much more steadily you type . . . faster and with less fatigue.



Saksvig calls this "arm action"—raising hand entirely from keyboard to strike keys. Needless effort, and it slows down your speed and increases errors. Fingers should rest lightly on guide keys, except stroking finger.



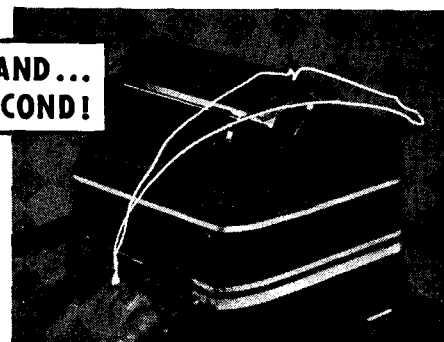
Notice above how the middle finger reaches the top bank easily while other fingers remain on the guide keys. Typists learn this in school, of course, but need to be reminded: Keep your hands *down*—and watch your speed go *up*!



At the end of a line, don't *lean*, don't "follow through" as you return the carriage, don't hold hand on lever all the way across. The left hand is the busier, and you need it back on the keyboard ready to start the next line.



Start the carriage with a quick firm throw, drop lever before it's half way across, let momentum do the rest. This way your left hand is back in position with practically no break in the smooth rhythm of your speed.



AUTOMATIC MARGIN SET . . . A SMITH-CORONA "EXCLUSIVE"

We photographed a light on Saksvig's finger, and timed him with a stop-watch. Note use of one hand only to position

carriage and set both left and right margins. Time . . . *one second*! Figure that saving in a day's typing!



Operators are amazed when they follow out Mr. Saksvig's simple suggestions. Speed goes up, errors and fatigue go down.

We're glad to publish these helpful hints as a service to Smith-Corona users...for the easiest way to sell Smith-Coronas is to show buyers what they can get out of these beautifully-engineered machines.

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LUCK TO THE C.I.O.

THE above caption may seem a strange one to appear in what our radical nonlovers are pleased to describe as a foul and fetid organ of degenerate, decadent capitalism or words to that effect. Just the same, that caption is sincere.

The endeavor in which we're wishing luck to the Congress of Industrial Organizations is the current fight being waged by many of its leaders and a large percentage of its members to throw Communist influence out of many C.I.O. unions, local and national.

This fight has been building up for some time now; and it began none too soon. It is especially furious in the C.I.O.'s organizations of auto, maritime and electrical workers, and of mine, mill and smelter men. It had better succeed all along the line, we think, and stay won after it is won, if the C.I.O. is to gain and retain general respect as a thoroughly American labor organization like the American Federation of Labor and the Railway Brotherhoods.

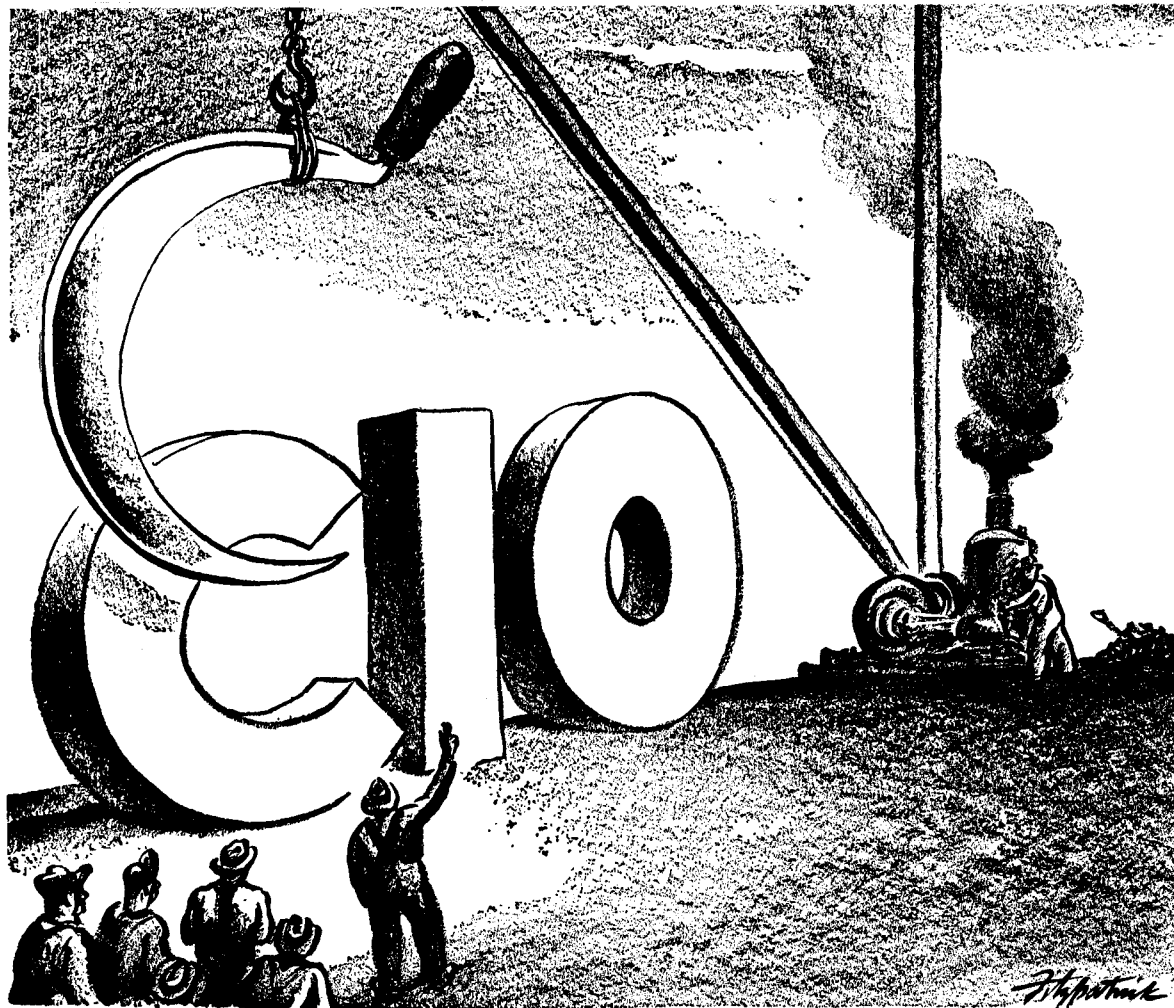
The long and short of the matter is that the Communists mess up any organization in which they gain control of key positions, and use its members for their own political ends. The members' individual welfare means very little to the Reds.

It was the Communist type of agitation and tactics, for example, that kept the American Newspaper Guild (C.I.O.) strike going for three months against J. David Stern's three Philadelphia and Camden newspapers.

In the end, Stern sold the papers because he felt he could not meet the strikers' demands and stay solvent. This Guild "victory" did more than 1,000 persons out of their jobs, and suspended and probably killed three fairly important units of the U.S. free press.

Another illustration of Communist tactics, farther west, was the long Auto Workers union strike against the Allis-Chalmers Company. A plant vote in the strike's 10th month showed half the employees to be sick and tired of the strike and anxious to go back to work. They had lost more than they could recoup in years of steady labor, and they had won the scorn of many people for letting the Reds use them to cripple a producer of machines necessary for postwar reconversion. But the Communists active in the union would not hear of a return to work, and the intermittent violence and bloodshed went on.

We hope the general public will applaud and in every possible way back up the C.I.O.'s anti-Communists who are trying to rout the Reds out of posts of power in the C.I.O.



IT HAPPENED IN GEORGIA

LET'S give the state of Georgia its due. It has its Herman Talmadges and its wool-hat hardshells, its occasional lynchings and its political and other discriminations against colored people; and for all these Georgia traits we hold no brief.

Nevertheless, let's not forget that it was also in Georgia that Homer Loomis, Jr., and Emory Burke, leaders of the Columbians, were indicted, tried and handed jail sentences.

The Columbians are—or were—an organization built on straight Hitler principles, with an anti-Jewish and anti-Negro credo. Loomis is a nutty little fanatic, outwardly; but that was the way Hitler looked to most observers back in the early and middle 1920s. Had Loomis' movement, hatched in Atlanta, got as far as first base, it might have be-

come as serious a menace to American institutions as was the Ku Klux Klan along about 1923-25.

Instead, Georgia public officials moved against the Loomis mob with courage and dispatch, and in due time got these convictions. The fight started before Governor Ellis Arnall's administration ended, but it went right on while Herman Talmadge and M. E. Thompson battled for the governorship of Georgia.

The general belief now is that the Columbians are sunk, or nearly so. Certain it is that one hate movement has been held up to public ridicule and scorn in a highly effective way.

All of which is to the great and enduring credit of Georgia, and shouldn't be omitted in anybody's casting up of the books on that state.

LET'S MURDER SOME WORDS

THE London Times recently fired an editorial blast which echoed more than sweetly in our ears. Target of the Thunderer on this occasion was the word "personnel," which the Times hates with a holy hate as "an alien collective," and "a degrading . . . ill-favored synonym for two or more members of the human race."

People who are called "personnel," says the London oracle, "do not go, they proceed. They do not have, they are (or more often are not) in possession of. They do not ask, they make application for . . . They cannot eat, they only consume; they perform ablutions: instead of homes they have places of residence in which, instead of living, they are domiciled."

And so on. You get the idea—which is that good old English English is being overlaid with a sickly patina of what some American once called gobbledygook, meaning big words and involved

phrases to convey meanings which are entirely simple. American English has been suffering of late from the same trouble. There is no satisfactory substitute for plain, hard, short English words. No language is more flexible than English when it comes to expressing exact shades of meaning. Why not take to living up to those facts, especially in governmental and educational circles, and stop using jawbreaker and brain-befogger words and phrases?

We'll conclude by adding some pet-hate words of our own to the London Times' nomination of "personnel" for murder. They are: activate, motivate, expedite, implement (used as a verb), directive and unilateral. This would be a happier country if that sextet could be stashed away in the first rocket the Army succeeds in shooting so far off the earth's surface that it won't come back.

A simple way to keep floors gleaming all year long

**Homemakers by the thousands use Johnson's Wax in liquid form
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Floor care needn't be a tiresome chore. If you follow this simple program, your wood floors will glow with mellow wax beauty the year around . . .

Just wax your wood floors two or three times a year. That's all you need do for most of your floor surfaces. Much-walked-on areas, such as doorways, may be protected with an extra coat of wax when necessary, without rewaxing the entire room. Then an occasional dusting with a dry mop keeps *all* your floors gleaming bright.

And the easy way to wax floors (furniture, too) is with Johnson's Liquid Wax . . . *genuine wax in fluid form*. You'll find it's wonderfully convenient to apply.

It's easy also to control the amount of liquid wax you use . . . easy to spread a thin, even film over floors, furniture or woodwork. And that makes for quicker buffing. Yes, it takes only a few minutes to polish to a sparkling, protective luster.

There's another special advantage in Johnson's Liquid Wax: It contains an active cleaning ingredient that loosens surface dirt. Stubborn grime wipes off as you apply the wax.

Johnson's Liquid Wax is actually a method of *protective housekeeping*. Its hard, glistening finish protects surfaces from spotting and marring. Dust doesn't stick to its smooth, dry film . . . dusting time is cut in half. Order Johnson's Liquid Wax TODAY.

**Here's how
to "dry clean" your floors**



1. SPREAD a little Johnson's Liquid Wax over a small floor area. Rub in with cloth or applicator. A powerful cleaning agent mixed with the wax loosens dirt and grime. Let wax dry for 30 minutes.

FOR VERY DIRTY FLOORS and heavy traffic areas around doors, do this: First apply Johnson's Liquid Wax to loosen dirt. Remove dirt with cloth. Apply more Liquid Wax and let dry. Then buff to a bright, shining beauty.



2. BUFF with dry cloth or Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher. Floor shines with a rich, waxed beauty . . . spotlessly clean . . . fully protected against dirt, wear, spilled things.

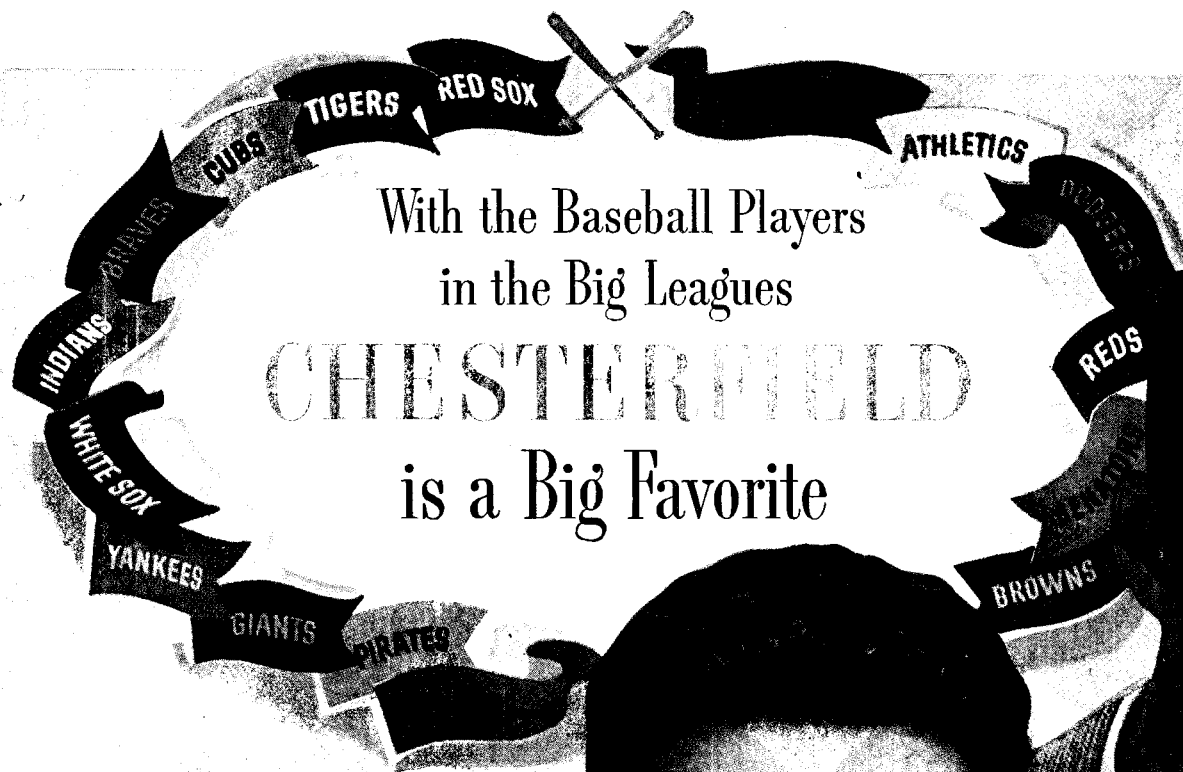
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